Collier's

JULY 8, 1944
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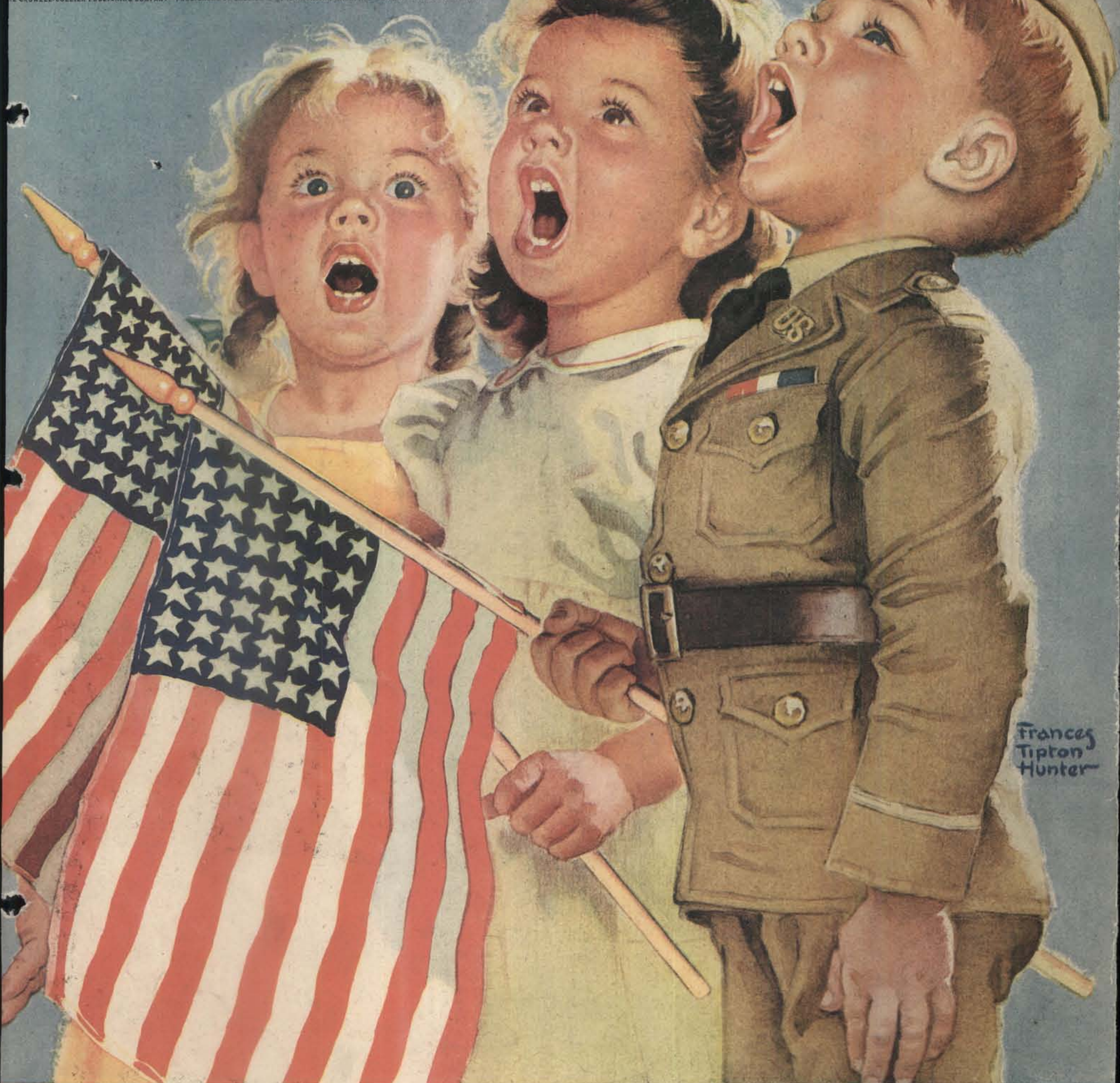

ALLAH'S OIL By FRANK G

July 8, 1944

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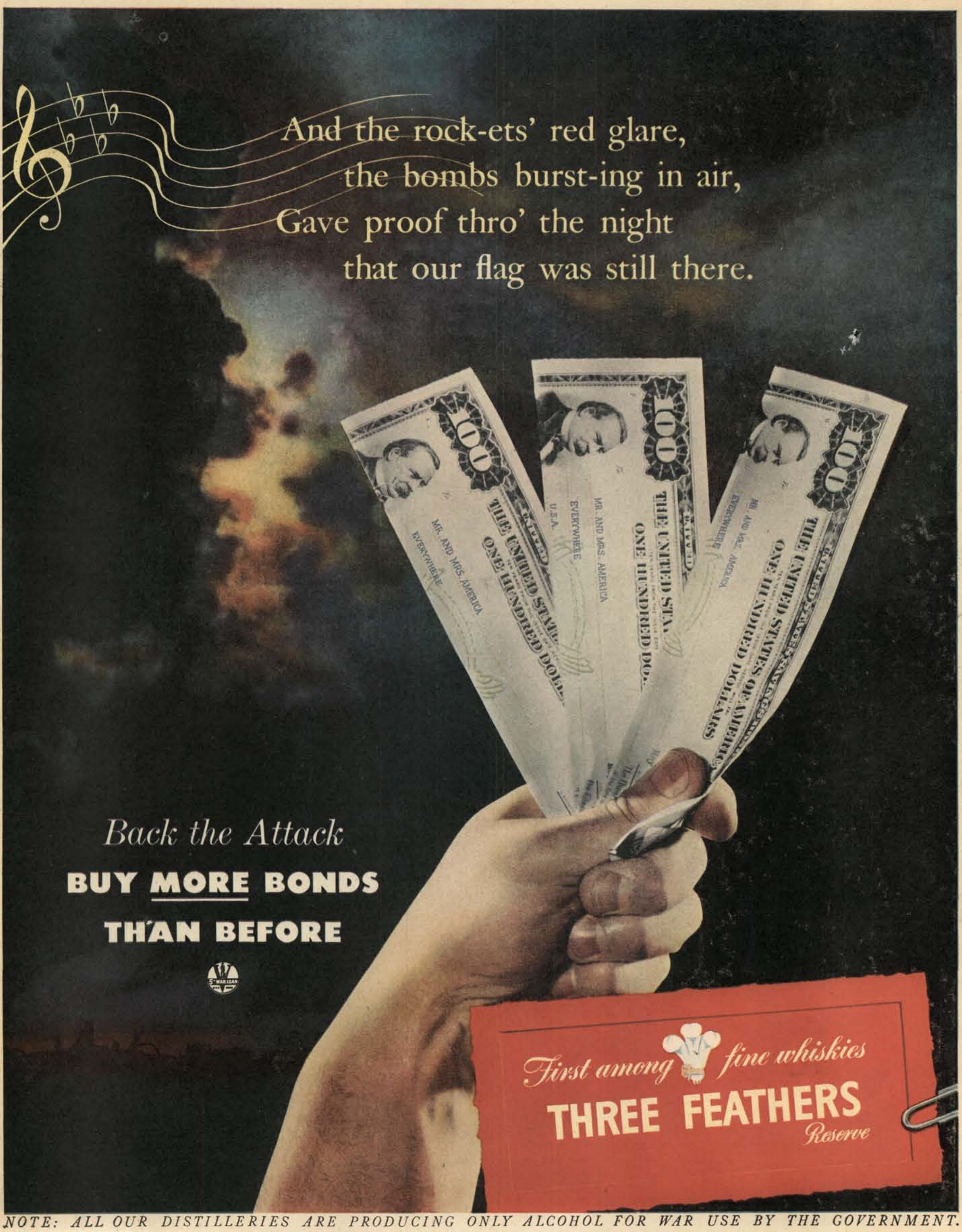
And the rock-ets' red glare,
the bombs burst-ing in air,
Gave proof thro' the night
that our flag was still there.
100
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
MR. AND MRS. AMERICA
EVERYWHERE
U.S.A.
Back the Attack
BUY MORE BONDS
THAN BEFORE
5th WAR LOAN
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve

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In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER
41

Ten-ton tire

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich product development

A TIRE like this weighs only a *third* of a ton but can carry a *load* of *ten* tons, forty tons or more for four tires — nearly as much as a freight car. It is used for off-the-road hauling. It holds as much air as 25 auto tires, takes 20 minutes to inflate, costs $750.

The Pennsylvania Turnpike, finished five years ago, might still be under construction if there were no big tires like this. Dams and airports now finished in 18 months would probably take four and five years to build. But even with all their advantages, costs were too high because these tires, running over big rocks, bruised too easily. Inner cords broke under sharp impact; tires had to be repaired or thrown away. Time and money were lost.

Then B. F. Goodrich men developed a new kind of "bruise-protected" tire. It has four extra layers of cords embedded under the rubber tread, and with a special kind of rubber between them. Under impact the cords distribute the force of the blow and allow it to be absorbed by the rubber.

Contractors tried the new tires. Some of the records were: 17,226 miles against 12,501 for the best of all three ordinary tires used; 15,017 miles compared to 11,304 for the best ordinary tire; 17,599 miles compared to 6,476 for the best ordinary type. There would be even more such records if military needs permitted more contractors to get these new tires.

B. F. Goodrich developments extend to every type of tire — passenger car, truck, airplane, farm, industrial, and the big off-the-road type. Whatever your tire need, if you buy B. F. Goodrich, you get tires backed by this policy of constant improvement.

B. F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

Picture
OF THE MONTH

King Vidor's Production
AN AMERICAN ROMANCE
Starring
BRIAN DONLEVY
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with
ANN RICHARDS WALTER ABEL
JOHN QUALEN HORACE McNALLY
Photographed in Technicolor
Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas & Wm. Ludwig
Produced and Directed by . . . . King Vidor

King Vidor, who directed "The Big Parade", the first outstanding MGM picture twenty years ago, now delivers to the same company, as an Anniversary gesture, his mighty production, "An American Romance".

Here is a dramatic crystallization of the American dream, revealed in the flesh and blood realities of the life of an immigrant who rose to be one of America's great men.

Steve Dangos (portrayed by Brian Donlevy) came to America with his bare hands and a shining hope. The opportunities he found here—as he rises the hard way from iron mine worker, steel puddler, factory hand to great industrialist, parallel vividly the opportunities that await all men in this land of freedom. "An American Romance" has a scope far beyond its intimate portrayal of the life of one man and the woman he loved. "An American Romance" shows, too, how the love of a woman can help shape the destinies of a man.

Anna O'Rourke also started as a nobody. But one day she was able to stand beside her man—look back across the years and know that they were living symbols—two people among the millions to whom America has been a glorious fulfillment. The fight, the love, the surge, the power, the *big adventure* that is our nation's, are woven into the very soul of the film, "An American Romance".

Vidor has found the movie material that many directors have been reaching for! What he has done with it is nothing short of magnificent. Photographed in perfected Technicolor, the drama is unfolded against the red-brown earth tones of Mesabi, the fiery reds and yellows of Steel Town, the bluish-gray colors of the automobile factories, the bright sky-blues of America's conquest of the heavenly skies.

Here is *the* picture that has caught the mighty cadences of the American dream. "An American Romance" is yours! You'll enjoy every foot of it. It's the best entertainment of the year for our money.

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
HENRY LA COSSITT Editor

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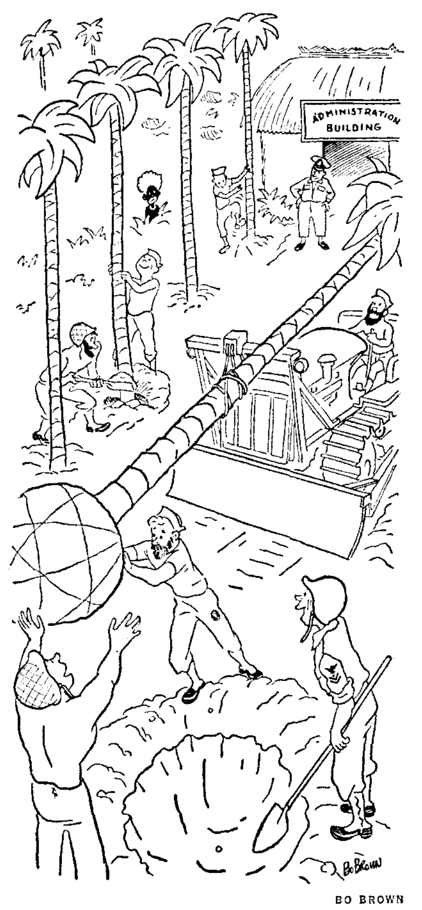
AMY PORTER	Articles	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Any Week

WE STILL are very trusting. Sure, it's going to be different this time. We're not going to hand the victory over to politicians to make dismal with. Anyway, that's what we were told by a Navy officer who then diverted us with a few tales of our Sea Bees, the undersung construction workers who clear the way for Marines and such. He said that our fellows are as souvenir-happy as their fathers were in 1917. Marines, he went on, are souvenir hounds. They'll buy anything from samurai swords to the buttons off a Jap's pants. Sailors are fine customers, too. Naturally there are places in the Pacific where the demand exceeds the supply, but the Sea Bees met that emergency by making "native" war clubs out of coconut palm and selling them to the natives, who in turn sold them to the sailors and Marines at a nice profit.



BO BROWN

THE same Navy officer told us another Sea Bee yarn that you can take or leave. As we've said, we're pretty guileless, anxious to believe anything. The late Mr. Secretary Knox was due at one of our newly won Pacific bases. One of the officers there thought it would be nice if the approach to the administration building were lined with palms. So did everybody else. Plenty of palms on the island but none near the building. "When will he arrive?" asked the Sea Bees. "In two hours," was the reply. So the Sea Bees barged into the coconut groves with tackle and bulldozers. And two hours later when Mr. Knox arrived, he walked from the beach to the administration building between lines of palm trees—a distance of half a mile.

WE TRANSPLANTED some nice poison ivy once. Didn't know it until later. But we're not a Sea Bee. We're a poltroon and a dastard, that's what we are. That much is very clear in a letter we've just received from Technician, Third Class, Edgar Stern, Medical Detachment, 111th Infantry. That was the regiment in which we served with considerable confusion in World War I. And the only motto we had (that we knew of) was a twin slogan thought up by Major Ewing Rafferty: Take It Easy: You'll Last Longer, or We Aim to Please. Technician Stern reproves us. "The 111th Infantry," says he, "is the oldest National Guard regiment in the country. The inscription on our battle-scarred regimental flag reads: *Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum* which means Never a Step Backward." Well do we remember those same words on that same flag. Trouble was that we were a spectacularly uncultured mob and consequently were a bit clumsy in Latin—particularly while taking a few hasty steps backward.

A REALLY good columnist would preface the following paragraphs from Pfc. Edward Higuera's letter with several high-minded words. But after several false starts, we've decided to give them to you and let you do your own moralizing while the platitudes of office seekers still bang against your ears. From an East Coast hospital to which he was carried from Italy, he wrote to his mother: "More good news. We were told we would be given furloughs as soon as we get to the hospital back home. Some fellows

(Continued on page 71)

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COVER F. T. HUNTE

U. S. MARINES ON BOUGAINVILLE use palm trees for telephone poles as they string communication lines. Two stand guard with carbine and sub-machine gun, as protection against snipers.

Telephone Lines on Bougainville

THIS is a war of communications. The farther our forces advance, the more wires, telephones and switchboards they need. And war stopped the making of telephones for civilian use.

We regret that many here at home cannot now get telephone service and may not be able to get it for some time.

If you are one of those who are waiting, we'd like you to know that we will do everything in our power to minimize your delay.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW... TO MAKE PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BUY PIG BRISTLE!
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

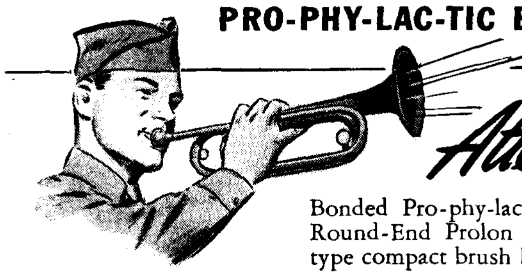
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

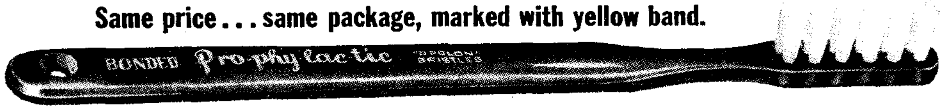
Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.


Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

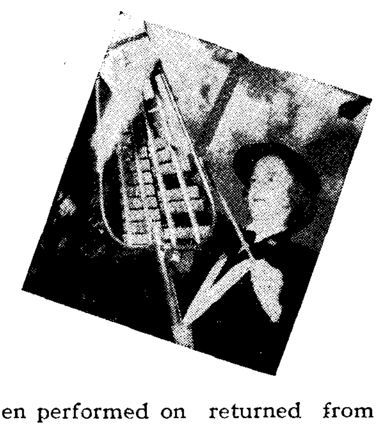
The Wacs, Waves, Spars and Women Marines now have seven bands and two drum and bugle corps with a total of 300 members; and all are still in this country.—*By James Sheehan, Rego Park, New York.*

From December, 1941, to May, 1944, the U. S. War Frauds Unit, which prosecutes cases of illegal manipulations of war contracts, obtained indictments involving 533 corporations and individuals, and 241 of them, through conviction by trial or pleas of guilty or nolo contendere, were fined $600,000. One recent case was that of a firm which, when securing $1,000,000 worth of shipbuilding contracts, specified a certain cow pasture as the site of the shipyard.

X-rays are emitted by all radio tubes, from the small receiving types to the giant high-voltage transmitting varieties. But the only harmful rays are those produced by the large tubes which are, therefore, shielded with lead glass.

When a member of the Women's Army Corps fills in an application for a monthly allowance for a dependent husband, she has to list him as her lawful "wife."—*By T/Sgt. Vernon F. Kepford, Camp Carson, Colorado.*

Spying is the one crime for which the death penalty is mandatory upon conviction by a U. S. Army court-martial.—*By John Rich, Baltimore, Maryland.*



A unique feature of a daily newspaper published in Springfield, Illinois, is its "Lincoln Tomb Notes," a column devoted largely to the names of visitors to this famous tomb.—*By C. C. Tisler, Ottawa, Illinois.*

Since 1907, sterilization operations have been performed on approximately 16,000 men and 23,000 women in 28 states under laws which require insane and very feeble-minded persons to be rendered incapable of reproduction and, as a consequence, of the propagation of their mentally defective condition.

A century ago, 80 out of every 100 Americans owned the property and equipment with which they earned their living; whereas today, only 15 out of 100 are in this independent position.—*By Lillian Hurwitz, Los Angeles, California.*

Between 1899 and 1939, a total of 151 rigid airships were constructed, 131 in Germany, 16 in England and four in the United States. None of these exists today, all having been wrecked or dismantled. All were built from plans developed by one man, Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, a German military officer, who became interested in aeronautics during his first balloon ascent in 1863 in St. Paul, Minnesota.

About 55 short-wave news programs are now broadcast daily in English as well as the native language, from 20 foreign cities. Sixteen of these originate in Tokyo, nine in Berlin, four in Moscow and three in Hsinking, Manchukuo.

Estimated on the rate of construction and sinkings of American ships since Pearl Harbor, the tonnage of the merchant fleet of the United States is expected to be equivalent, by the end of 1944, to two thirds of the prewar merchant tonnage of the entire world.

Canada is believed to be the only country whose government-owned broadcasting business not only charges an annual fee on receiving sets but which also sells program time to advertisers.

Penal institutions exclusively for women are maintained today by only 21 states, the other 27 still confining their female felons and misdemeanants in jails and prisons whose employees and inmates are chiefly men.

When the possessions of dead or long-missing American soldiers are returned from overseas, all are forwarded to their families except diaries, notebooks, letters, manuscripts, films and extracts of orders that are believed to contain vital military information. In such cases, they are stored for the duration at the Quartermaster Effects Bureau in Kansas City, Missouri.—*By Robert A. Ryan, New York City.*

Among the many famous buildings the cornerstones of which have never been located is the Capitol in Washington. . . . The Secretary of the Treasury is the only American who is prohibited by law from owning a yacht.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the world, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

COLUMBIA WELCOMES THE GREAT

CONDUCTED BY *Eug*

• That is today's musical headline. Another great new name on Columbia's long, star-studded list! Another world-famous symphonic orchestra has chosen to record *exclusively* on Columbia Masterworks Records!

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, there will be more news, still more great names. Columbia—first in the field of recorded music—is looking ahead . . . keeping pace with America's soaring interest in fine music.

The great Philadelphia Orchestra, brilliantly conducted by Ormandy, has brought symphonic music into millions of hearts and homes! No other has toured so far, so often, so triumphantly! Records of their performances have been more widely sold than those of any other orchestra. . . . On the air, they have given wings to some of the finest music of our time. . . . Their innumerable "First Performances" have opened America's eyes—America's ears!

They have played so vital a part in the nation's culture that their famous young conductor, Eugene Ormandy, has been chosen America's musical ambassador . . . has flown the Pacific to conduct concerts for our neighbors "Down Under." Theirs, indeed, is music that rings around the world!

Columbia welcomes this outstanding musical organization with considerable pride and pleasure, for Columbia is known by its artists! The greatest music-makers in the world are heard on Columbia Records, the *only* records with the Sensitone-Surface. This surface makes possible far richer tone . . . greater durability . . . amazing new freedom from needle noise. On Columbia Masterworks Records, *Great Music Is More Faithfully Yours!*

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Schubert's *Sonata in A Minor* ("Arpeggione"). Set M-MM-346 . . . . . $3.25

Nelson Eddy (Baritone) with chorus and orch. cond. by Armbruster in the beloved Patter Songs from Gilbert and Sullivan. Set M-440 . . . . . . $2.75

Concert Favorites to enjoy on Masterworks Records. Set M-507 . . . . $3.50

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3 Throw away your shaving brush and get Palmolive Brushless in the big, money-saving jar. It guarantees a clean, comfortable shave every time.

* YOUR GUARANTEE OF NO RAZOR BURN
Buy Palmolive Brushless. Use it day after day. If you don't agree it gives you a clean, comfortable shave every time—with No Razor Burn—mail the carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we will immediately refund your money!

Wing Tal

STEWART-WARNER

This gasoline-burning, 34-pound anti-icer for bombers is capable of 200,000 British thermal units per hour, or enough to heat two 10-room houses

BEATING the cold in combat aircraft has been the problem of the Heater Division of the Stewart-Warner Corporation, which, starting about five years ago with the knowledge gained in the manufacture of automobile heaters, has found a lot of the answers. Today their heaters are found in many types of planes built by some eighteen leading manufacturers. Some of the developments are startling, as, for instance, a heat exchanger weighing only thirty-four pounds which is used for anti-icing installations and which turns out 200,000 BTUs (British thermal units) per hour, or enough to heat two ten-room houses.

In 1939 there were three types of heating systems in general use. The first, steam heating, was used on commercial transports and was satisfactory except that it was bulky, and the boilers located in the engine exhaust pipe didn't hold up, at the most, after 1,000 hours. Biggest disadvantage for military use was that the water froze in cold weather and antifreeze solutions decomposed in the boiler.

The second system was similar but was again unsatisfactory because of certain antifreeze qualities. The third type heated the air with the hot engine exhaust. Wary of the dangers of carbon monoxide, engineers didn't have much truck with this method. Besides, the usual procedure of placing an air tube inside the exhaust pipe didn't provide enough heat.

Auto Heater in Planes

Stewart-Warner's success with the gasoline-burning, sealed automobile heater led them to experiment with this type for military planes, and the Bell Airacobra was the first thus equipped. The heater was small, had a high output, and was entirely sealed. Connection was made directly between the heater and the engine's supercharger—that whirling dervish that picks up gasoline and air, pumps up the mixture and forces it into the engine cylinders.

There were flaws in this arrangement: Sometimes the engine's mixture wasn't so good for a heater; sometimes the heaters got out of whack or got filled up with lead from the gasoline. Four years ago, another idea hit Stewart-Warner: Why not scoop up fresh air from outside and let the heater operate on its own? This led to the development of the "Ram Air" type—the one now generally used, and which operates efficiently even in rarefied atmosphere.

Typical of the installations is that on the North American B-25—one heater forward, two aft. Each has a capacity of 50,000 BTUs an hour, or enough to heat a fifteen-room house, but even so, the plane's personnel isn't any too warm. On the B-24 Liberator, small spot heaters are distributed at strategic points; one each for the pilot's and the copilot's feet, another for the flight engineer, and so on. Six are used on the flight deck, and each has a capacity of about 10,000 BTUs an hour. Passengers and correspondents who ride in the after part of the ship, along with the waist gunners, or back near the tail gunner, get no heat at all, but the latter members of the crew are equipped with electrically heated suits.

One of the heating headaches in cold climates was that of preheating airplane engines. For this there was developed a gasoline-powered heater on wheels that resembles a small, three-barreled field gun. It turns out 100,000 BTUs an hour. The difficulty of starting the heater's engine then rose, and a small crank-operated outfit was built for auxiliary heating. Thus there came about the queer requirement of a heater to heat the engine to run the heater to start the engine. But it works, even in temperatures as low as 70 degrees below zero.

All this, incidentally, points toward a revolution in postwar home heating, and although Stewart-Warner won't say their products will be entirely suitable for this purpose, they do say they don't know why they won't be.

At any rate, they're too busy now, keeping our flying fighters warm, to think very much about it. . . .

THE farm boy who used to put a lighted oil lamp in his window at night as a cheery greeting to the engineer of the passing train has his modern counterpart in Robert and Melvin Schwartz, aged 14 and 15, in North Lima, a little Ohio crossroads town. They swap greetings via blinker lights and radio with the airliner captains who fly at night over their home, and the pilots have come to know them well.

It all started a year or more ago when the boys' father, Deputy Sheriff Paul Schwartz of Youngstown, Ohio, was driving home late at night. Spotting a low-flying airliner, he turned his auto spotlight upward, snapping it on and off; and the airliner captain, in a frivolous mood, blinked his landing lights in reply.

Schwartz told the boys of the incident.

"Maybe," suggested one of the lads, hopefully, "if we signal them, they'll answer us too."

So, with money earned on their joint newspaper routes, Robert and Melvin bought an old automobile headlight and

(Continued on page 53)

"LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT WAS . . ."

"It was a nightmare.

"The call to battle stations beat in our brains like the gong of an alarm as big as the sun, and the voice of the "talker" grew loud in our ears and echoed around in our skulls until, sleep or no sleep, we hit the deck on the run.

"They came in wave after wave . . .

"Their bullets splattered like rain on our deck, and the big guns sounded like doors being slammed in a hall in the sky and the pounding of A. A. guns was like guys pounding to get out again, and over it all the high, thin scream of the bombs.

"We thought for a minute they had us . . . we thought we couldn't take any more . . . we thought maybe our number was up . . . that we were through, finished, done for . . .

"*And then . . . the thunder of* our *planes came down and shook the world!*

"I tell you, they swarmed in the sky and shut out the light like a cloud . . . planes and more planes than we had ever seen before. They swept down and struck like the vengeance of God, and the enemy fell in clusters of flame, and the air was filled with the sound of their going and the water was littered with the wreckage of planes and men, and they died in the sea.

"That's how it was . . . that's how it was in the Coral Sea . . . that's how it was at Midway . . . that's how it was at Truk . . . that's how we know it will be . . .

"Because out here, we've seen the power of America at war . . .

"And we can see that when our job is done, when this war is won, this same power . . . this power to produce, this power to destroy . . . can be the power to create, to build a new and greater America than we have known before. An America that will never stop growing . . . an America where there will be new homes . . . new towns . . . new opportunities to work, to dream, to invent . . . to live as free and individual men, the lives we want to live.

"That's how we see it . . .
That's how it will be . . .
That's how it *must* be when we come home."

• • •

After Victory we must convert the full force of America's vast productive capacity . . . now doubled by the demands of war . . . to production for peace. For only in this way can Victory be made real for those who are fighting for it . . . only in this way can America continue to grow . . . only in this way can the hopes of all of us be realized.

The progress of Nash-Kelvinator before and during the war will not stop when war ends.

Today, we're building 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney supercharged aircraft engines for the Navy's Vought Corsair and Grumman Hellcat fighters . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces.

And when the last war product rolls off Nash-Kelvinator's production lines . . . every new skill, new method, all our new knowledge will be applied to the building of automobiles, refrigerators and electrical appliances. They will be better automobiles, better refrigerators, better electrical appliances than have ever been built before.

The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
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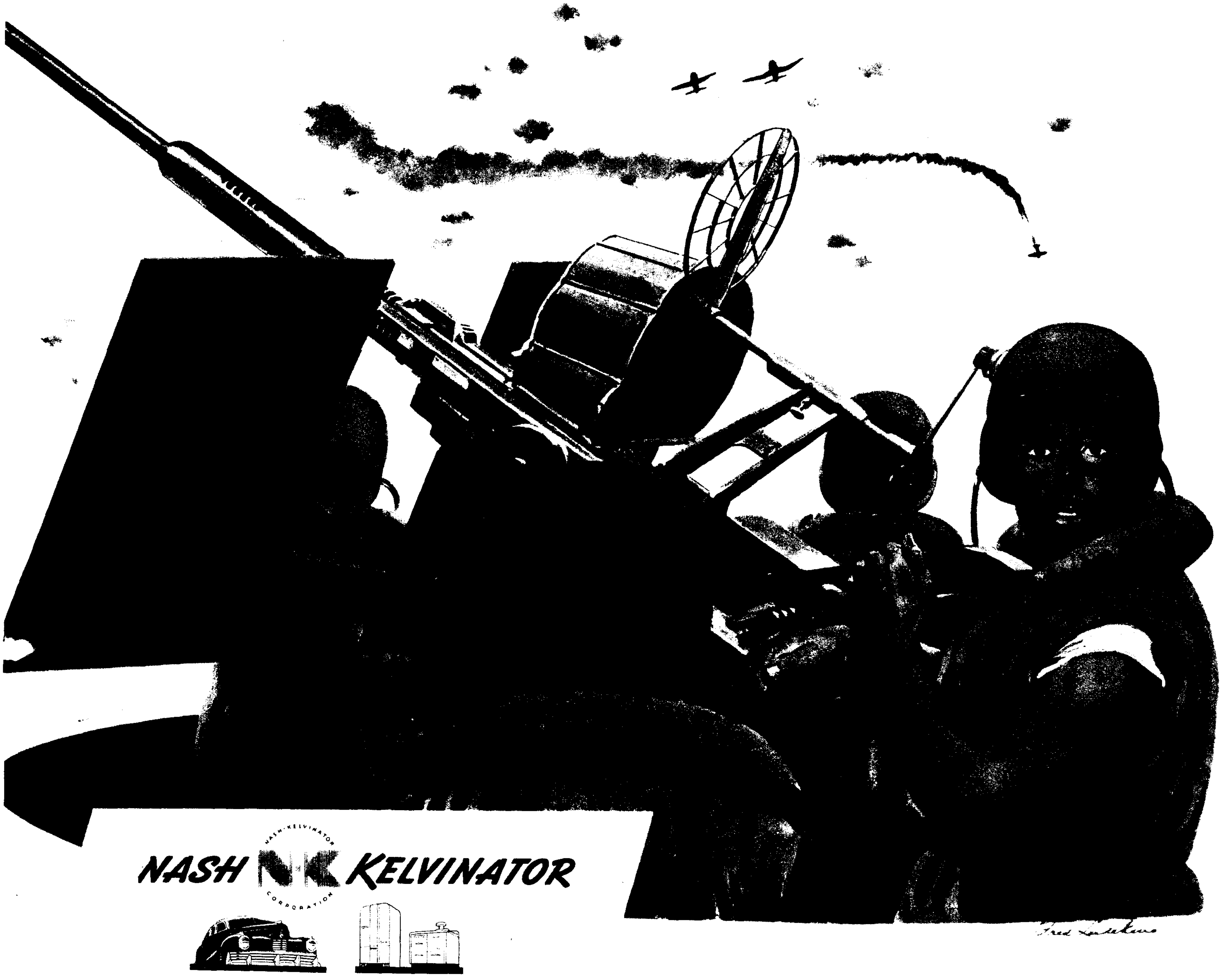
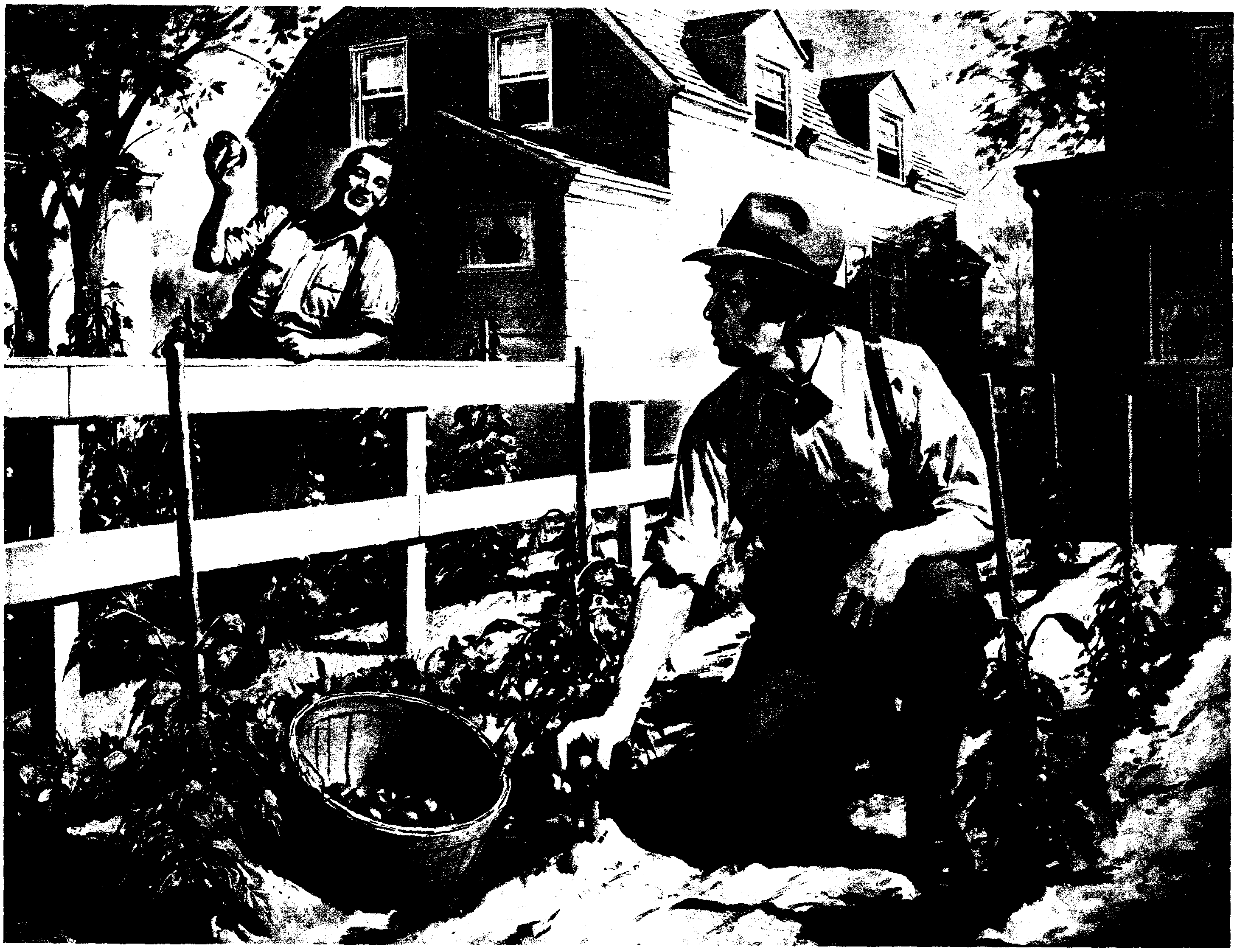


BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS—BUY MORE THAN BEFORE



I always liked Sam until our tomatoes got ripe

Sam Walker has lived next door to me for 4 years.

He's as nice a neighbor as you'd want to find, but the sight of him used to annoy me when our tomatoes got ripe.

It wasn't Sam, it was his tomatoes. Our gardens aren't more than 30 paces apart. But Sam's tomatoes invariably looked like something out of the seed catalogue, while mine were usually little runts.

I'd look at my tomatoes, and then I'd look at Sam's. And right about then, I'd decide that Sam's smile was too smug, that I had never liked the sound of his voice, the smell of his pipe, or the way he wore his clothes.

Inside, I suppose I knew I was being childish, but I never admitted it, even to myself, until last year. Then I decided to bury my yearly peeve and find out how Sam did it. I put my pride in my pocket and asked him.

Sam explained that he hadn't had much luck with tomatoes himself when he first moved here. Then he had sent samples of his soil to the State Agricultural College and found out exactly how to do it, including what varieties to plant and what fertilizers to use. He told me just where to write and what to ask for.

Well, I wrote to the college myself. And last summer, for the first time, I didn't get miffed at Sam when our tomatoes got ripe. Mine looked just as good as his. A little better, if you ask me.

It was one night while I was out in the garden admiring those tomatoes that a Travelers insurance man dropped around. A friend of his and mine had told me I ought to see him, that he'd really made a study of insurance, even to the extent of taking a course of study at the head office; that he might give me some real advice as to what coverage I really needed.

It struck me that if it was worth my while to get expert advice on 75¢ worth of tomato plants (and I had only to look at the tomatoes to see that it was), it was certainly common sense to get some expert advice on my insurance.

So this time I asked the agent to come in the house with me. When he did, I showed him all my policies. He found out from me just what I wanted my insurance to do, and how much I planned to lay aside in insurance.

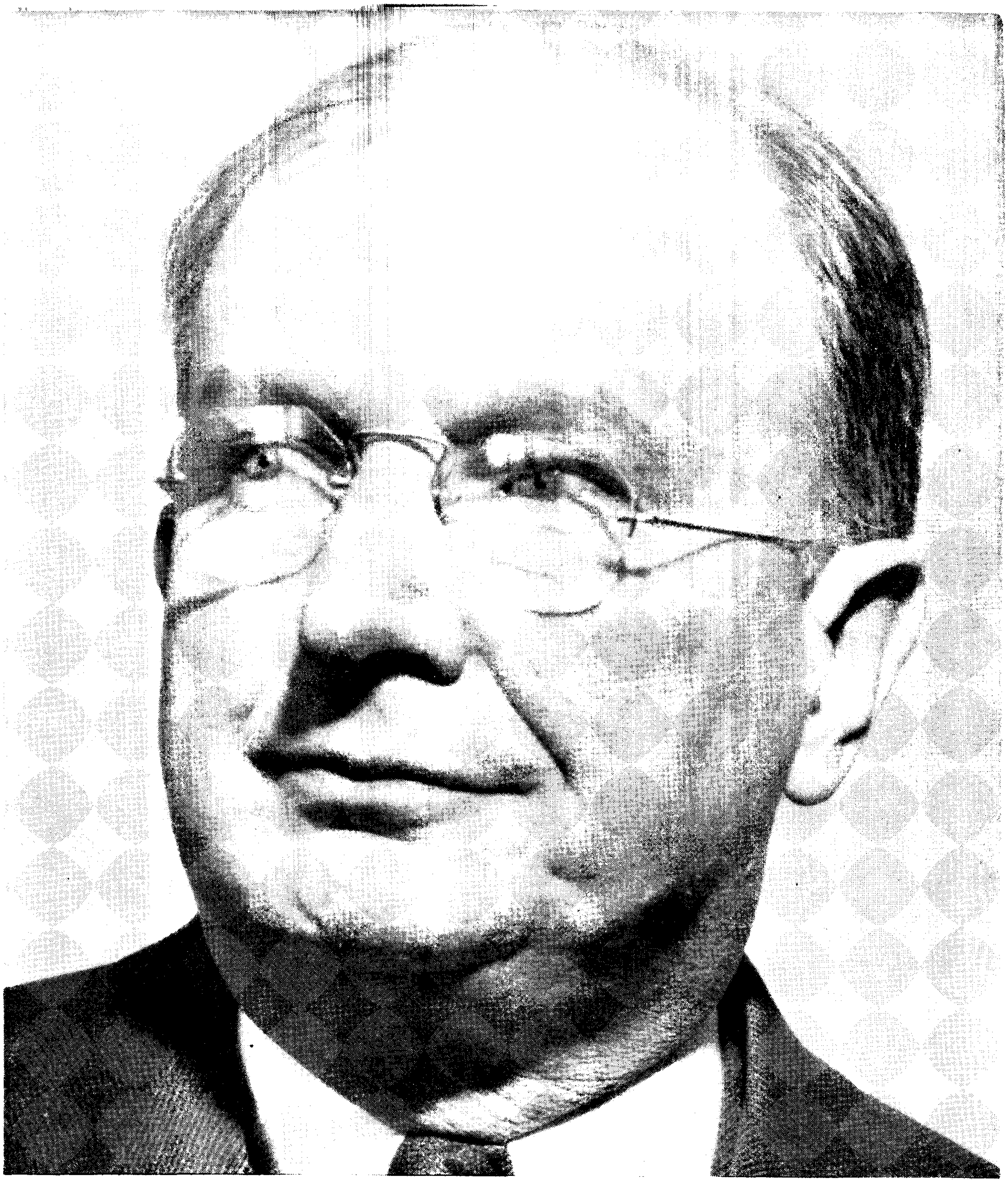
To make a long story short, a few days after that session the agent drew up a complete insurance program for me. Today, every one of my insurance dollars is doing more for me than it ever did, because it is part of a planned program. And the whole thing is costing me practically the same as I paid before.

On the whole, I guess it's lucky for me that Sam Walker raised better tomatoes than I did.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 8, 1944

Where did Burton K. Wheeler run off the track? What turned him from an able public servant into an inmate of the doghouse? Gerald Johnson, historian and political dissector, exhibits "the most purely destructive career in American politics of the 20th century"



Wheeler Rides the Storm

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

© HARRIS & EWING

THE Honorable Burton Kendall Wheeler, senior senator from Montana, is a diminished leader in the early part of 1944.

Three short years ago, he loomed impressively in national politics. He was the idol of the America First Committee, he was praised extravagantly by every German and Japanese agent in the country, he was in the group cited by Doctor Paul Josef Goebbels as the only true American, his speeches were not only quoted in the German press but were circulated extensively by various extremely active persons who are now in jail. Three weeks before Pearl Harbor, he was quoted as declaring that if we went to war with Japan, the only reason would be to help England.

Then came the Japanese attack, and the very things that had made Senator Wheeler celebrated now made him look silly. This is a political calamity of the first order. It is a truism of practical politics that while there may be circumstances under which a man may look villainous and yet thrive, under no circumstances can he look foolish without fatal results. Overnight, Wheeler found himself in the doghouse, where he has since remained.

There are optimists who believe that the institution in which he reposes is not the doghouse but the political morgue, from which he will never emerge. It is possible that they may be right. Prudent observers, however, are reluctant to prophesy about this man. He still has two years in which to recover, for he is not up for re-election until 1946, and a great deal can happen—indeed, most certainly will happen—in those two years. Furthermore, he has an outstanding record in this regard. As a returner from the tomb, Wheeler is the most accomplished Lazarus in American politics.

A Political Fuzzy-Wuzzy

In the first decade of the century, it was usually political suicide for a Montana politician to fight the Anaconda Copper Mining Company; but Wheeler did it. In 1918 and especially in 1919, it was usually political suicide for a politician to stand in the way of Attorney General Palmer's Red hunt; but Wheeler did it. Generally speaking, it is political suicide for a politician to desert his party and head the opposition; but Wheeler has done that. All that can be said of the Montanan with certainty is that, like Fuzzy-Wuzzy:

'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.

Twenty years ago, when Wheeler was a fledgling senator, Clinton W. Gilbert wrote of him, "He comes from the mining camp of Montana to Washington and looks out upon the mining camp of the United States."

This is not to be taken literally. Senator Wheeler unquestionably is aware that there are some differences between Butte and Washington. But Gilbert's point was that it is useless to try to understand Wheeler without knowing something of Montana; and that point is as well taken today as it was twenty years ago.

The senator is not a native of the state he represents. By birth he is a New Englander, from Massachusetts, but not from Boston, much less from Beacon Hill. He first saw the light in Hudson, which even in 1940 had only 8,000 people. There is no touch of the Brahmin in his inheritance, although he may have acquired a certain gigantic stubbornness from his New England forebears.

But he remained in Hudson only long enough to secure a high-school education. Then he was on his way west. He halted for his legal education at the University of Michigan, and he got it the hard way—peddling cookbooks printed in German, Norwegian and English in summer, and washing dishes in a Negro restaurant in winter—to pay expenses. Michigan, however, was not far enough west to suit him, and in 1905 he started for Spokane, but found himself stranded in Butte, Montana, cheated of his money, some say, by crooked gamblers.

The tale may be false, but one is inclined to credit it because it is in character. That sort of introduction to the town would have given most men such a distaste for Butte that they would have departed forthwith; but it is characteristic of Wheeler to do exactly the opposite of what most men would do. In any event, at twenty-three he obtained admission to the bar and hung out his shingle right there in Butte.

The next fifteen years shaped the Burton K. Wheeler that the rest of the country knows. It was not merely that he carved a political career out of Montana. It was also that Montana carved something extraordinary out of Wheeler.

For half a century, Montana had been scarred, charred and gutted by a succession of exploiters as ruthless as ever occupied a country in time of peace. The cattle kings stripped off the grass. The copper kings rooted out the minerals. The railroad kings—at least one of them, Jim Hill—brought in homesteaders, who plowed

(Continued on page 72)

Wings of Fear

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story: The war has forced MONICA BLANE to flee France and return to New York, leaving behind her the man she loves—JOHN BASEVI—and her good friends, LINDA CHAVON, GIBBS BROOKE and ERIC WELLER. No word has come from any of them. Now, five years later, ERIC shows up, and while with him at a night club, MONICA finds a note at their table: "I am in a dreadful jam. Monica, come to me. Help me. LINDA." A few hours later, ERIC is murdered in MONICA'S apartment by someone—possibly an Army captain—whom MONICA does not see. BILL FISKE, JOHN'S lawyer, takes over. He says that JOHN is in Mexico City, and in need of money. He puts MONICA on a plane, with funds for JOHN, and she starts for the Mexican capital. At St. Louis, as she is leaving the plane, a fellow passenger —GIBBS BROOKE, now an Army captain—speaks to her. She greets him delightedly. Then, as they move along, a shot—sharp, sudden, unexpected—rings out.

II

DOWN on the field, eerie floodlights made the resultant shadows sharp and black. Monica could hear an airplane revving up its motors loudly. The thought flashed across her first that there was an exceptionally loud backfire. It seemed much nearer than the sound of the motors; it sounded like a shot.

A shot! But it *was* a shot! It was unmistakable; there is nothing in the world that sounds like a gunshot except a gunshot.

She stopped; her head, bent against the wind, jerked upward. Wind swept past as if it had black banners. Three things happened simultaneously: a shadow seemed to flap out of sight beyond a baggage truck near, the doors ahead of her swung together, and Gibbs came running toward her, his coat blowing.

"Monica—" he shouted above the furious gust of wind.

She'd thought he was beside her; instead he was then at least ten feet away. As she thought that, he reached her: "Gibbs—"

"What happened?" The door ahead had stopped swinging. The shadow made by the baggage truck was merely a shadow. Gibbs took her by the shoulder: "Monica, answer me! What happened? What was that?"

"I don't know." Wind caught her words and carried them away.

Gibbs cried, "It sounded like a shot. Quick. This way—"

It was only a step to the doors; but there wasn't anyone, anywhere, except Gibbs and herself and, away back at the plane, a few dark figures moving about. Gibbs thrust her inside the door. Lights glared down upon them. Steps led downward to a lighted tunnel. No one was there.

"Monica, who was it? Didn't you see? Are you hurt?"

"No. No, I don't think so—"

He opened her coat quickly, his face white. Brown suit, fur jacket, gloves, handbag; she looked down at herself bewildered, stunned, unbelieving.

"You're all right. What was it? Didn't you see anything?"

"I thought there was someone there—in the shadow—"

"Out there?" His face sharpened. "Go on down those steps and up into the building. I'll look."

"Gibbs, where are you going?" she asked. Suddenly Gibbs meant safety. Gibbs was a friend. Gibbs belonged in a sane and normal world, not in a nightmare. "Gibbs, don't go out there. It's not safe."

"What do you mean?" Gibbs whirled upon her again, his eyes bright and searching and cold under the visor of his cap.

She strove to steady herself. "Whoever did it is gone by now. The thing to do is report it to the police—" The word "police" was like a hand on her throat, cutting off her voice and breath. The police would hold her there. They would keep her from going to John; they would keep her from taking him the money she carried. She could not go to the police. The police were her enemies just then. *Because Eric Weller had been murdered.*

Gibbs said suddenly, "What nonsense!" and laughed.

It was an odd, short laugh that had no mirth in it. She stared up at him, and he laughed again abruptly. "What nonsense to stand here talking of police! My dear Monica, we are both out of our senses. That wasn't a shot. It was a motor backfiring." He held her arm rather tightly for an instant and then drew her toward the steps. "Come on, Monica. Forget it—didn't you say you were going to Mexico City? I'm going to Mexico City, too. Let's see about our reservations. Perhaps we can go on the same plane."

"Gibbs, that *was* a shot!" she insisted.

HIS hand was steady under her arm. He laughed again. "It was nothing of the kind! The wind and the darkness and everything confused both of us. Come on."

"But, Gibbs—"

"Now, Monica, pull yourself together. Nobody's out there taking pot shots at—at anybody. The whole idea's absurd. Besides, why should anybody try to murder you?"

She shook her head, bewildered by his abrupt change, bewildered by the shot, the night, the fact of murder which was now undeniable. The steps seemed steep and uneven; the tunnel was deserted.

They emerged into the very middle of the busy, crowded airport. Gibbs' eyes swept it, darting all around—the restaurant, the newsstand, the counters, the seats where clusters of people sat and waited. She looked, too, and found no one she knew, no one she had ever seen before, except, here and there, the faces of several of the passengers on the Chicago plane.

Gibbs turned her briskly toward the counter. "I hope we get on the same plane," he said. "It doesn't seem possible—our meeting accidentally like this and both going to Mexico City. Here's the counter. You go ahead—"

Again she was an automaton, going through motions previously set and planned for her by somebody else. There was a reservation for her for the morning flight to Fort Worth; she would be at the Park Plaza Hotel, she told the girl.

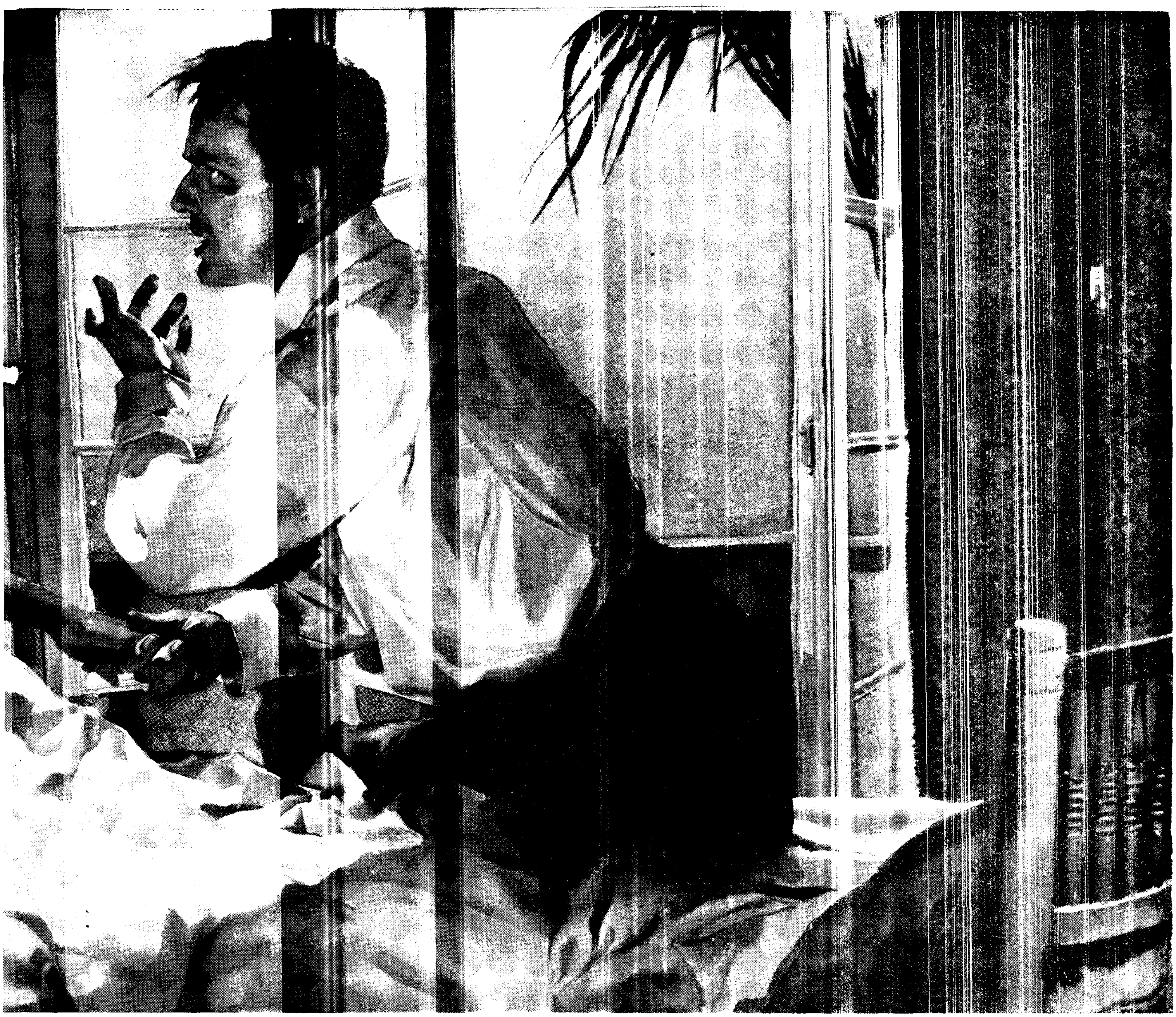
"Wait for me," said Gibbs, when she'd finished "We'll have dinner together."

She waited, a little apart from the counter; it seemed only a few seconds before Gibbs came to her. "It's all set. We're on the same flight tomorrow to Fort Worth, and then to Mexico City early the next morning. Lucky, huh? The limousine into town is this way."

It seemed, too, a short ride into the city and to the hotel; actually it was rather long. There was no chance to talk to Gibbs for there were several other passengers in the car. They reached the hotel and Gibbs got out and saw to their baggage. "I'll stay here, too," he said.

They entered a pleasant lobby, bright and quiet except for an orchestra coming from a bar somewhere off at their right. It was playing, but gaily and with a certain insouciance: "Speak low—when you speak love—" The gay, yet tender melody ran through the lobby; she felt herself putting the words to it.

"Miss Blane would like a suite, I expect," said Gibbs to the desk clerk. "I want a room, too—"



John s[illegible] on the ed[illegible] held her hand. "[illegible]isten, Mon[illegible] not the screaming type but [illegible] know anything of first aid?" "What happen[illegible]?" Mon[illegible] whispered

Another passenger from the [illegible] had followed them into the hotel: the little da[illegible] who had sat opposite her on the plane and s[illegible]ently with his hands folded over his small pau[illegible] He smiled politely and waited while the cler[illegible]tered both of them. "Is there a message for m[illegible]nica asked.

Her heart thudded while the [illegible]ooked through a stack of telegrams and telephone [illegible]nd then shook his head.

She moved toward the elevat[illegible] Gibbs as the other passenger stepped up to regis[illegible] "My name is Sproul," she heard him say. "Jo[illegible]ul. Is there a reservation for me—"

"Where can we get a good din[illegible]" Gibbs asked the boy in the elevator.

"Right here, sir. Crystal Terrac[illegible] call it. Downstairs. Twelve, Miss."

"I'm on eighteen," said Gibbs. "How long will it take you to get ready for dinner?"

"Not long."

"I'll call you. See you then."

The elevator went on; the boy who had her bags led her through a quiet, cheery hall to a small suite, entered by way of the living room; it looked safe; it looked like heaven. She tipped the boy and asked him to bring her the New York papers.

And when he'd gone, she dropped her handbag and fur jacket on the bed and thought: this cannot have happened to me.

A shot coming from nowhere, coming from anywhere, aimed at her.

There was no motive, there was no rhyme or reason, in such an attack. If there were a motive, a reason, an answer, it had to lie somewhere in that dark well of circumstance of which Eric's death, which she knew now had to be murder, and John's letter and the message from Linda, which apparently started it all, were mysterious and inexplicable parts.

She took out the letter and read it again—twice, three times. She noted the address, number and street. She returned it to her handbag, her mind made up. She had to go on; she had to take John the money he so urgently needed. After that they would decide together what to do. She could feel the small packet pinned to her girdle. Ten thousand dollars; why did Bill Fiske think John needed so much?

THE boy returned with the newspapers and they were the same papers she had seen in Chicago; same date, same headlines.

There hadn't been time, of course, to expect anything else. She put them down and looked at the telephone. It would be easy to take it down and ask for Uncle Bill's number in New York and tell him the thing that had happened.

She couldn't; he had said not to wire, not to telephone. Besides, she had already fixed upon her own course. And Gibbs Brooke would help; Gibbs was a friend in need. How incredibly lucky it was that Gibbs had been on the plane!

Gibbs could be trusted; she had known him almost as long as she had known John. He was a friend and classmate of John's; the first time she had seen Gibbs, John had brought him down from school for an Easter holiday and Uncle Bill had given all three of them a small whirl of theaters and night clubs and dancing. She had liked John even then; she had always liked John; perhaps she had always loved him. But Gibbs, with his broad shoulders, his heavy but good-natured face, his steady if rather phlegmatic friendliness, had been a part of things.

His family lived somewhere in the West; California, she thought; he'd not had much money, but he'd managed to go on the trip with John and Linda and herself; he'd intended to come back and get himself a job in a brokerage house. And then the war came to Europe and three years later to America. She'd only known that he was in the Army; she wondered why he was going to Mexico City.

It struck her suddenly that he, too, might have heard from John. If John needed help he would turn to Gibbs; their friendship was like that. And Gibbs would go to John, as she was going.

She was thinking of that when the telephone rang and it was Gibbs. She told him she was ready, and hurried to wash and brush her hair. He came down at once and waited a moment while she put on lipstick, and touched her hands and hair with perfume.

He watched her from the living-room doorway. "Pretty as ever," he said. "I still can't believe it's you. Ready?"

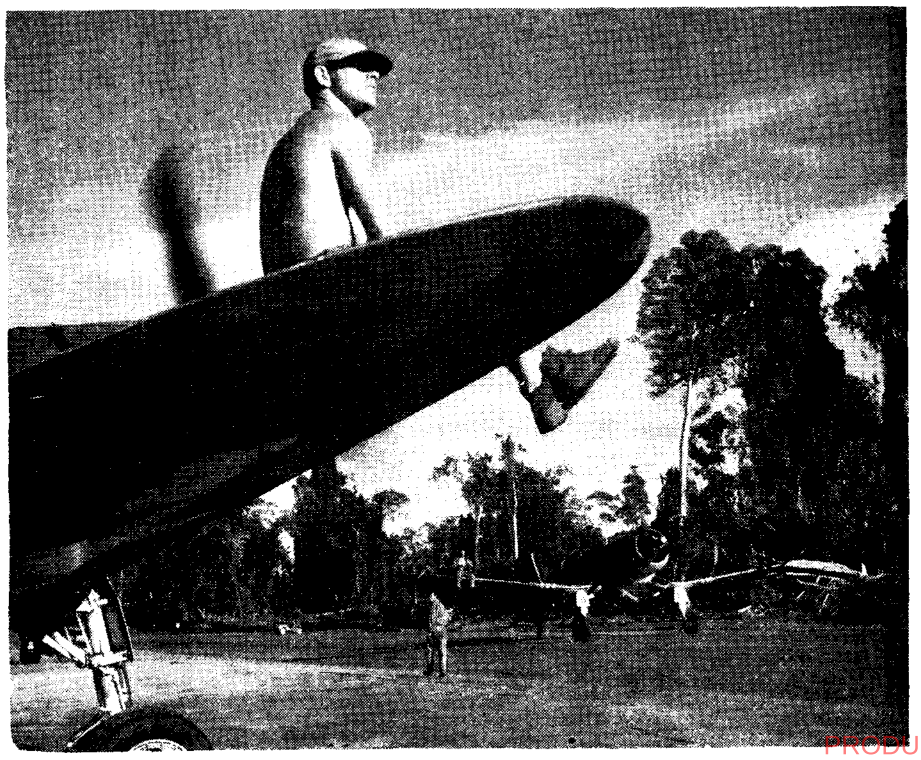
"I am ready," she replied.

(Continued on page 27)

Skipper J. T. Blackburn, who took the Navy's aerial problem children and made them into a top-flight fighting group, stands in front of the squadron's scoreboard on Bougainville. Device in center shows what squadron brought to 154 Nip pilots

Plane revetments were hacked out of the Bougainville jungle and this airfield built just three miles from Jap positions

Below: Mechanics ride the wings of the squadron's Corsairs and help direct pilots as they taxi into position on the runways



BLACKBURN'S *Irregulars*

BY ROBERT DE VORE

They made training-field commanders wake up screaming. Squadron leaders damned them. When the admiral saw them, his thoughts became unprintable. So one man took them and whipped them into the finest aerial team in the U. S. Navy

ONCE there were a lot of guys nobody wanted. So one man tamed them by a judicious blending of compulsion and persuasion into the finest aerial fighting team in the United States Navy.

For their squadron's battle insignia, they chose the pirate death's-head, and, whatever you may think of the originality of their choice, it admirably suited the wild, to-hell-with-regulations behavior of their early training days.

They christened themselves the Skull and Crossbones Squadron. Official Navy documents record them as VF-X, commanded by Lieutenant Commander John Thomas Blackburn, of Washington, D. C. Other fliers and the goldbricked victims of their exuberance called them Blackburn's Irregulars—and the name stuck.

Not only did it go well with their insignia, but it defined their origin—a nucleus of pilots transferred to Blackburn from other squadrons the leaders of which had decided that life without them would be much less complicated.

The leaders wanted men they could handle, not cocky youngsters who couldn't seem to remember that regulations applied to them, too. Spit-and-polish was more to their taste than aerial horseplay. They sent their mavericks away. Blackburn took them.

Now they are heroes, and everybody wants them—chambers of commerce for testimonial banquets, war plants for worker-incentive speeches, and the Navy as shining embodiments of "the highest traditions of the service." Oh, they're a joy and a treasure now, all right, but they would gladly trade the pallid present for the robust and unruly past when they were a pain in the neck to the admiral.

The admiral didn't love them. He said to the only man who did, "If you can't handle those hellions, I'll find someone who can."

A Bad Bet for the Japs

To which Lieutenant Commander Blackburn made the kind of reply you'd expect from a devoted but slightly astigmatic parent. He said, "Admiral, from past performance it would look as if I can't handle those fellows, and I respectfully submit, sir, that nobody in the Navy can. I can promise you that I shall do my best, sir. I further promise you that when we get into action, these boys will harass the Japs as effectively as they are harassing you and me right now."

That wasn't a promise. It was a prophecy.

As this is written, Blackburn's Irregulars have shot down more Japanese airplanes than any other fighter squadron in our Armed Forces. Their score, in 76 days of combat flying, is 154 enemy planes destroyed in the air and two on the ground; five small ships and sixteen barges sunk with their cargoes of troops or supplies.

In one five-day period, it knocked down 60½ Jap planes (credit for one plane is shared with another squadron) for what probably is an all-time record for any fighter squadron.

It has 13 aces—more, at this writing, than any other Navy squadron. On five separate occasions, individual pilots each shot down four Japs in the course of one furious action. In nine weeks, on two tours of duty, it flew the amazing total of 7,192 combat hours for an average of something over 200 for each of its 24 pilots.

Only 20 planes and 12 pilots were lost to enemy action. Three of the losses resulted from antiaircraft fire. In other words, the squadron made the enemy pay nearly eight planes for every one he shot down.

But what really makes the boys swell with pride are two facts:

1. No ship for which it provided air cover—and it flew 90 such missions—was ever hit by bomb or aerial torpedo.

2. Not a single bomber from any squadron it protected on nearly 40 raids was lost to Japanese aircraft.

Defense, obviously, is the primary function of a fighter squadron. But to defend effectively it frequently must fight offensively. It must destroy or disperse the enemy before he can strike at ships or bombers. In this respect, the record of VF-X is perfect. Other fighter squadrons in our Armed Forces may have been as good. None could have been better.

Ace of the Squadron

One of the men who helped make that perfection was Ike Kepford. His full name is Ira Cassius Kepford. You've got to know him pretty well before he'll tell you his middle name. His home is in Muskegon, Michigan. He is twenty-four years old. At Northwestern University he was a blocking halfback who knocked guys down so Bill De Correvont, the All-America, could score touchdowns. He was good enough to make the second All-America himself. The squadron's top ace, he knocked sixteen Jap planes into the Pacific. The Navy recently awarded him the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Death, as every flier knows, has its favorites. Ike was one of them. If this were not so, he wouldn't be back in the States, taking things easy. He would be resting on the bottom of the Pacific somewhere between Rabaul and the China coast.

When death gave Ike his second holiday, he was headed for China, knowing full well that he'd never get there from Rabaul in a Corsair, even at 400 miles an hour. Anyway, he figured the Zeros would tag him before his gas tanks emptied. He didn't like the idea any better than you would, but he figured he'd been living on borrowed time since, during a Rabaul raid a couple of weeks earlier, his ship had taken some hits which fired a wing and exploded all the machine-gun bullets in it—some of them through the cockpit. None of the bullets hit him. So, with the burning wing, he left Rabaul, and landed at his base on Bougainville on one wheel.

This is how Ike got into his second predicament over Rabaul. The squadron moved in on a strike at the key Jap base last February 19th. In the original melee of Jap and American planes, he got one Zero. As he was pulling away from the falling Jap, he spotted a seaplane just off the water. He gave it a short squirt and set it afire.

Ike was no waster of ammunition. His father taught him to shoot as soon as he could hold a shotgun. As far as anyone knows, no fighter pilot has approached his record of four kills and one probable in a single action with 75 bullets per gun.

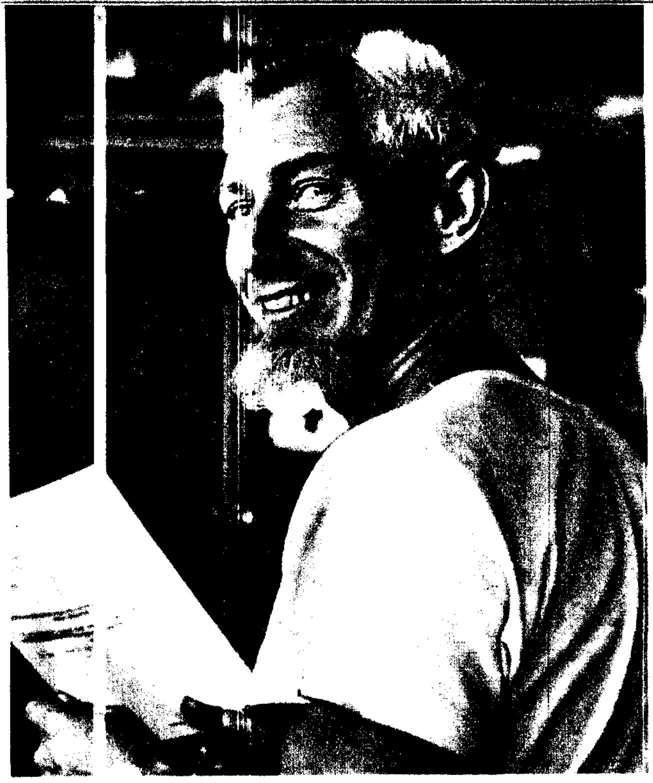
In going after the seaplane, Ike exposed his tail. Now three Zeros were on it, two on one side, one on the other. He called over the radio to the rest of the squadron:

"Chalk up two for Ike. Three Zeros have me pocketed. This looks like the works."

All he could do (*Continued on page* 66)

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

Lt. B. D. Henning quizzes Lt. O. I. Chenoweth about Rabaul strike which netted 16 Zeros



Tricky beaver adorns chin of Yeoman Harry Meeteer, who kept group's flight records

Lt. M. W. Davenport, of Detroit, was the man who kept Squadron 17's planes in fighting trim

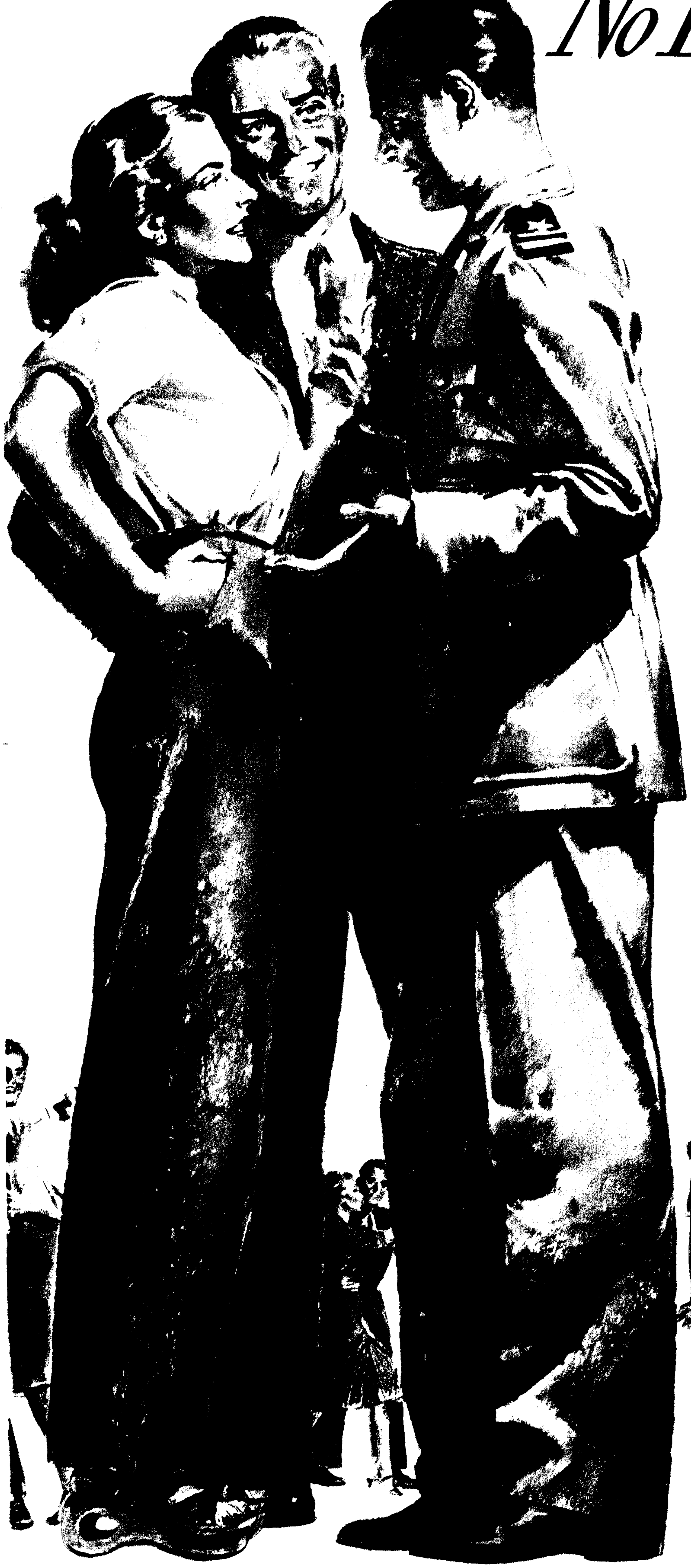
Ensign Andy Jagger describes his kill to Lt. H. A. "Dirty Eddie" March, and shows him how a fighter feels a few minutes after he has shot down a Jap plane over Rabaul

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

No Longer Think of Me

BY OWEN CAMERON

He set a trap to catch her, baited with unexpected and subtle lures, and learned too late that a trap does not know whom it catches



HE WENT to the party for no particular reason, or for a number of not-particular reasons. Doris expected him. He enjoyed watching the lovely, awkward young people who happened to be in love. And, as not the least reason, he had nothing better to do. His business ran itself, and lately he had been restless, a little bored with his life.

The house had been built by Doris's grandparents in the days when this was The Country, and it had the size, the spaciousness, and the somewhat pompous grandeur of that era. As he started up the wide steps, the front door opened and a squealing girl ran out, pursued by a young man in Army uniform. At the corner of the house the man fell sprawling. The girl came back, tender and solicitous.

Beck went on into the house, smiling. A number of people were dancing in the big room. He dropped his hat on a table near the door and looked around, nodding at those he knew. He glanced twice at a girl standing alone across the room, and then made his way through the dancers.

"Hello."

She said, "Hello," without looking at him. She held an empty glass in her left hand. The right was jammed deeply into the pocket of her faded blue jeans. She appeared out of place and perfectly at ease.

"Where is the lovely Doris? I don't hear her."

She looked at him, not smiling. "She's in the kitchen, I think."

"She never bothers to introduce people, anyhow. I'm Coleman Beck."

Now she smiled. "I'm Jessie Hayes. I've heard her speak of you."

"Don't believe a word of it. Odd we've never met before. Have you known Doris long?"

"Not very long. I'm just a neighbor."

She looked away from him, around the crowded, noisy room, and Beck wanted to impress her in some way—any way.

"You're married?" was all he could think of.

Her eyes came back to him, showing a slight surprise. She had blue eyes; dark blue, not light and shallow, but deep and steady and sure. "Shouldn't I be married?"

"You emphatically should be. A soldier?"

"Yes, a soldier," she said carelessly. "He's off somewhere. New Guinea, I think."

A cheerful, loud, young naval lieutenant named Chuck Stoddard came across the floor toward them, dodging dancers. At the last moment he shifted his grin to Beck.

"Hi, Beck, trying to steal my girl?"

"It's an idea," Beck said lightly.

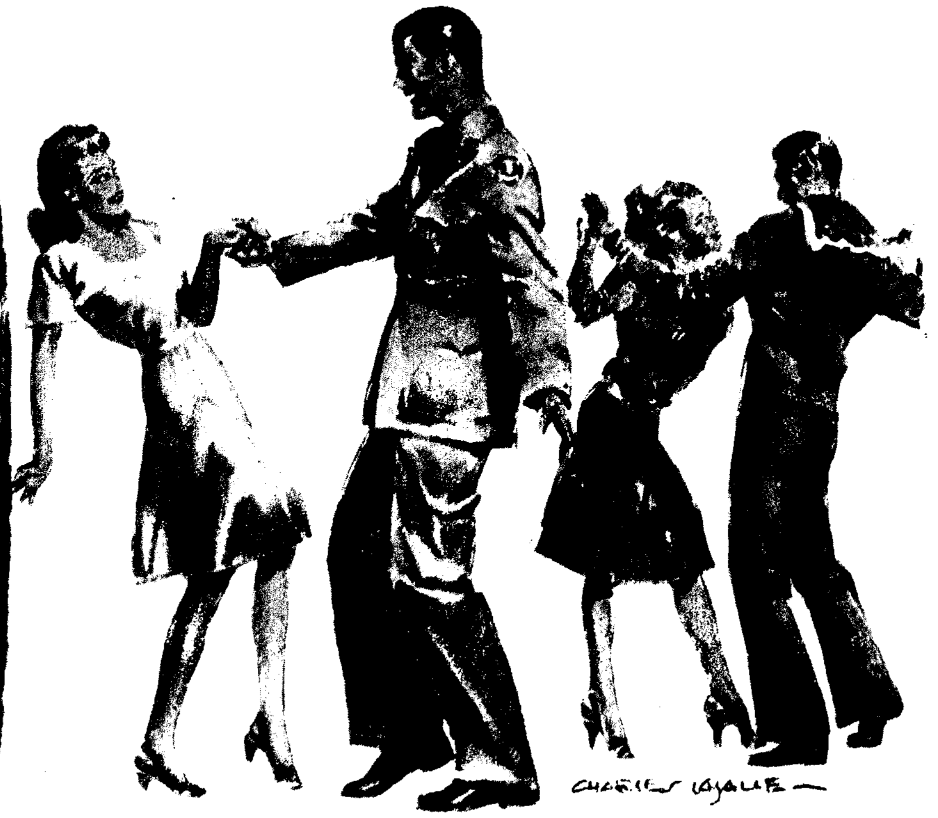
"I saw her first, and I've got you outnumbered. Better give her up—you know what Mahan says about naval power."

Beck hid his dislike and envy with a smile. "Take her, my boy. Only the brave deserve the fair."

They came together, merged, and slid away in one easy movement, the girl still holding her empty glass. Beck

(Continued on page 41)

"I saw her first, and I've got you outnumbered," Chuck said. Beck hid his dislike and envy with a smile. "Take her, my boy," he said. "Only the brave deserve the fair"



Sweet Smoking

BY CARLOS F. HURD AND HERBERT ASBURY

Corncob pipes—the old Missouri Meerschaums—are 75 years old and as American as hominy and baseball

The war has cut catalogue lines in half, but most of the popular styles of corncob pipes are still being made

E. H. Otto, Sr. (right), head of Missouri Meerschaum, helps select cobs from the drying pile

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX

Christian Hesse went to work for Missouri Meerschaum 61 years ago. He can still turn out a flawless pipe bowl

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, in the summer of 1869, a farmer walked into Henry Tibbe's carpenter shop in Washington, Missouri, then a sleepy little Missouri River settlement a few miles west of St. Louis, and drew from his pocket a section of hollowed-out corncob in which a hole had been bored near the base. He had Tibbe smooth the outer surface of the cob on a lathe, then fitted a reed stem into the hole, packed the bowl with tobacco, and put a match to it.

"Makes a sweet smoke," he said.

A few fragrant puffs convinced Tibbe that the farmer had something, so when the man had gone he got some oversize corncobs and began to experiment. He soon hit upon the idea of using plaster of Paris to fill in the uneven surfaces, and to form the base of the bowl. He made eight or ten pipes, which he hung in the window of his shop and quickly sold for a nickel each. Then he and his son, Anton, patented the process and started a new business, which they incorporated in 1872 as the Missouri Meerschaum Company. A few years later they hired a local boy, a young chap named Christian Hesse, and put him to work making and polishing pipe bowls. After more than 61 years Hesse is still with the company and he's still making pipe bowls. First-class ones, too. He's proud of his long connection with corncob pipes, but he's even prouder of his brother, who has been employed by another of Washington's famous industries for almost as long.

"My brother's in a luxury business," says Mr. Hesse. "He makes zithers."

Until the Tibbe patents expired, the Missouri Meerschaum Company enjoyed a monopoly, and the trade-marked name of the company became so well known that it is still accepted in many places as a generic term for cob pipes. Then competition arose, and today the pipes are made in half a dozen factories employing several hundred workmen—there's a plant in Washington across the street from the Missouri Meerschaum buildings, another at Booneville, farther up the Missouri River, which also makes wooden pipes of hickory, and two Missouri Meerschaum branches at Union and Owensville, Missouri.

The first year they were in business the Tibbes made maybe two hundred pipes, all of which were absorbed by the local market. Last year the industry turned out more than ten million, which were sold at retail from one cent—for a kid's bubble pipe, in which many a youngster has puffed a pinch of tobacco—to a quarter.

Before the war the Missouri Meerschaum Company made a fifty-cent pipe, a fancy article with a highly varnished bowl, a turned-cob stem, and a hard rubber bit. This elegant number was called "The Collier" and, according to Edmund H. Otto, Sr., who succeeded Anton Tibbe as president of the company in 1910, was named in honor of his family's favorite magazine. Of course, it's only a coincidence that a variety of hybrid corn, which produces an exceptionally large and firm cob, is also called Collier. Incidentally, Mr. Otto, now in his eighty-second year, generally smokes cigars, while his son, Edmund, Jr., who is secretary-treasurer of Missouri Meerschaum, is a cigarette man.

Show the average man *(Continued on page 61)*

Another Goodby

BY JEAN KINKEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

"My old man can lick your old man"—there's a time when every kid has to feel like that. But Mitch's pop let him down—at least it looked that way for a while

Ann threw back her head and howled. Then she hugged Mitch till he got red in the face. "John Mitchell Kelly," she said, "you do me good. You're better than vitamins"

AFTER four long weeks, the house still looked unfamiliar with the service star in the window, and Ann, coming up the walk with her arms full of bundles, got the crazy feeling again that she was walking into the wrong house. The geraniums standing in a stiff, cheerful row reassured her, and new smudges on the nice white door cinched it. Mitch's handiwork was unmistakable. This was home, all right, but the heart was elsewhere. Gosh, I miss you, Butch, she said inside herself, and it's not getting better, the way you promised it would. Damn! Damn! Damn! She turned her key in the door fiercely and went in. Mitch was sprawled on the floor, working as always on his model battleship.

"Hi, babe!" he said. "Hey, don't step in my glue!"

"Get it out of my way. I can't see where I'm going with these celery tops in my eye."

"You look camouflaged," Mitch said. He shoved the glue aside obligingly, but made no move to take over a bundle. How long, Ann wondered, before kids get chivalrous? Better not talk to him about it now. She was still hammering home cleanliness, with mediocre results. It was no breeze, raising a kid singlehanded.

"Any mail?" she asked him from the kitchen.

"Yeah. Phone bill, movie previews and a letter from the old man."

"The old man!" This was new.

Mitch grinned at her. "Sure. That's what all the Turks call their pops."

The Turks were a group of boys in the sixth grade who held frequent meetings in a room over Bob Naughton's garage. No adult ever discovered what they met about, but they had secret codes and handshakes, and once they adopted a new word or expression it died hard. For an eternity, they'd been kicking around "Pitch it to me, Joe," which appeared to cover almost any exigency. Before that there'd been "Hi, guy"—but to every man, woman and child. And now "the old man."

"Your father would love it," Ann told him, taking the letter off the mantel and opening it. Unfolding the letter, she eyed Mitch appraisingly. "I suppose *I'm* 'the old lady.'"

Mitch glanced up at her quickly, an infinitesimal gun turret stuck between his teeth. "Sa-aay," he said indistinctly, but with enthusiasm.

Ann didn't hear him because the words of John's letter were leaping out at her. It seemed that the Navy doctors had discovered something slightly wrong with his heart. Nothing serious, but sufficiently abnormal to wash him out of the service. It still wasn't definite, as the mucky-muck doctor hadn't examined him yet, and he had his fingers crossed.

"Darling," he'd written. "I've never wanted anything so much in my life as this silly little gob suit. Crazy, isn't it, when the alternative is home and you and the Turk? But I've got close to a lot of these kids, some of them such babies they've got down on their cheeks, and I kind of want to run interference for them. Me, the original looker-outer for me. I don't get it, but there it is. Please pray that the gold-braid medic okays me."

"What's he say?" Mitch was putting his

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ALLAH'S OIL

BY FRANK GERVASI

An Arab is an idea that walks like a man and owns a third of the world's oil. He'll sell the oil for two things: gold and freedom. With such high stakes, the game is bound to be fast and dirty, and you, as an American, will play it whether you like it or not

WHEN young King Farouk of Egypt decided to grow a beard, he overlooked its political implications. He grew the whiskers for the very excellent reason that he hates to shave. But to Sheik Mustapha El Maraghi, Farouk's childhood tutor and a Moslem potentate, as well as to millions of Moslems everywhere in the Middle East, the Faroukian beard had profound significance. To them it meant that Farouk wanted to be caliph of the new, united Arab world they dream about.

The title of caliph died with the Ottoman Empire. It was given to the political and religious ruler of Islam and was the Mohammedan equivalent of Holy Father, or Pope. The Sheik and others are trying to revive the caliphate as part of their plan to wrestle the Arab world loose from the grip of foreigners. Without a beard Farouk was, simply, a political figure, a king. With a beard cut, as his was, in the full, round style prescribed by the Koran, Farouk acquired the aura of a religious as well as a political leader.

In El Azhar, in Cairo, immediately the cry went up: "Araby for the Arabs and Farouk for caliph." Outwardly El Azhar, the largest and most influential Moslem university in the world, is just another beautiful mosque. Actually it's the epicenter of Arab nationalism, which radiates outward to every corner of the Arab world. Sheik Mustapha El Maraghi is El Azhar's rector.

Farouk doesn't want to be caliph. His name, in Arabic, means "one who can distinguish right from wrong." It was probably the advice of his father, Fuad, rather than any highly developed power of discrimination, however, that guided Farouk away from the caliphate. Before he died, Fuad told his young son never to fall for the caliph lure, in short, to stay out of Arab religious affairs. "You will have trouble enough ruling Egypt," Fuad said, "without trying to govern all the Moslems in the world."

Fuad was a wise man. Although not a full-blooded Arab himself—he was of Albanian and French as well as Egyptian stock—he knew the Arabs. He knew how difficult it would be for Farouk to stick to politics and keep out of religious affairs in dealing with a people to whom politics and religion are synonymous. Fuad's last words contained sound advice not only for a king-to-be but also for outsiders who want to negotiate a new trade treaty, an oil lease or the right of way for a pipe line.

An Arab is an idea that walks like a man. The idea is Islam, which is what Mohammed the Prophet called the Kingdom of the Faithful. In it there is no place for infidels, no room for foreigners.

Here Jews, above all, are not wanted, and Christians, whether they be Britons or Frenchmen, Americans or Greeks, are tolerated only because they are strong or rich.

The Creed of Mohammed

To the Moslem, Allah is God, and Jesus was not the Son of God, but merely another prophet, like Moses. The Bible, he tells you, is only a storybook. The only true holy book was the Koran which Allah gave to Mohammed, his Prophet.

Every day at dawn, noon and sunset, the muezzins emerge on the railed balconies of a million mosques everywhere in the kingdom of Islam and call the faithful to prayer. Every Mohammedan kneels on his prayer rug, turns toward Mecca, where Mohammed was born, and prostrates himself.

The rug may be a dirty, tattered oblong of burlap or a precious Kashan woven in silk and worth a small treasure. But its function is the same, and between the ragged beggar on burlap and the pasha on silk, as they kneel and bow low, there is a bond stronger than any the infidels know. It is a spiritual bond that has endured a thousand years and is daily strengthened by a common language and a common racial origin.

Translated into politics, such unity becomes a powerful force in world affairs. There are no Republicans or Democrats, Communists, Laborites, Populists, Greenbackers, Bull Moosers or Progressives and, more important still, no Mugwumps or Copperheads in Islam. Everywhere else in the world the tendency has been to put religion and politics into separate compartments. In Islam, Church and State are identical; the objectives of one are the aims of the other.

Chief of those aims is full independence from those foreign powers which, directly or indirectly, dominate the Arab world. The issue rises darkly to obscure relations between Britain and France, the two principal imperial powers in the Mediterranean and rivals for domination of the strategic Levant.

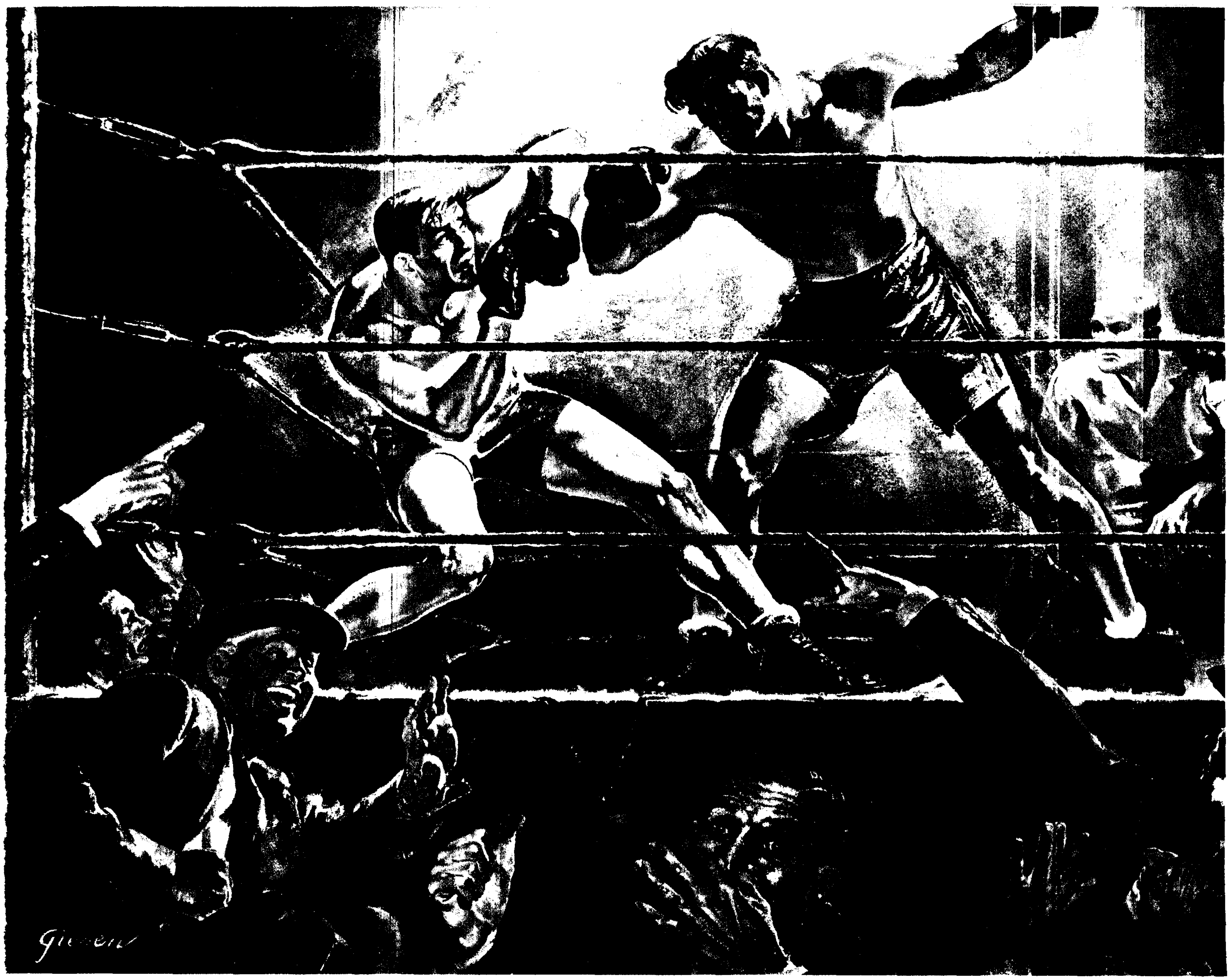
It threatens outright war between Jews and Arabs in Palestine and general disorder in the oil-rich Middle East, just as the United States is considering the construction of some 1,250 miles and $165,000,000 worth of pipe line to carry oil from Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf to Mediterranean ports.

The Arabs know they've got something

(Continued on page 53)

Egypt's King Farouk and Sheik El Maraghi (left) here demonstrate the bond between Islam's religious and temporal rulers

INTERNATIONAL



Nobody ever got knocked out with a punch to the arm. But it was all over. Everybody knew it. Everybody saw the look come into Joey's eyes

THICKER THAN WATER

BY PAUL GALLICO

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

Blood will tell, so the old saw goes, and this is the story of a fighter who learned that the old saw still cuts clean

THE other day, I heard the story of how Tommy White came back from a grave in the hard, white coral of a South Pacific island where he sleeps under a wooden cross on which his helmet hangs, rusting in the tropic rains, and knocked out Tony Kid Marino in the seventh round at the American Legion Stadium in our town.

TOMMY WHITE was a champion, but his kid brother Joey was a dog. You often run across things like that. They were both welterweights, and young Joey could box rings around Tommy. He could have boxed those same circles around any welterweight living if the geezer hadn't started to come out in him after the first solid smack.

Tommy, on the other hand, had the heart of a lion. That is why he became a world's champion. That is why he enlisted the day after Pearl Harbor. That is why he walked into the machine-gun fire that was coming from a Japanese pillbox and murdering his company, and dropped a grenade into the slit, quietly and without fuss like a man posting a letter, before he died from being shot to pieces.

That sort of put the burden on Joey White and it seemed to be more of a load than he could lug. Doc Auer, who had managed Tommy and been more like a father to him, helped out all he could, but Doc wasn't exactly rich. Tommy had won his championship in the days when nobody got rich any more.

There was Mom White, and Phil, the youngest, and Anna, aged twelve, who had been living in a wheel chair ever since the hit-and-run driver had tossed her like a broken doll into the gutter. And, of course, there was Ellie, Tom's widow and their year-old baby.

Joey was a good kid. He couldn't help the yellow streak that came out in him in the ring. It often happens that way. Some boys don't like it. It was just that he would begin to blink and wince at the first solid smack, and then pretty soon he would be down, and you knew he wasn't bothering to get up.

JOEY wasn't happy about his weakness. He tried to overcome it by going back into the ring, but each time he dogged it, it nearly drove him crazy, he felt so ashamed. There was the time he got pneumonia after he quit cold to Young Irish, and he hoped it would kill him. It nearly did, too, because he wouldn't fight the bug in him. Blood transfusion saved his life. Tommy, who was home on leave at the time, went to the hospital and acted as donor, though Joey never knew about it. In the first place, hospitals don't tell, and, in the second, Tommy wasn't the kind who would mention such a trifle.

You hear a lot about fighters being no goods and bums, but there are plenty of good kids in the game. The Whites were decent. When the news came about what had happened to Tommy in the Pacific, Joey went back to the ring. He might have got a job in a factory, but there were all the mouths to feed and the payments on the house. It wouldn't have been enough. And the ring was good for money now that there weren't too many classy boys around, and cards were hard to find. Joey had picked up a ruptured eardrum in one of his early fights and was 4-F.

Doc managed him, which was rough on Doc because he had loved Tommy like a son. Doc was a square shooter with a hook nose and tender hands that could

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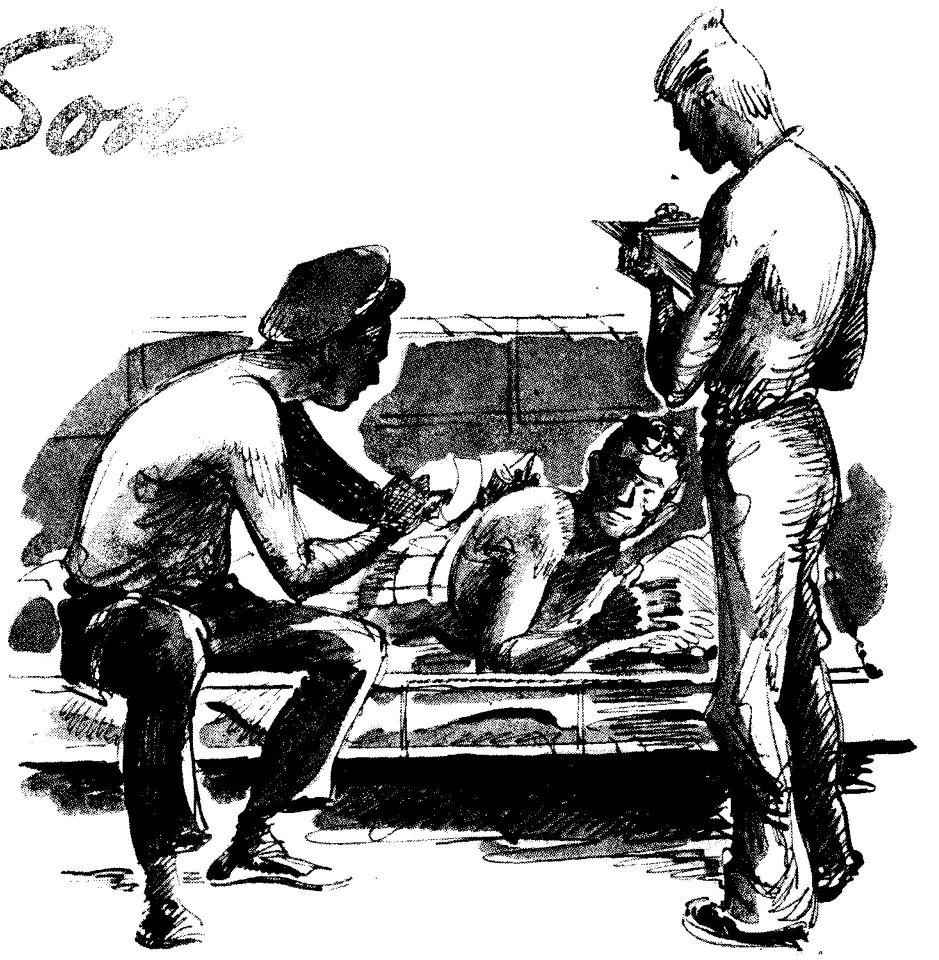
Take It Easy, Son



BY CAPTAIN MILTON SPERLING, U. S. M. C.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BODE

Back from the beaches they come, the anxious wounded and the sick. With them is their doctor. Watch them now, as he comes into his own—wise and sure—the military doctor at his heart-warming best

"What's your complaint?" the doctor asked. "Nerves." The boy turned his head away. He looked whipped

"Tell me how many fingers you see." The doctor held up one. The boy strained and finally blurted, "Four"

He waved toward the corpsmen. "Without those kids I'd go nuts"

NOW I was helping, gingerly, to lift the wounded from the small boats to the deck of the ship. They had evacuated from the beach by launch, their stretchers lying somewhat precariously over iron chains slung broadside across the small craft. Their wounds hastily dressed with enormous gauze patches, their torn "zoot suits" stained a fresh coat of red, the injured were on the initial leg of a swift passage to safety and treatment.

Down in the hot 'tween-decks of this Attack Passenger Destroyer, a chunky, red-faced, hairy-chested, balding doctor works the sick-bay shuttle from beachhead to base. Here under the dim, sticky battle lights, the wounded receive their first promise of relief in the cocky, wisecracking banter of Lieutenant William S. Gevurtz, Medical Corps, U.S.N.R.

"They like rugged talk—their kind of rugged," he confided to me. "So I give it to them—in spades."

Stripped to the waist, sweating, swearing noisily at the improbable points at which a Jap missile can tear into a boy's anatomy, the doctor reigns over a compactly cluttered domain of precise medicine, rule-of-thumb psychoanalysis, home remedies and prayer.

"I'm a chest man—studied the diseases of the lungs for five years. Now I'm running a first-aid station." He sighed and waved his hand in the direction of the male nurses known in the Navy as hospital corpsmen. They were busily engaged in disrobing the wounded and stowing them neatly in bunks. "Without those wonderful kids, I'd go nuts."

He pointed to a blond, scrawny youth carefully undressing a lacerated back. "See that one? I picked him up off a gun crew. Came to me and said he'd like to help out. Look at him. You'd think he was that guy's mother."

He gulped a cup of ice water and leaned against the zinc-plated counter that marked the entrance to the surgery. This alcove, between iron ladders that descended almost vertically from the main deck, measured no more than ten feet by twelve. Except for the chromium sink, the overhead reflector light, and the wall-slung operating table, it might still have been the storage room from which it was converted. It was a welter of bottled plasma, battle dressings, gauze packs, opened cartons of sulfa drugs, paper cups, tins of cigarettes and surgical tools. An emptied gallon-size fruit-juice can served as a disposal bin.

The doctor gestured over his shoulder at the surgery.

"I never use it if I can help it. I wouldn't operate on anyone under conditions I wouldn't want myself operated on. And this is no place for operations. Sometimes I have to, of course. My job is to get them to a decent hospital in the best shape I can. But with a knife in my hand, I'd do more harm than good on this rocking horse."

A corpsman hurried up the aisle, unscrewing the cap of his fountain pen. He took up a handful of hospital identification tags.

"All set, Doctor."

"Okay. Let's go."

I followed him into the main compartment. The APDs are 1918-class, four-stacker destroyers converted to two stacks and armed with 3-inch rifles, 20-millimeter cannon and .50-caliber machine guns—all aircraft defensive armament. As jacks-of-all-trades in forward waters, they carry troops, supplies and firepower to combat areas, and they evacuate the wounded to base hospitals.

Inspection of the Wounded

Number One Engine Room has been torn out to make space for passengers and crew, and the wounded are in the area originally intended for ship's personnel.

The compartment was not quite filled to capacity. Six long rows of three-tiered, blanket-covered, iron-springed bunks suspended on chains, supported grubby, bandaged men. We started at the far end. The doctor was joined by another corpsman.

"Get their names, serial numbers, diagnoses and prescribed treatments."

"Yes, sir," said the corpsman with the pen and tags.

The doctor sighed to me, "The Navy still runs on paper. Got to get everything down."

He stopped at the end top bunk. The corpsmen gathered on his flanks. I stood back.

The boy in the bunk hung over the side expectantly. His head was cropped almost to the scalp in prescribed battle fashion. It made him seem even younger than he was. He smiled and nodded vigorously at us. "Hi-ya, Doctor!"

He thrust a hand out, then let it dangle in front of the doctor's face. The index finger was a reddened gauze patch.

The doctor cradled the hand. "My, my! How'd this happen?"

"I feel okay," the boy stated briskly.

"Good dope," grinned the doctor. "How far in did the bullet go?"

"Sniper got me," the boy announced, rather proudly I thought.

"Did you get him?"

"Nope."

The doctor snorted. "Hell! You're no Marine. You're supposed to get three of them."

The boy looked indignant. "I got my three before they got me! Would have got more except this is my trigger finger."

The doctor laughed. "Let's take off the bandage and see what's under there."

He reached a hand behind him, and a corpsman slipped a pair of surgical scissors into it. Deftly he snipped the soiled rags, then gently began lifting the basic gauze pad.

"Now this is going to hurt like hell. So yell if you want to."

The boy tightened his jaws and watched the doctor apprehensively. Ever so slowly, the pad came away. The ugly wound was exposed. The boy blanched and turned his head away, sick.

"Hey, don't let that scare you," soothed the doctor. "That green color isn't you. That's what the medicine did." Without looking around he called, "Sulfa powder." A paper packet was torn open and slipped into the doctor's fingers. He shook its entire contents into the wound. "See, now it's white. This stuff is great for you. Makes you feel like a million bucks. Here, let me see your muscle." The arm came farther out of the bunk.

"Flashlight," the doctor ordered. He switched it on to see better in the gloom.

"You must be a hard hitter, kid. Look at those biceps. Ah, there you are! Little bumps." He nodded to me to come closer.

I peered at the arm. There were indeed little bumps all up and down the forearm. His face turned solemn for a moment as his lips formed the words "blood poisoning." Then he stepped back into the jovial role. He turned to the corpsmen.

"I'm sorry, but I've got a crummy detail for you." He glanced back at the patient. "Not you—them. We'll make them work for their pay. Massive hot

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Miriam Elmore of Brawley, California, "props" her plane as Instructor John Bredengerd stands by

Campus in the Sky

BY WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

Girls at Stephens College get ready for the Air Age at the first flying school of its kind

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE–PIX

FLYING classrooms, with airliner jaunts to Quebec for French classes and to Mexico for Spanish-speaking students, will be inaugurated by Stephens College of Columbia, Missouri, as soon as the war is over. Huge transport planes will be purchased by the school and equipped for scholastic work in flight.

Meantime, the 2,000 girls comprising the student body, and the 256 faculty members, are rapidly being "air-conditioned" in the most aggressive aviation program maintained by any woman's college in America. Stephens now has 800 girls studying different phases of aviation, nearly 100 of whom are flying regularly—some working for commercial pilots' licenses—and its own hangar at the Columbia airport. It owns 18 Aeroncas, all of them cabin jobs, and the two-seaters are the side-by-side type (the college believes husband and wife should ride as pals, and not tandem, one in front of the other).

Across the road from the municipal airport lies Stephens' "aviation campus." A former $500,000 tourist hotel has been

Set for a take-off, Miss Elmore [illegible] minute instructions from her flight instructor

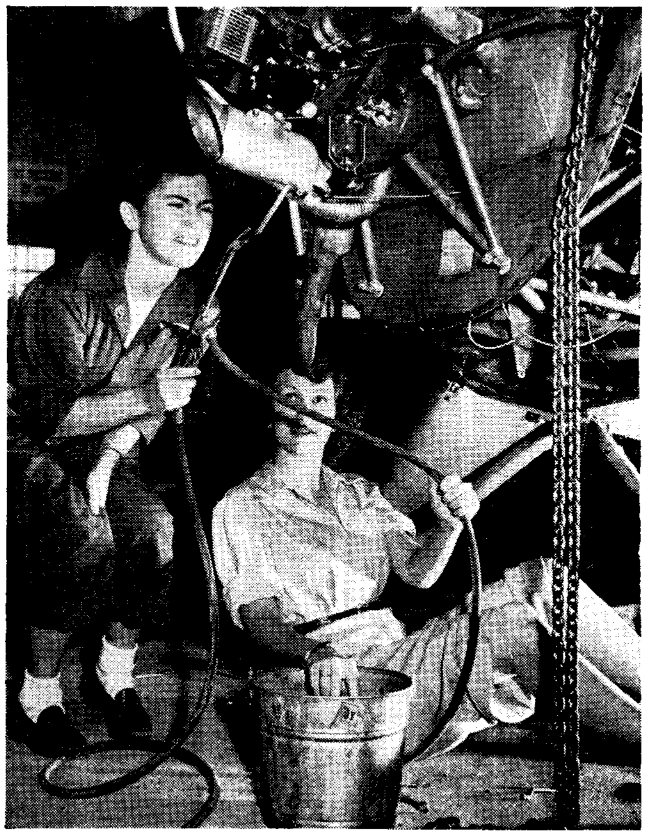
Joanne Wilson's slacks serve as scratch-pad for figuring amount of time spent in the air

Chief Instructor Bredengerd explains flight principles with model plane to Gladys Boagni

Class in Basic Airline Traffic Procedure listens as Mrs. Grace Gnatt, foreground, instructs

Engine loses mystery as Charles Hackleman explains it to Joanne Wilson and Fredericka Baker

Careless of grease, Miss Baker and Jane Chinn clean an engine with an air gun in the shop



acquired by the college and turned into Aviation Hall, where 90 of the coming "sky queens" live in most modern and luxurious surroundings. The basement has been made over into a machine shop where students in coveralls tear airplanes and engines down and reassemble them, learn how to make repairs and receive Link trainer instruction.

The other structure is Skylanes Building, which houses the flight research staff, the ready room where students and instructors confer before and after each flight, the dining room and club quarters, and classrooms for teaching such subjects as navigation, meteorology, aviation geography and the like.

The aviation faculty of 27 includes 14 flight instructors, teacher specialists in ground school, commercial aviation radio, meteorology, aviation geography, Link trainer, engines and aircraft mechanics and aviation psychology. Head of the department is Kenneth Newland, who has been flying twenty years; chief pilot is Miss Jewel Stanton, 1939 Stephens grad, who has been a flight instructor in commercial aviation for five years.

Several of the flight instructors are women—some of whom taught Army air cadets in the early days of the war how to fly. One was born in Ireland and was a Powers model in New York for two years. Men instructors are veterans of commercial airlines, flying schools or of the Army.

The Air Age is at hand and we can't get ready for it too quickly, according to President James Madison Wood, the Ozark Hills educator who has skyrocketed Stephens College from near-bankruptcy and a depleted student body into a college now turning away 1,000 applicants a year, with a magnificent campus and a progressive education system that has won international prominence. While aviation courses enjoy great popularity among students at Stephens they are offered on an elective basis as a part of the academic program of general education.

Girl aviation students at Stephens average ten hours flying with an instructor before they solo. They must then have fifty hours of flight before the college permits them to apply for a private license—although the usual requirement is only thirty-five hours. For a commercial license, they must tack on 110 hours in the air, including extensive cross-country and night flying, also aerobatics.

Planning the Course of Training

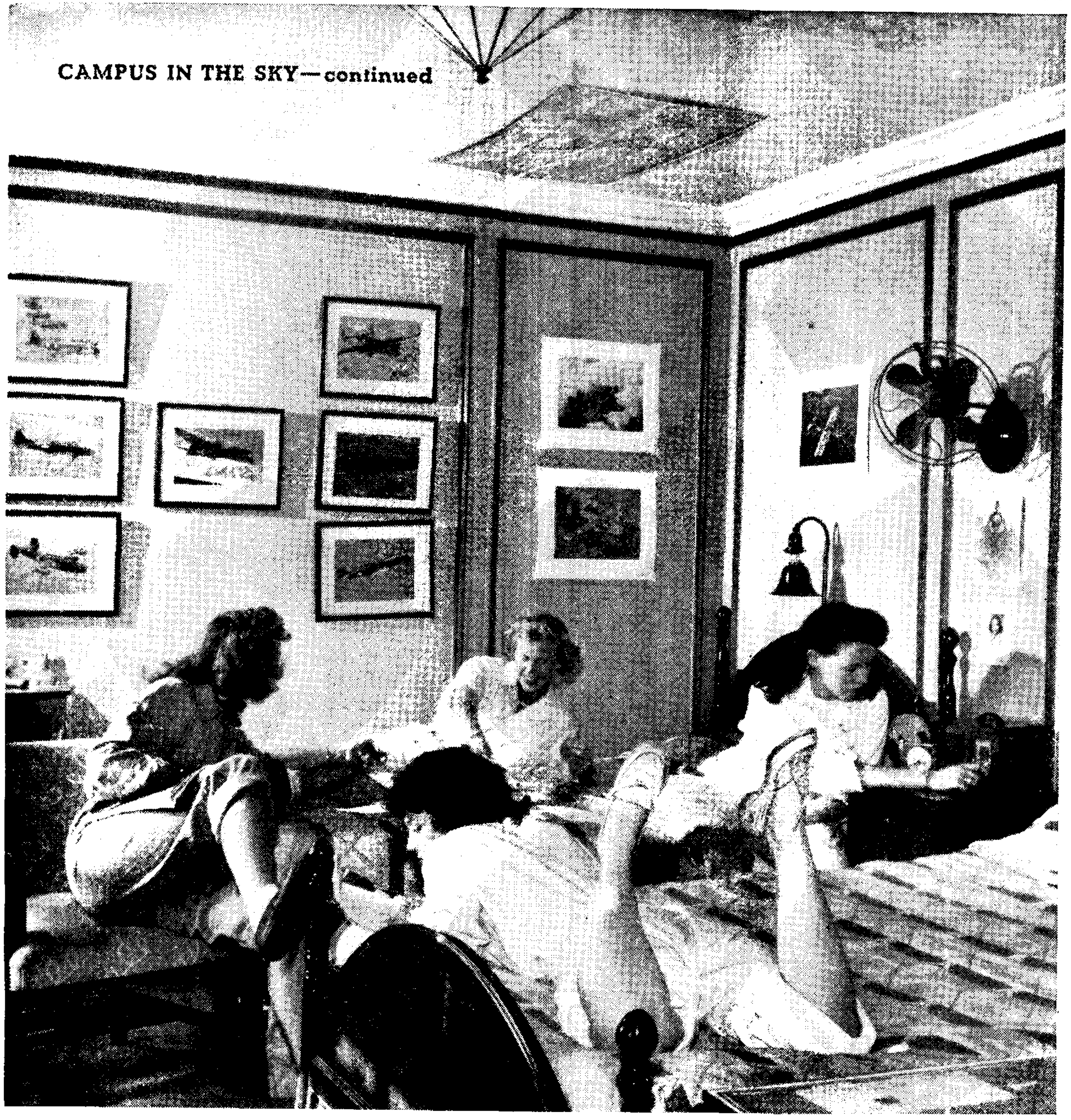
There is one flight instructor for every six girls majoring in flying. Only one of his students is off the ground at a time. He gives her minute preflight orders, watches her procedure through glasses, receives her report on handling the plane, and together they analyze her achievements and failures and plan the next lesson. In the course of her training, the girl learns how to come out of a spin or a stall, how to make both a forced landing and a spot landing (within a 200-foot circle), precision and pattern flying. Advanced students go out alone for cross-country flights.

Some of the girls intend to get their commercial licenses. More plan to get married and raise families, but feel that if they are pilots or are familiar with flying, they can accompany their husbands on trips and will not object when the latter travel by air.

In addition to the girls taking the flight course, about 200 are taking meteorology, expecting to have jobs in weather observation, while the same number are specializing in navigation. As many more are studying the business side of aviation, training to work in ticketing and reservations, traffic control and passenger handling. Radio law, telegraphic code, aviation shorthand, aircraft drafting and inspection and preflight aeronautics are popular courses, engaging scores of girls.

The aviation program at Stephens College is conducted under regulations approved by the Civil Aeronautics Administration and a good part of the equipment was furnished by the Army Air Forces. It has on its advisory committee executives of twelve of the country's leading airlines. Every girl to fly must be eighteen, pass a physical examination, have her parents' consent and pass the preflight course. ★★★

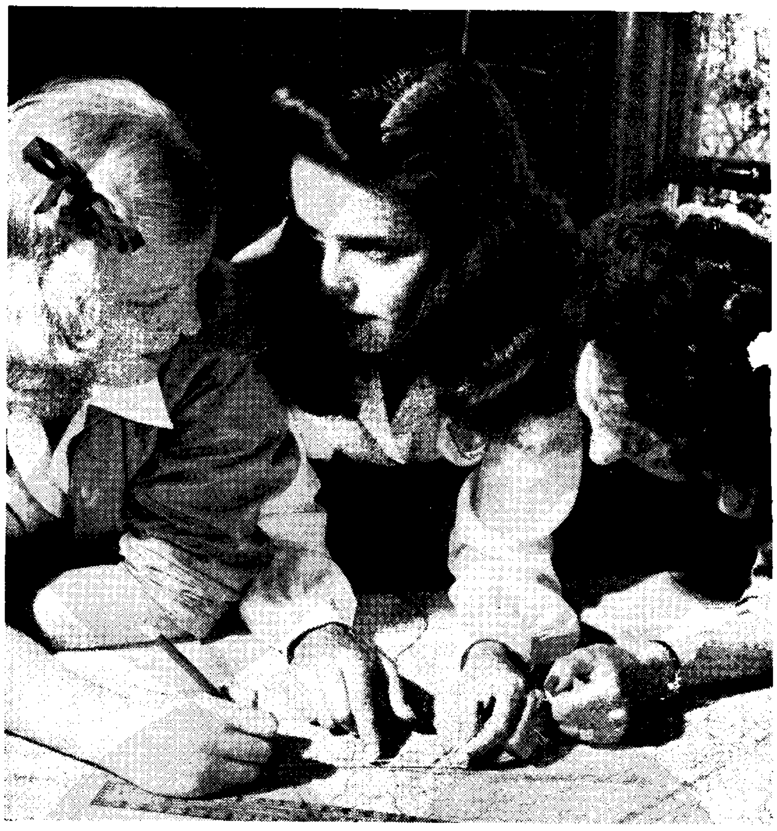
CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Relaxing in one room of the two-room suites in Aviation Hall are Betty Flint (feet in air), Betty Winton, left, Patricia Bartlett and Jean De Graff, right. Note maps on the ceiling

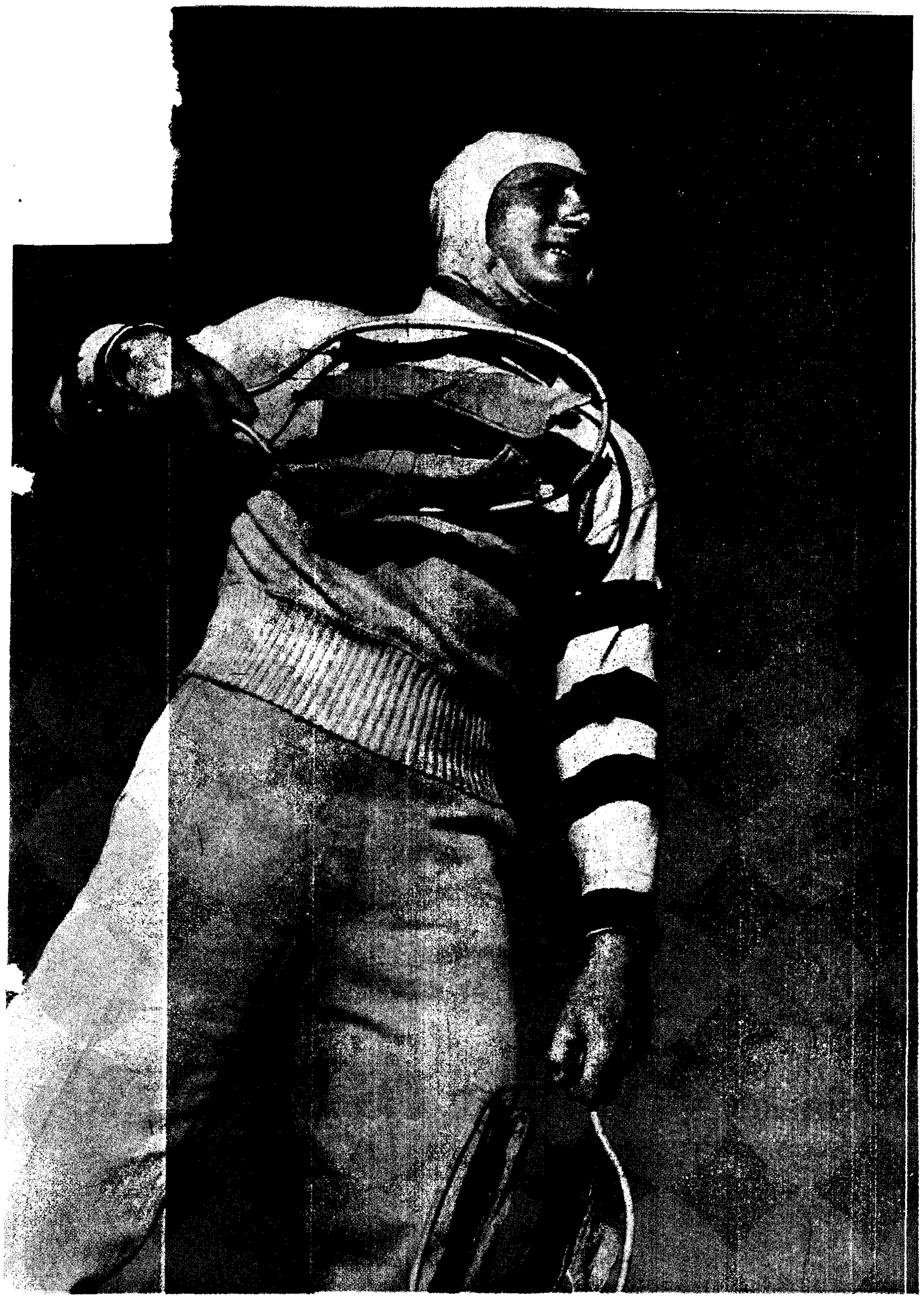
Patricia Bartlett pays the price of her first solo flight: "dunking," clothes and all, in the shower at Aviation Hall. Rowena Bond, aided by mysterious hand at right, does the job

The three students above are returning from a flight, while below three others plot a cross-country trip in the ready room

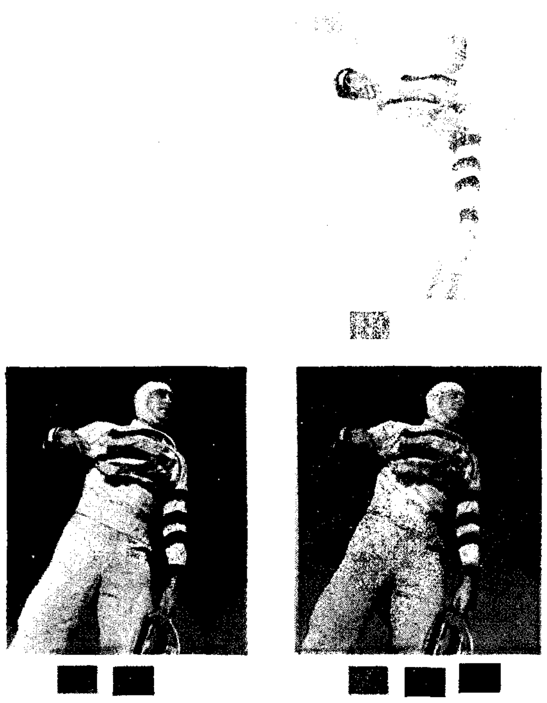


Joan Ullrich, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, closes canopy of the Link trainer as she starts lesson. Rest of class observes

This page is "Kodak" in more ways than one



Landing Signal Officer on Flat Top. Official U. S. Navy Photograph.



TO PRINT THIS FULL-COLOR KODACHROME PHOTOGRAPH, four separate printing plates are made *photographically*—each a complete record of one of the basic colors. The colors are then printed in succession, one over the other, as shown above.

FROM the snapping of the picture itself on Kodak Film . . . through a succession of photographic processes (for which Kodak supplies materials) . . . the illustration finally reaches the printed page.

This procedure is followed in the making of thousands of magazine and newspaper illustrations—editorial as well as advertising. They are produced through photoengraving, photolithography, or photogravure. As you see, "photo" is common to all of these highly skilled crafts.

In a sense, therefore, almost any page might be a "Kodak page"—whether it happens to be a Kodak advertisement or not.

So, as you go through your magazines and newspapers, it is *photography* which is reporting to you the war news, and other news and features . . . adding to your knowledge, entertaining you, and influencing your decisions a dozen times a day.

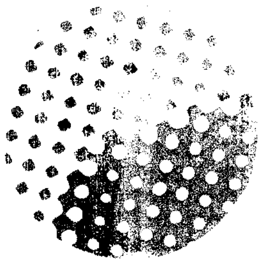
One important reason why there are so many magazines and newspapers . . . and why they are so "readable" and "lookable" . . . is that Kodak has long been a leader in developing materials and techniques for improved reproductions.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

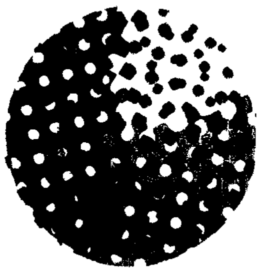
REMEMBER THE U.S.S. ATLANTA? . . . How in the fighting near Guadalcanal—with one-third of her crew wounded or slain—she fought on until the enemy had been routed?—how, after sinking a destroyer—though her engine-room was flooded, her top-side a shambles—she went after a cruiser and sank that too, before her battered hulk slid under the waves?—A stern example for us at home.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

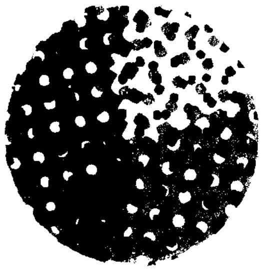
Magnified 15 times, a print from a section of the "yellow" plate is seen to be a pattern of dots...



Over these, red dots are superimposed . . . printed by the corresponding section of the "red" plate...



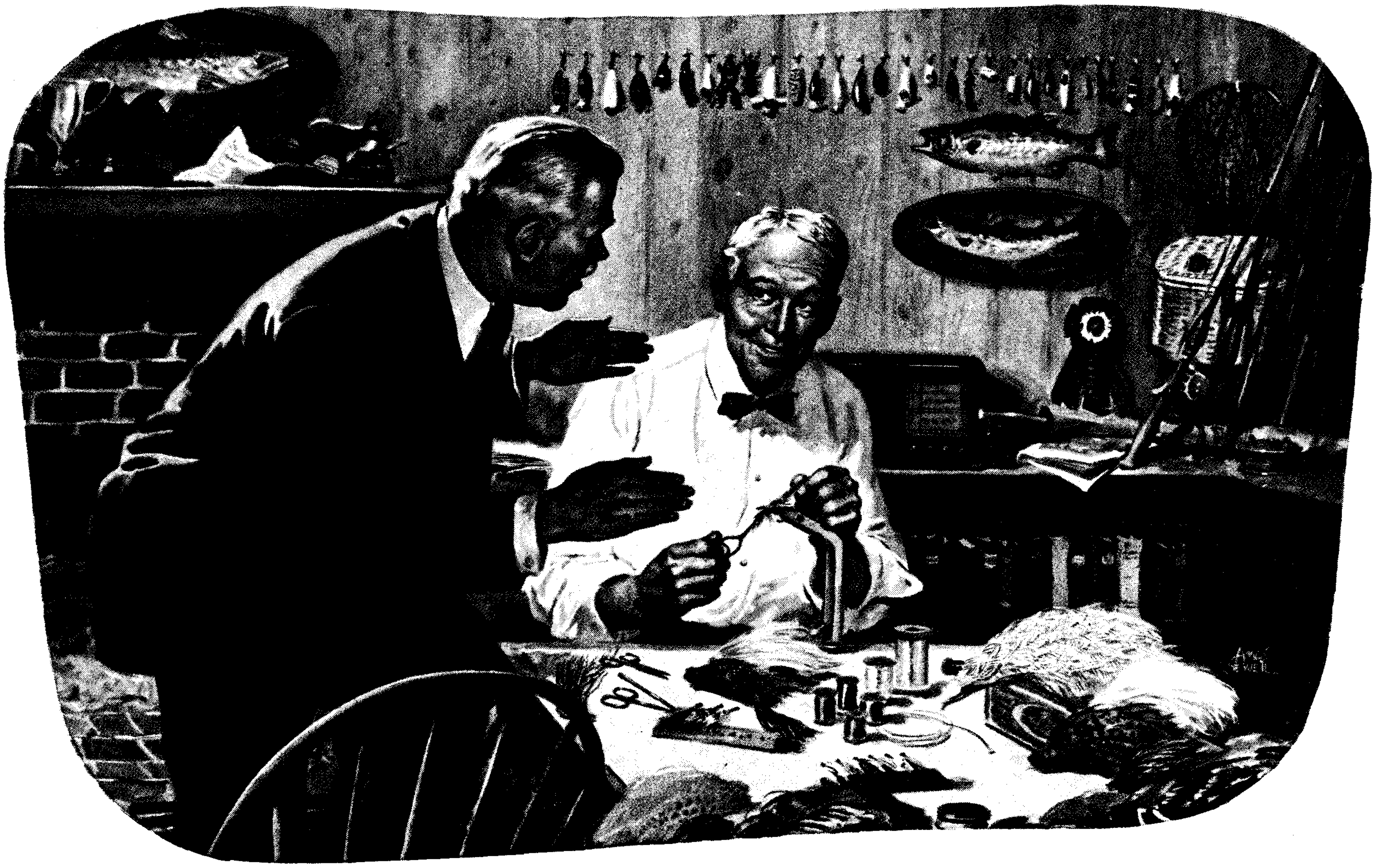
Dots from the "blue" plate are printed next...



Then black dots are added for "depth" of color.

Serving human progress through photography

"Happy Tomorrow"–2 words that mean saved dollars



2 words that mean smooth whiskey–"Walker's DeLuxe"

HIRAM WALKER
E 1858
Distillers
Since 1858
Walker's DeLuxe
Straight BOURBON Whiskey
Distilled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois

Like a kindly nature, the smoothness of Walker's DeLuxe is "bred in the bone"–for this whiskey is smoothed at every step by a special refinement in its distilling. Then it is cask-smoothed four full years. Walker's DeLuxe is scarce now, for the distillery is making war alcohol and pre-war stocks must be made to last. But, come times of plenty, all America will find Walker's DeLuxe the two word synonym for whiskey smoothness.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Wings of Fear

Continued from page 13

The dining room was below the lobby floor and across a cocktail lounge: both were gay with lights, music and people. The waiter led them to a small table, above a railing. Gibbs ordered cocktails. "Martinis?" he inquired. "You used to like them."

She nodded. Gibbs ordered dinner: watched her for a moment in silence and then said, quietly: "You're not still thinking of that—silly business out at the airport. Are you, Monica?"

"Yes. Yes, I suppose I am."

"Don't."

But Gibbs didn't know about Eric: and she couldn't tell him. Not then. Keep quiet, Bill Fiske had said. Go to John. Take him money he so desperately needs.

s said, rallyingly, "Calm down, Mon- n to reason. Who is going to shoot at me, for that matter?"

That had not occurred to her. I was not far from you." He s toward her and a match. "My [illegible] own off; I stopped to pick it up; I was [illegible] e behind you, but not far. I could hav[illegible] en the target. If there'd been a shot!" He smiled at her above the little flame of the match and added: "But there wasn't! Honestly, Monica."

For a moment again she debated in her mind whether or not to tell him about Eric; Bill Fiske had said not to tell anyone, yet Gibbs was a friend of John's and the thought of the relief it would be to tell him and enlist his aid was almost too strong a temptation to resist. Indecision held her silent for a moment. Gibbs, watching her, his eyes in the rim of shadow made by the small rose shade of the lamp which stood on the table, smiled a little. "Forget it," he said and lifted his glass. "Drink your drink. Here's to old times."

SHE lifted her glass. And Gibbs said, leaning his elbows on the table and looking very broad and efficient in his uniform, "Now then. What is the news of John? And Linda? And Eric Weller?"

She had the glass at her lips; she took a swallow or two deliberately, for her mind flashed back to Eric and that small still apartment in New York. As she did so a small thing happened:

Gibbs leaned back to permit the waiter to place a glass of water beside him; the light from the small, rosy lamp threw Gibbs' neatly buttoned tunic into sharp relief, so the buttons were bright, the well-tailored seams, every wrinkle and every pocket flap were clear and sharp, and he had a revolver in his pocket. She was perfectly sure of it. Gibbs was a big man; when he stood the bulge would not be so noticeable, but leaning backward like that so his tunic was tight across him, the bulge and shape of the revolver were definite. The waiter left and he leaned forward again, his elbows on the table.

She held her glass at her lips.

Gibbs had been on the plane. Gibbs knew her. There hadn't been anyone else she had ever seen before. When the shot came Gibbs had not been close beside her as she thought; but some distance away. The sound had been inextricably confused with other sounds; the shot could have come from any direction. *It could have come from that revolver!*

Gibbs had said it wasn't a shot; she had talked of police and Gibbs had laughed and changed and said it was not a shot.

And as she thought that, a small memory struck her with an impact that was like a sharp, hard blow, arousing all her senses. Pinky had talked of an elevator going down, and of an Army captain!

She looked over her glass at Gibbs; his blond hair, vigorous and curly, was shining; his captain's bars were shining, too. His heavy but rather handsome face was smiling; but his eyes were very bright.

Gibbs Brooke was an officer in the United States Army. Gibbs Brooke was an old and trusted friend, her friend and John's. Gibbs wouldn't have murdered Eric; Gibbs wouldn't have taken a shot at her.

Yet it had been five years since she had seen him; people do change in five years—war alone makes them change.

He was still waiting for her reply. He said, "What's the matter, Monica? You look as if you'd seen a ghost. I only asked about the rest of the gang. Is anything wrong?"

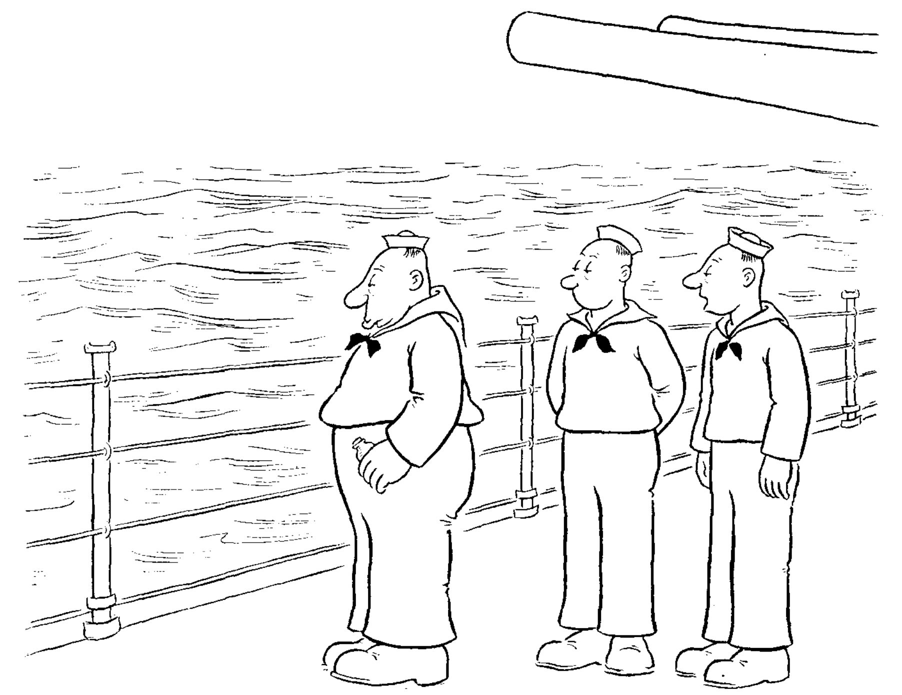
Eric murdered—for there was since the shot at the airport no question in her mind about that. Linda in trouble, seeking help. John and his urgent letter. She thought of those things, as steadily as she could, and said, "I was thinking of them all and how long it has been."

Apparently there was nothing different in her voice or her look. Gibbs said easily, "Where is John? I've not heard from him at all. Or from any of them for that matter. I've been in the Army, you see; got in as soon as I got home that summer for I thought war was coming. Saw part of the African show and was invalided home. That is, I'm all right now. Going to Mexico for a leave. I always thought John must have gone straight to Poland to fight. I always wondered if he—what happened."

All her senses were now sharp and alert, as if someone had slapped her, hard. Suddenly she knew she had to make sure; she had to prove or disprove the monstrous suspicion of Gibbs.

She held her glass at her lips again and thought swiftly. If Gibbs were going to Mexico City he would see John; his statement showed that John had not sent for Gibbs as she had surmised, but Gibbs would certainly see John. There was no way to avoid that; so whether he were innocent or guilty that situation could not be changed; he would see John inevitably the next day.

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred wants to try the seasickness remedy he bought, but he can't seem to get seasick"

If her suspicions were all wrong—and they must be!—he would help her; he was, in the past, a good and loyal friend. As she remembered the years she had known him, and John had known him, her suspicion became sheer and rather cruel fantasy. Yet there it was; she must know and make sure.

SHE said, "John is in Mexico City. I am going there to meet him." And she met his eyes steadily.

"John!" He put down his own glass and stared at her in astonishment—real astonishment, she thought, and real delight. "John, in Mexico City! How is he? Where has he been? Gosh, Monica!"

"He's there. That's about all I know."

"When did you hear?" He was leaning forward eagerly—and sincerely, surely.

"Last—night before last."

"But what did he say? What's happened? Tell me."

"He wrote to Uncle Bill. You remember Bill Fiske—"

He nodded. "Of course. Am I likely to forget the dinners and shows he used to stand us to, when we were kids! Go on."

"He wanted Uncle Bill to come. He can't come here, John, I mean, because of passport troubles; he's not an American citizen, you remember. Uncle Bill—" The waiter came with food and she was glad for the slight diversion of Gibbs' attention just then; she went on: "Uncle Bill—couldn't come. So he sent me."

"John!" cried Gibbs again incredulously. The pleasure in his face must be genuine; she watched him closely. And said, slowly, not sure she was right to say it: "You see there was a message from Linda, too. It was—brought to me. I think that *was* a shot—out at the airport tonight."

He gave her a quick, measuring look and said quietly, "You'd better tell me everything, Monica. I knew there was something wrong."

In for a penny, in for a pound, she thought rather wryly; yet it was the only thing to do. Tell him—but watch his face for any small, faint betrayal of guilt. (But don't tell him about Eric; don't tell him about the ten thousand dollars; wait.)

SO SHE told him of Linda and the cachet while they ate, slowly. She left Eric's name out altogether. Except for that, she told him everything she knew, which was little enough, about the cachet; she told him of her feeling that Linda must be somewhere in New York, of Bill's promise to try to find her. It was difficult to do so without telling, too, of Eric Weller, but she didn't mention his name. Gibbs questioned her briefly. Hadn't she seen who placed the cachet on the table? Who had known she was to be at the Stork Club?

"But why do you think somebody shot at you?" said Gibbs finally. "Do you think anyone is trying to prevent you from going to John? And, in that case, who, for heaven's sake?"

There was nothing in his face, nothing in his words, to indicate any knowledge of Eric. If he actually knew nothing of that (and Gibbs Brooke couldn't have murdered him, she thought again, sharply), then the fact that Eric had been murdered was the fact that would have proved to Gibbs that somewhere in that shadowy and nebulous mesh of circumstance there was a danger that was neither shadowy nor nebulous. But as she hesitated again, Gibbs added: "Bill Fiske is a sensible man, you know. He wouldn't have sent you if there was danger."

It was like a confirmation of her own strong feeling that Bill Fiske was right, and it tipped the balance of her indecision. She wouldn't tell him about Eric; not yet; not until they had reached Mexico City and she had talked to John and had heard from Bill Fiske. Besides if she were met, anywhere along the way, by police and returned to New York, Gibbs would know nothing about Eric; Gibbs would be in no sense involved in murder. *And, more important just then, Gibbs would then be free to go on and take the money to John.*

Gibbs said, smiling at her, "I can't tell you how glad I am to know that John's alive. I'll go along with you to Mexico City. I was going anyway and now wild horses wouldn't keep me away. If he needs you, he can do with me, too. But don't worry about shots and all that stuff. Just in case there is anything to it, I'll stick with you." He looked at her plate and said firmly, "Now eat your dinner. We'll talk—in the morning."

Gibbs was all right; she'd been hysterical, frightened, in a sharp, tight mood of suspicion that attacked anything and everything. Feeling as if most of her burden had gone, she ate; and listened to the music and listened to Gibbs, who made light and friendly and perfectly natural conversation, and smoked and lingered over coffee.

At eleven or so they went upstairs. As the elevator passed the lobby floor and stopped briefly she caught a glimpse of the swarthy little man, Joe Sproul, who had sat opposite her on the plane from Chicago to St. Louis. He was sitting quietly beside a palm, his pudgy hands clasped peaceably over his stomach, watching the lobby sleepily. The elevator door closed again and went on upward. Gibbs took her to the door of her suite. And quite suddenly took her in his arms and held her for a moment. "You're a good kid," he said and patted her shoulder. "Go to sleep. Don't worry. See you in the morning."

It was inexpressibly comforting and warm; yet the very warmth and comfort of it threatened her head-held control. "Thanks," she said unsteadily. "Good night, Gibbs."

She entered the small suite and bolted the door behind her. She was glad she had told Gibbs as much as she had told him. She'd sleep now. She unpinned the packet of money and put it under her pillow.

BUT she didn't sleep. An hour later she was still lying awake, staring wide-eyed into the darkness, trying to reach conclusions where there were too few facts upon which to base them; trying to meet contingencies in her mind and there was no way to know what those contingencies might be. Another hour passed; she rose at last and pulled on a dark silk dressing gown. She thought of the money for John and merely because she had promised to keep it with her at all times she slid it into the pocket of her dressing gown; she went into the living room, and smoked, and prowled and looked down at the string of lights twelve stories below, marking a road that wound westward, and sat down on the sofa and lighted another cigarette—and was suddenly sleepy. So sleepy that she stayed there, curled up in the soft depths of the sofa; she turned off the light beside her. And slept, with one hand in her pocket clasping ten thousand dollars, wrapped in a small, lace handkerchief.

At least she must have slept; for she knew it when she awakened sharply and suddenly, and *felt* that someone was in the room.

That atavistic sense of another presence—near, hidden, listening, too—was like an evil and terrifying spell laid suddenly upon her so she couldn't move, she couldn't cry out, she couldn't turn on the light beside her.

But she must do something; scream—with a paralyzed throat? Reach for the light—with a hand that could not move? Speak; demand—*and let anyone who was there know where she was!* The darkness concealed her as it did whatever was there. Well, then shrink into the sofa, don't breathe, don't let your heartbeats or your terror betray you. Wait—

There was a sound—a motion perhaps of clothing or a hand against the wall; a footstep perhaps on the soft carpet.

Whoever had crept into her suite in the darkness would have expected her to be in bed, asleep, in the bedroom. Instead she was on the sofa, in the shadow of the table, and the tall lamp which stood between the sofa and the windows along the wall, at its left. Could she reach the telephone? The slightest motion would betray her presence there. She remembered that there was only one telephone in the suite and it was in the bedroom.

So she was completely cut off from help.

And she was suddenly, horribly sure that whatever moved with furtive footsteps across that soft carpet was nearer.

She pressed down into the sofa as a creature of the wild sinks close to the earth and could not scream, or breathe, and there was another soft motion nearer.

And two things happened. The door from the corridor opened and let in a band of light; and instantly there was a sharp flurry of motion; of shadows, of figures blocking

IMPERTINENT PROPOSALS

PROPOSERS	PROPOSALS
Congresswoman Jessie Sumner of Illinois	That Congress pass a law to prohibit our invading Europe
Scientist of Philadelphia, Pa.	That the crack in the Liberty Bell be repaired
Philatelic society of East Aurora, New York	That the Post Office issue a stamp in honor of Charlie McCarthy
School board of Hart County, Georgia	That advertising space be sold on the pupils' report cards
American Legion Post of Amarillo, Texas	That all saloons be closed on the day the coming armistice is celebrated
Senatorial candidate of Fort Worth, Texas	That the government lend $3,000 to every American citizen under sixty-five
Congressman J. P. Wolcott of Michigan	That all congressional acts bear the footnote, "By God, we mean it!"

—W. E. Farbstein

out the light; of heavy breathing, a kind of grunt and thrust, of something striking against something else, and the muffled thud of a chair. Before she could move, even then, the path of light vanished. The sounds of struggle and movement were gone, too. Silence lay again in the darkness.

It lasted so long that she dared move at last and breathe. And then nerving herself to do it, she turned on the light. No one was there.

But whatever had happened, it had really happened; it was no nightmare; a small chair lay on its side.

She made herself cross the room, her dark silk dressing gown rustling; she found the switch for the overhead light in the bedroom; it sprang up bright and glaring and no one was there either.

But someone had been there.

Her alligator handbag was open, on the bed table where she'd left it. She saw that. Had whoever had been there known of the ten thousand dollars she carried? But no one could know!

Suddenly aware of the danger of that door from the living room into the corridor she went back and, in the act of bolting it, remembered that she had bolted it that night, earlier, when she entered the room. The bolt now was off; so that was proof, too, that she'd not been dreaming. If she opened the door a bare inch or two, she would be able to see along the hall. She did, as quietly, as stealthily as the thing that had stalked her had moved, and no one was there. A lighted, wide corridor with a red carpet ran down past the elevators; the hotel slept around it; nothing moved or waited there.

She closed the door sharply, her throat stiff and paralyzed as if those hands had actually reached her out of the darkness; she bolted it.

She placed the small chair that had been knocked over on the floor, so it was braced under the doorknob. She stood for a second, looking at it, struck by the ugly incongruity of it—an attack by night in the middle of a civilized hotel, in a civilized city. But at her feet when she turned was a stranger and uglier incongruity, and that was a knife.

It lay barely in the rim of shadow below a small table. She had not seen it up to then.

It was a clasp knife, but very broad and thick and the blade was open.

Eric had lain, twisted and horrible, his throat cut.

Presently she stooped and touched the cold surface of the knife and it, too, was real. It was curious, said some dull, shocked part of her mind, how often she had been assuring herself of reality. Things like that didn't happen—and yet happened. She looked over her shoulder and the small straight chair was still braced under the doorknob.

STILL later—moments later—it occurred to her that she hadn't really searched the two rooms and the bathroom, and the closet or two that must be there. She did it and of course no one was in the suite now. But there had been two people; there had been a struggle; and the knife convinced her, if she had needed convincing, that the thing that had moved so silently, so stealthily there in the darkness had been lethal in intent.

Gibbs?

Who else?

She was cold; she got a blanket from the bed and wrapped herself in it. She stared at the knife and huddled in the warmth of the blanket. And eventually remembered her handbag—open, and she had left it closed. John's money, of course, was safe in her pocket.

But it did not clarify anything when she looked in her handbag and found that the money Bill Fiske had given her was still there, intact. That the letter from John had been removed from its envelope but both envelope and letter were still there. And that the crumpled small message from Linda was gone.

If whoever had been in the apartment when she awakened had removed John's letter and read it he must have used a flashlight. She did think that in a kind of flash of normal reasoning.

The disappearance of Linda's message could mean anything.

And she knew, now, about Gibbs.

There was no way to know the substance or meaning of that mysterious, hidden duel into which she had been plunged, but whatever it was she was on John's side.

And Gibbs was an enemy.

There was no one else connected in any way with John, or Linda, or Eric Weller or herself. No one else except Bill Fiske who knew she was there. No one else who had had a chance to look over the suite, know his way around in the darkness, somehow secure a key. It had to be Gibbs.

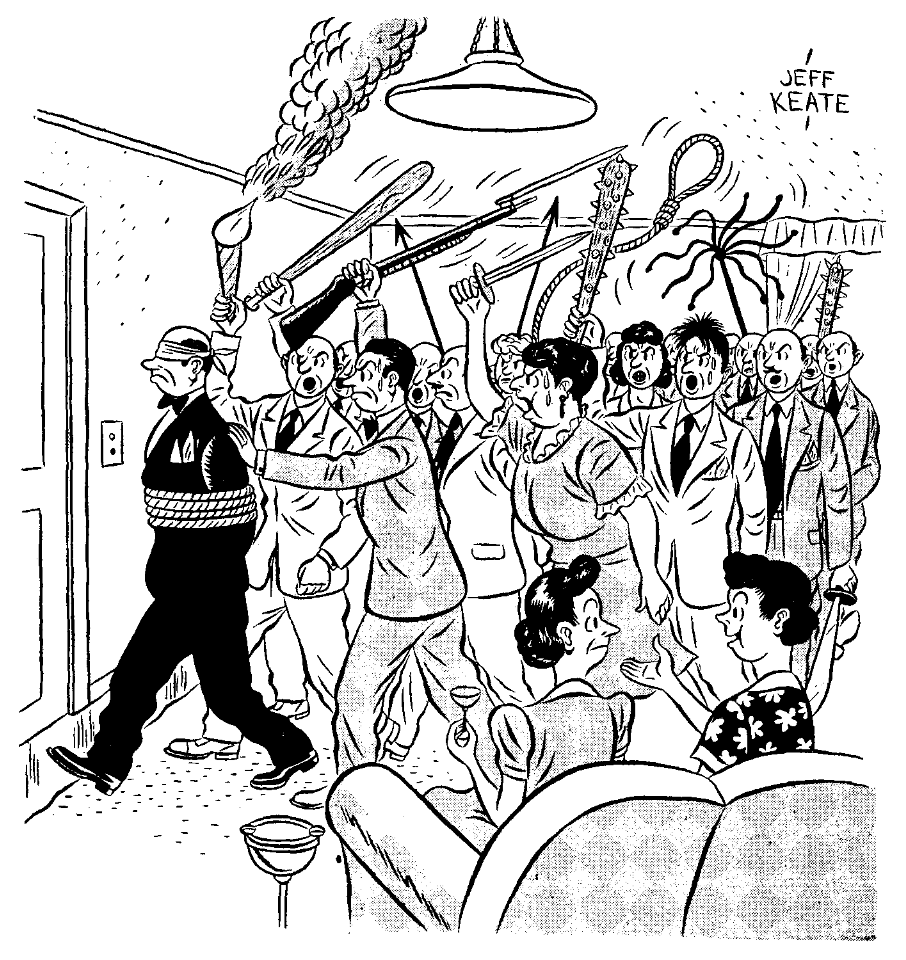
Dawn came and she still sat, huddled in the blanket; it was gray and foggy outside and very still in the hotel; if anyone tried the door she did not hear it. At eight the telephone operator called to wake her.

There was nothing to do but go through with the day as she had planned to do; see Gibbs, talk to him naturally, take the plane to Fort Worth. But watch.

Gibbs was waiting for her when she came down to the lobby and checked out and he said nothing at all about the night past. He was reading a paper, smoking; he was freshly shaven and very solid and safe looking in his uniform. He met her eyes directly; it was impossible to envisage him coming stealthily into her room in the night with a knife in his hands and murder in his heart. Yet it had to be Gibbs.

As they walked the few hundred feet to the Chase Hotel next door and met the car that was to take them to the airport, she thought how queer it was that she had not even thought of telephoning down to the hotel desk in the night, demanding help, calling the police. It is an extraordinary thing to find one's self suddenly on the other side of the barrier of civilized custom, so one cannot ask for police protection because the police are as bitter and inexorable an enemy as the thing one would be protected against.

There were one or two other passengers in the car; she had seen neither of the men before, to her knowledge, in her life. She looked for Joe Sproul and he was not there.



COLLIER'S "Kendrick always rubs people the wrong way!" JEFF KEATE

The flight to Fort Worth was uneventful except that it was not good flying weather so they ran through rain and wind and rain again, which made it a bumpy flight and late. There was no incident that even hinted at danger but she could not escape Gibbs.

He sat beside her all the way to Fort Worth. He was perfectly natural; they talked a little and there was nothing in any word or look of his that admitted anything; there was only the cool, stubborn tenacity of his constant presence and he had already explained that away (he probably thought) by his offer to do that very thing, in order to protect her. I'll stick with you, he had said; don't worry.

So he was always there.

Once he talked of Linda again and John, and then rather at length as it happened of Eric Weller. She only hoped her own voice showed as little expression as Gibbs'.

"I was thinking about that summer," he said above the roar of the engines. He folded his newspaper and offered her cigarettes. He sat between her and the aisle. Below them lay a fleecy cloud bank. He held a match for her. (She thought, looking at his rather heavy, square hand: Is this the hand of a murderer?)

Gibbs lighted his own cigarette, and said, "I expect Linda stayed in France really to be on the same continent with John. He was crazy about her; do you suppose they married?"

As many possibilities and contingencies as Monica had thought of, she had never thought of that.

She turned her face away so Gibbs would not see it and stared at the clouds below. *What would have been more reasonable, more in the pattern of things than for John and Linda to meet somewhere during that missing five years and to marry? Why had she let her own hope, her own love for John so blind her that she had not even thought of that?*

IT WOULD have made no difference in her course of action; she would have come on that journey in any case. But she would not have let herself think of love and journey's end!

Gibbs said suddenly, "What's the matter, Monica? Did I say anything—"

"No."

"They—John and Linda—were engaged, you know."

"Yes. Yes, I know." She looked steadily out at the light reflected brightly on the wing that stretched out beside her.

There was a pause. Then Gibbs said in a quietly conversational way, "It was queer how suddenly that developed. I always thought John was in love with you. There was something about Linda of course—" He paused and smoked for a moment and then said briskly, "But you are okay, too, my dear! Linda, I suppose, stayed on with her aunt. Wasn't that her aunt, that pretty French woman who chaperoned you and Linda?"

"Yes. Madame de Rissaud. Aunt Fae, she called her."

"Yes. She lived at Lyon," said Gibbs revealing an unexpectedly accurate memory. "I suppose Linda went to live with her. I wonder how they've made out during the last few years."

"I wonder."

"It seems to me that Linda must have got back somewhere into the United States. I mean—well, I was thinking about that message. She couldn't expect you to get to France. I mean she must be somewhere within possible reach."

"I suppose so."

She felt him glance at her rather quickly; he leaned over to pull out the little ash tray between them. And changed the subject, then, to Eric. "I was thinking about Eric Weller, too," he said. "And do you know I can remember very little about him."

She tried to drive her own too horrible, too clear memory from her mind.

He went on slowly: "We sort of joined forces, there on the Riviera. But I don't remember how we met. Wasn't he a friend of Linda's?"

She shut her eyes so she wouldn't see the ugly picture of Eric lying there, on the floor, and could see it all the clearer, and opened them again. But it was queer that she could remember very little about meeting him, too.

"I don't know," she replied. "I can't remember." He was just there, all at once,

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TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING—Blue Network, Coast-to-Coast—10 P.M., E.W.T., Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.

Mobilgas Mobilgas SOCONY-VACUUM **Mobiloil**

AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

one of them, an unquestioned member of the tight little group.

Gibbs smoked for a moment, narrowing his eyes against the drifting gray wisps that floated upward. "I can't remember anything, really, about him. His school, or family, or where he lived, or anything. Except, of course, what he looked like: tall, blond fellow, not bad to look at except for a kind of fishy look around the eyes. I always thought he could be—" he paused and said without any expression at all—"a little mean if he took a notion to be. Was he an American?"

"Why, I—yes, of course. I'm sure he was."

"H'mm. Funny, I can't even remember that. Did he join up when the war began?"

"No, he—I've seen him in New York some, and—"

He interrupted. "Oh, you've seen him! Somehow I got the idea you hadn't."

"Oh, yes," she said—so carefully, so quietly—"I've seen him." Gibbs waited. Gibbs who might have murdered the man they talked of!

She mustn't show her thought; she mustn't even let it enter her mind. She said, "I'm going to sleep for a while," and put back her head. She was safe on the plane; there were people around. She listened and presently Gibbs opened his paper again. Gibbs had liked Linda, too; men always liked Linda, and women, too. Unexpectedly she wondered how much he had liked Linda. Could it possibly be that he too watched the situation develop between Linda and John with hopeless and helpless anguish in his heart? If so he'd given no signs of it; but then she wouldn't have seen it through the veil of her own misery. How young she had been, five years ago!

And after a while she thought again that it was odd how little she knew of Eric Weller. She had gone out with him often; she had seen him frequently on his visits to New York. She knew that he was connected with a brokerage house—wasn't he? And had had to make many trips away from New York. But now that she came to think of it she could not actually remember his ever speaking of his home, his mother, father, sisters—any relatives. He had appeared out of the blue that summer on the Riviera; she didn't remember how they had met and though she searched her memory she still could not remember. It must have been a casual meeting. Perhaps in a bar, perhaps along the beach or at a cocktail party. He was just there, and suddenly one of them. So when he had reappeared in New York and looked her up and asked her to dinner he was already an old friend, unquestioned; taken for granted. . . .

THE lateness of the flight gave her an excuse to avoid having dinner alone with Gibbs. She was tired, she told him—with a rather terrible irony of truth—she'd go to bed and have dinner sent up. Gibbs agreed. Both had seats on the morning's flight to Mexico City and the plane took off before dawn. They were told to leave the hotel at three in the morning; it was a good idea to get some sleep. They went to the hotel recommended them by the airlines. Monica thought wearily that Bill Fiske had given her no instructions about Fort Worth but if he wished to get in touch with her he could easily do so through the airlines office.

This time when again Gibbs (being polite, being attentive—and watching her all the time) asked the hotel clerk for a suite for Miss Blane, she intervened firmly; a suite might have several doors opening onto a corridor; she wanted only one and—that night—would see that it was not entered. She said she preferred a room; Gibbs said nothing, got her magazines, took her to the elevator.

"I'm turning in early, myself," he said. "Three o'clock in the morning is a grim hour to be called. I suppose it is to allow time for customs. Well—by this time tomorrow we'll be with John. . . . Anything I can do for you, Monica? Newspapers?"

She let him get her the New York newspapers; as he strode across the lobby again toward her, a New York newspaper in his hand, she thought of saying, "I wonder if Eric's murder is in the papers yet? Don't you wonder too, Gibbs?"

She didn't. He gave her the paper, told her he'd see her in the morning and said good night.

He was again in the lobby, smoking, watching the elevator doors when at three in the morning she came down. The thought crossed her mind that, though she had seen him register for a room he had actually not used it, but had sat there, keeping her only path of escape under surveillance.

Her only recourse and guard against Gibbs was the constant presence of other people. It was easy on the plane; it was a small space from which no one could possibly escape and where everybody in the plane was under more or less constant observation by everyone else. But three o'clock in the morning is a lonely, cold hour, and there was a bad moment when, perforce in Gibbs' company, she left the lighted lobby of the Fort Worth hotel.

The taxi was waiting outside to take them to the airport. There was only the night clerk in the lobby and a bell boy or two. The taxi driver whistled, putting their baggage in the back of the car; the rain was a chill drizzle; wind drove it along the dark street with the lights of the taxicab streaming dimly ahead and up the street the garish red-and-green sign of a small, all-night coffee shop. Gibbs, a lighted cigarette between his lips, his cap visor low over his handsome, heavy face, stood waiting. Monica pulled her fur coat up to her chin and shivered; she was absurdly conscious of the small packet of money—so much money and so important to John—pinned again inside her girdle just at her waist; up to then she had managed not to be, actually, alone with Gibbs, as she had been alone with him on the dark and windy and deserted field the previous night.

VIC HERMAN
JAM

COLLIER'S "I never have trouble getting my children to bed" VIC HERMAN

For the first time a desperation which had acted almost as a drug, enabling her to move, act, walk and talk with a semblance of naturalness, merely because she had to, failed her. She was suddenly just Monica Blane, a girl in brown, with a white face, shivering in a dark and rainy street of a strange city. Afraid. Doubly afraid: for herself and for John and the money he had to have.

Gibbs knew it. She saw the odd look that flashed into Gibbs' face. And then another passenger, carrying his own bag, came waddling out of the hotel. "Is this the taxi for the airport?" he inquired, peering at them and at the driver with dark, heavily-lidded eyes, and it was Joe Sproul. She got quickly into the taxi and Gibbs followed and then the little fat Mr. Sproul, who said cheerily, "Didn't I see you in St. Louis? Weren't you on the Chicago–St. Louis plane?"

Gibbs replied shortly, "Yes."

"You weren't on this afternoon's plane here."

"No," said Gibbs. "We came on the plane that left St. Louis in the morning."

"Oh," said Joe Sproul. "Sure. Well, it's hard to travel now. Hard to get reservations. But I expect you have a priority." He glanced at Gibbs' uniform. Gibbs said, "No."

The taxi driver whistled cheerfully as they drove through the rain and darkness with the faces of his passengers scarcely discernible to each other.

Her card of permission to enter Mexico was at the customs office; it was in an envelope directed to her in Uncle Bill's handwriting. Her own trip had been quick but the United States airmail had been quicker, as Bill Fiske had expected it to be. Barely quicker, they told her when she asked; it had arrived by special delivery about midnight.

There was nothing else in the envelope; not a word from Bill Fiske. *What had he done back there in her small, gay apartment with its rose chintzes and green carpet—and Eric? . . .*

The journey was about to end.

The shadow of their wings moved over concrete; the enormous plane kissed the path below it, struck it lightly so there was scarcely a tremor, and ran along with, now, buildings beside them so they could look out and see them.

THE airport was bright and white in the sun. And John was there.

She'd have known the tall, yet somehow hard and compact figure anywhere; he stood near the gate, his brown face inscrutable, watching the plane. Waiting for her.

Somehow she was disentangled from the rug. Somehow she was at the plane door and was the first passenger out when it opened. Gibbs was behind her. She ran down the runway and John saw her. His face broke into a smile and his hands were out and she was running toward him.

"Monica . . . Monica," he cried as she reached him and he took her in his arms.

He was real; she clung to him, feeling the rough material of his coat, the warmth and strength and reality of his arms. He held her tight and close as if he'd wanted to hold her for a long time. He lifted her face; the wind was cold on her wet cheeks. He kissed her.

Kissed her mouth long and full and warm—and looked down at her again.

Gibbs' voice spoke from somewhere beyond a magic ring.

"Hi, John!"

She heard the surprise in John's voice. "*Gibbs!* Bill didn't tell me you were coming with her. Gibbs—"

Gibbs was patting John's shoulder; one of John's arms withdrew so he and Gibbs could shake hands.

She lifted her head and wiped her eyes clumsily.

The men were talking. Other passengers were moving past them forward into the building. The little dark man, Joe Sproul, glanced at them; his friendly, spaniel eyes glowed; he smiled and paused near them to light a cigarette. "It was sheer accident," Gibbs was saying. "We ran into each other on the plane. How are you, John? Gosh, it's swell to see you."

Monica, leaning against John's arm, let herself look up into his face, and he was looking down at her. His face was brown, with hollows under the cheekbones and the line of his jaw rather fine; she remembered every curve and line. But his eyes had a soberness, a shadow that hadn't been there five years before. His face had matured; there were streaks of gray in his black hair. He looked down at Monica and said, "You haven't changed."

Oh, but she had, she thought swiftly; nights and tears and never knowing; reading the papers, listening to the news over the radio—war and more war, bombing planes, fighter planes, armies on the march and never knowing where in it all is the man you love.

SHE did not hear the light, sharp tap of footsteps. She did hear Gibbs' voice though when he said, "Linda!"

"*Linda,*" said Gibbs again loudly.

"Hello, Gibbs," said Linda's light and musical voice from out of the bright, blazing sun and space. "Hello, Mona."

Monica would have known that voice too, anywhere; the light, golden tinkle, high and musical, that was Linda's voice. With a kind of wrench she made herself turn.

Linda stood smiling, her blue eyes bright.

The sun beat down on her golden hair. She had changed a little; she was not so slim and girlish, her pink suit showed luxuriant curves; her hair was braided in a coronet around her head; her face was fuller, she was white instead of being tanned. She looked older in a subtle way, more matured, but richly, beautifully matured. Her lipstick was deep crimson and her nails; her eyes just slightly made up with blue shadows on the velvety white eyelids. But it was the same Linda—the same voice, the same smile and assurance, the same charm and beauty. And for an instant Monica hated her.

It was so sharp and instinctive a sense of enmity that it was as if Linda Chavon had turned into something else—something hateful and reptilian and not Linda Chavon. Shocked at herself, ashamed, feeling disloyal, Monica dismissed that instant's wave of enmity. Linda said, "Darling! But this is wonderful! Darling—"

John's arm dropped away. Monica moved toward Linda and the sweet scent of roses made a cloud around them as Linda pressed her soft, full cheek against Monica's. She cried, laughing, "Didn't John tell you I was here! You look as if you were seeing a ghost! I'm very much alive, I assure you. Gibbs, where did you come from? We weren't expecting you, too."

So Linda had known that she was coming. She had known that John had written and asked for help. And Linda was there—not in New York, not in France, but here, laughing, before her. *Were they married, she and John?* Her words implied knowledge, understanding, possession in the subtle way in which Linda could always imply possession.

Gibbs and John were talking; Linda laughing and exclaiming, "But how glorious! Gibbs, too! Fancy meeting like that in the plane. But then everyone comes to Mexico. We'll have a real reunion. Come on, John, let's get them quickly through the customs and take them home."

Home. Monica heard that word. Whether they were married or not, then, they were together. But then what had she expected? That because of time, because of separation, John had ceased to love Linda?

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She didn't look at John as he moved along beside Linda and into the building ahead. She was strongly aware of fatigue; she had not known she could be so tired.

Linda guided Gibbs to the counter for customs; John had Monica's bag suddenly on the counter and she was giving the official her keys. The beige satin lining of the bags, her own silk and lace and perfumed lingerie cases, her own clothes even looked strangely unfamiliar. How many visions had she conjured up without knowing that she was doing so! Herself in that blue sports dress riding somewhere with John; herself in the long white dinner dress with its great fold of scarlet down the front—dancing in the moonlight with John.

"Cuantos?" said John to a uniformed attendant.

There was a babble of voices; there was a line where they had to show their cards of entry; French, Spanish, English rose everywhere; outside was the hum of a departing plane. John was beside her again. "All set now, Monica?"

There was so much she had to tell him and she must do it at once. *Why did he need help? Why did he need so much money, so quickly?* Linda's white, soft hand fell possessively upon John's arm. That was different; Linda's hands had always been brown and active looking. "Ready?" said Linda, her eyes very bright and blue.

THEY moved together through crowds. Cars were waiting in the parking space outside; Gibbs and John had their baggage. "You'd better take off your fur coat," said Linda. "It's wonderful here. Hot in the daytime and cool at night. Here's our car."

John opened the door of a small coupé. "Monica and I will sit in back," said Linda and got in ahead of Monica. Her legs were bare and soft and white. Her white blouse had a deep V; she took off her pink jacket as she sat down. "Heavens, it's hot," she said. "Do get in, Monica."

Monica felt drab and tired, like a winter-weary sparrow beside Linda's suddenly buxom, golden beauty. Their car; Linda's and John's car.

Gibbs and John got in, John in the driver's seat.

Monica had thought of everything but that Linda might be there, in Mexico City, with John. At any rate Linda was not in danger. She was too gay, too open and bold in her loveliness, too self-possessed. She was not in danger.

Then what about the cachet on the table at the Stork Club? Why had Linda sent it to her; why had she asked her to help her; why had John said he needed Bill and needed money?

The men in front were talking, Linda listening eagerly. They were on a street, in traffic, leaving the airport. "So you're in the Army, Gibbs," John was saying. "Africa?"

"Yes. Invalided home. I'll be sent out soon again. You've seen some service yourself, haven't you, John? When did you get to Mexico?"

"Not long ago. I can't get in to the United States yet; have to wait for the quota. I'm not an American citizen, you know. My father was Polish."

"I remember. But you always seemed completely American. I remember the pictures of your place—those huge gates. Near Warsaw, wasn't it?"

Linda was listening; the scent of her rose perfume was sweet and thick. Monica's fur coat was suffocatingly hot across her knees; she moved it to the space between her and Linda.

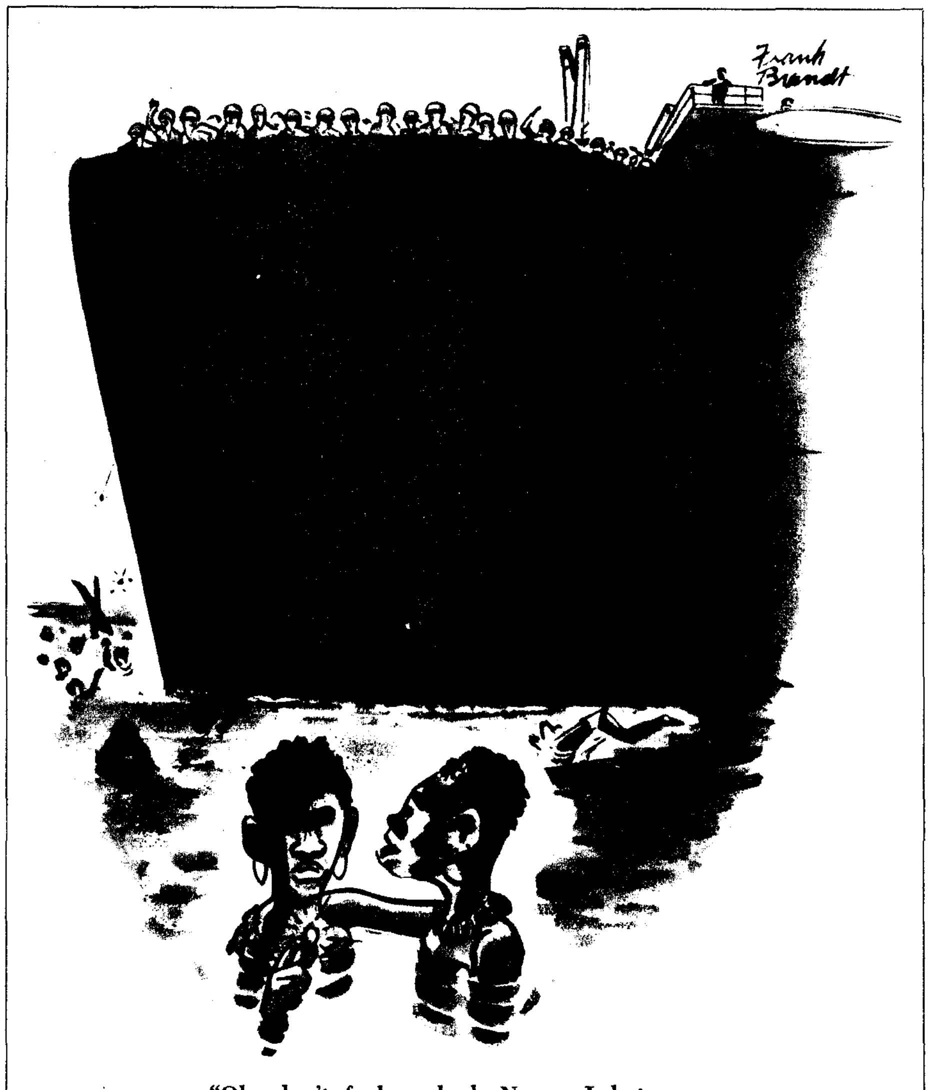
"Yes," said John after a slight pause.

Gibbs' blond head turned toward John again. "I suppose now—"

"Yes," said John again. "It's been in Nazi hands since the fall of 1939. The house was burned. They put some Austrians on it *to till the land.*"

He'd had a pride in his home; the great house and the wide lands his father and grandfather and great grandfather had owned before him. "Oh, John," said Monica half under her breath. Linda's eyelids flickered. Gibbs' neck looked rigid ahead, his uniformed shoulders were stiff as if he wanted to turn and look at her but could only listen.

As Linda was listening, her blue eyes, Monica suddenly saw, were darting quick glances—at Monica's stockings and alligator pumps, at Gibbs, and his captain's bars, at Monica's coat and handbag. She was smiling calmly all the time so there was something rather surreptitious in the activity of her bright blue eyes. John had heard Monica's small, pitying exclamation. He said over his shoulder, "It's so long ago, it doesn't seem to matter much. Everybody else is in the same boat. Houses, possessions don't seem to mean anything."



"Oh, don't feel so bad, Naga. I bet even they mistake those white pennies for dimes"

COLLIER'S SGT. FRANK BRANDT

"Wasn't there anything left?" asked Gibbs.

"A few chimneys—some walls, part of the—" he paused, turned a corner and said, "part of the gatehouse."

Linda said, "Have you ever been in Mexico City, Monica? No? Well, look down the street we'll cross at the corner ahead; there's a flower market—"

New sights, new sounds, all the hubbub and changing vistas of a city that is both old and new, where the modern and the primitive dwell in paradoxical harmony together, lay all around them. There was a crowded business street, cars, busses—a smartly uniformed policeman on the corner, a blazing sun, thin, clear air, the fragrance of food from a brazier where an Indian woman in a bright shawl cooked ears of corn. The flower market came into view, a mass of glowing color—yellow, red and blue; the path between the banks of flowers was thronged. Tourists in sports suits and print dresses; businessmen in dark clothing; Indians with bright serapes and sombreros; women (Spanish? Mexicans?) in dead black; children with round brown faces and twinkling black eyes; dogs. Gibbs said, "Where are we going? You said home—"

"You're to stay with us," said Linda quickly. "I hope you don't think we'd let you go to a hotel."

It was domestic, settled, a hostess' voice. Gibbs said, "Why—well, thanks Linda. Where is home?"

Linda told him, naming street and number. It was the street and number that were on John's letter. "You'll see," she said. "There's plenty of room. It's really quite pleasant. But if you prefer a hotel—"

"Oh, no, no," said Gibbs. "I'll just cancel my reservation."

Suddenly Monica remembered Uncle Bill's words. She said slowly, "I think I may have a reservation too. At the Reforma."

"No, you haven't," said John over his shoulder. "I phoned and told them not to hold it."

"Were there—" Monica moistened her lips. "Were there any messages for me?"

"No." John turned another corner. Gibbs said, "Gosh, I can't believe it. All of us together again after all this time. Five years—"

"Reunion in Mexico," said Linda gaily—and instantly, "Here's the Cathedral, Monica. Beautiful, isn't it?"

But Gibbs continued: "You must have a tale to tell, John. Where have you been, exactly? When did you get to Mexico? Did you see a lot of the war?"

"Be careful, John!" cried Linda suddenly and sharply. "Look out for that car—" she broke off and laughed a little apologetically. "I still cannot get used to the hazards of city traffic. Let's do our talking when we get home."

THEY talked though all along the way, but of things that didn't matter. Linda did most of it, pointing out this building or that monument or hotel. They passed the business section and turned into a broad, beautiful street which Linda said was the Paseo del Reforma. Huge trees she identified as ahuehuete trees; she told them the whole story of the man to whom a monument was dedicated. Linda had brains, thought Monica suddenly: brains and beauty.

Why couldn't she ask them point-blank if they were married? It would have been the most natural question in the world. *(But she couldn't say, point-blank: John, do you still love her?)*

They turned and turned again; there were houses now; either set flush with the street line, and secretive behind great closed doors and shuttered windows, or almost concealed behind high walls and shrubbery and trees. They stopped before such a wall—high, and plastered, an old, mellowed pink. Great wooden doors were opened as John had sounded the horn; an Indian servant, a gardener apparently, in a white shirt open at the throat and blue jeans, his dark face incurious, stood aside to let the car pass him and then moved to close the gates. There was a short drive, pebbled, winding through thick, glossy, green shrubbery and all at once they were at the door of a house; it was a long stucco-covered house, a dull, mellowed pink like the wall, with long windows, shuttered too, and many vines.

Gibbs roused. "A nice house," he said. "When were you married, John? And where?"

Linda's bright eyes went to Monica. John said, *"Oh, we're not married!"*

"But you—" Gibbs stopped. John swung out of the car, grinning. "It's okay, Gibbs. No love nest! This is Fae's house; she's living here. Married to Carlos Demuth. She took me in."

"You remember Aunt Fae," said Linda, smiling and watching Monica. "She was in France with us—"

Monica said, quite coolly really, "Yes, I remember." She didn't sing or shout it; she got out of the car and walked across to the wide, polished door with Linda and the others. Whether or not the situation between John and Linda was the same as that of five years ago, still they hadn't married, and the sun quite literally shone with a warmer light.

THEY entered a wide hall with high, stained-glass windows which let hazy golden and green lights in upon the tiled floor. A wide stairway of some polished dark wood went up at one side; there were French doors, too, at the end of the hall; they were open and beyond them Monica had a glimpse of a sun-drenched patio, bright with flowers and vines and fountains.

It was only a glimpse, for John took her bags. "I'll take Monica to her room. You might take Gibbs out in the patio and give him a drink, Linda." Linda said: "But wait, John—*I* want to talk to Monica—"

John was going up the stairs. He laughed. "So do I. Come on, Mona. I did get your bags, didn't I?"

Linda bit her lip. "Monica will want a drink, too."

"Right," said John agreeably. "We'll be down."

There was a difference there, thought Monica. Five years ago Linda would have won in the small clash of wills. Yet it was too small, too unimportant an incident to be of any real significance, and in five years all human relationships alter subtly.

The stairway turned around a landing; they reached the top step as they heard Linda's voice below: "This way, Gibbs darling. Aunt Fae is gone today; she and Carlos drove down to Cuernavaca; they've a house there too. Isn't it like Aunt Fae to escape everything, and get here and then marry Carlos? He's terribly rich, you know."

A narrow and unexpectedly dark hall ran along the front of the house; John led her to a long and rather narrow bedroom, bright with sun. The furniture was dark and heavily carved; oak, she thought, and it looked very old and Spanish. The floor was tiled in red; there were a few thin, old oriental rugs upon it. The open French window, pouring sun into the room, gave upon a balcony with a wrought-iron railing. John put down her bags. And closed the door, and took her hands.

"You haven't changed," he said again.

But he had changed; especially the look in his face was different, older with lines of strain. His eyes too had a soberness and gravity as if they had seen sad and terrible things.

"I've brought you the money," she said. "Wait—"

Quick, tense anxiety leaped into his eyes. "How much?"

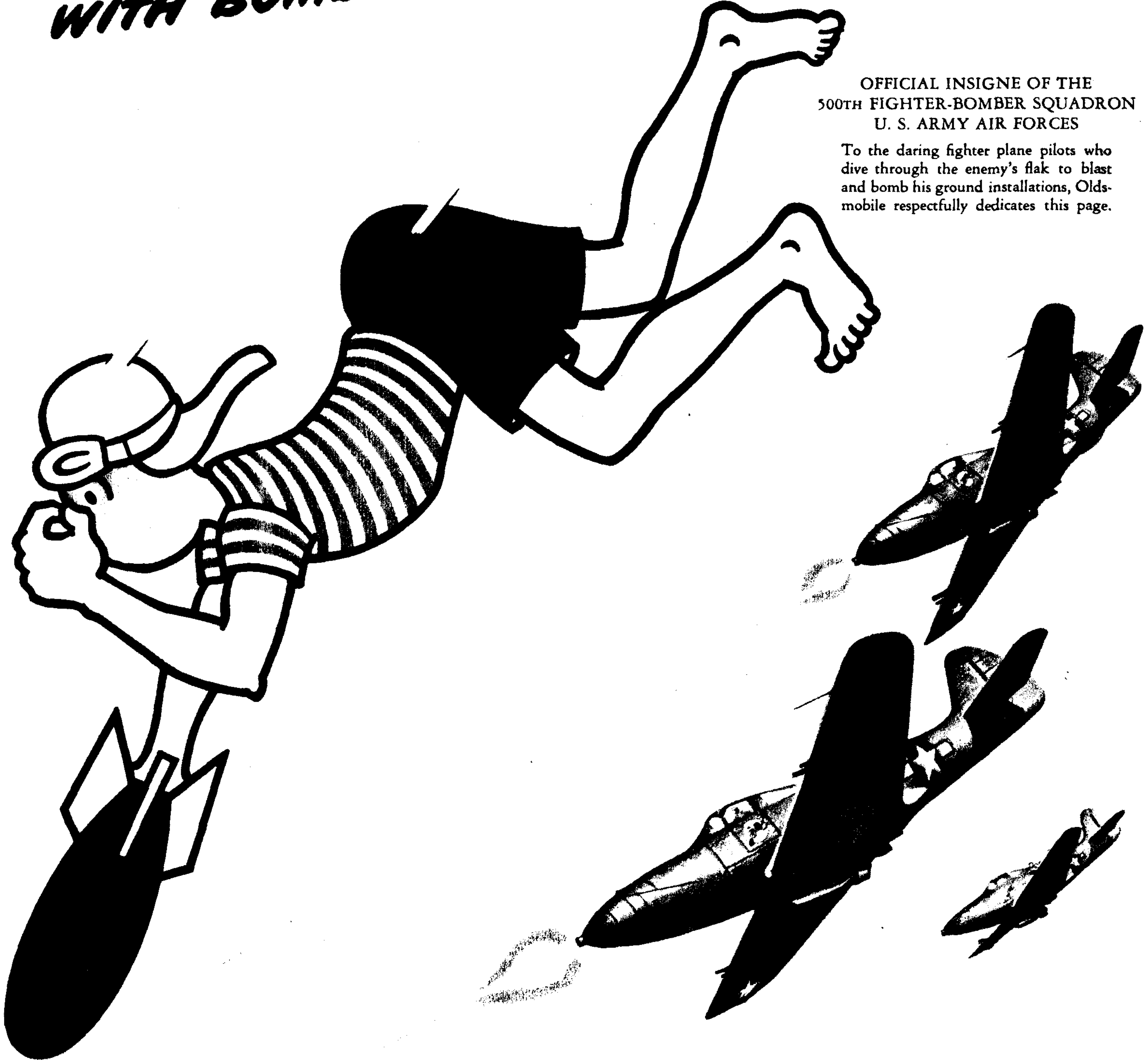
"Ten thousand dollars." Her fingers trembled, fumbling with her blouse and the p[illegible] that held the handkerchief. He needed the money then, as much as she and Bill had thought he needed it. When she turned to look at John again, the small packet in her hand, the relief in his face was almost as alarming as his anxiety had been. He reached for the money and untied the small handkerchief. "Thank God," he said under his breath.

"John, what is wrong? What has happened?"

Oddly, her question seemed to wipe off the look of unguarded relief in his face.

He waited a moment, looking down at her with, a searching quality in his dark gray eyes as if he were measuring and plumbing something within her. Finally he put the money slowly in his inside pocket and gave her the small lace handkerchief. "There isn't time now. I want to tell you a great

SKY-DIVER WITH BOMBS AND CANNON!



OFFICIAL INSIGNE OF THE
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U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

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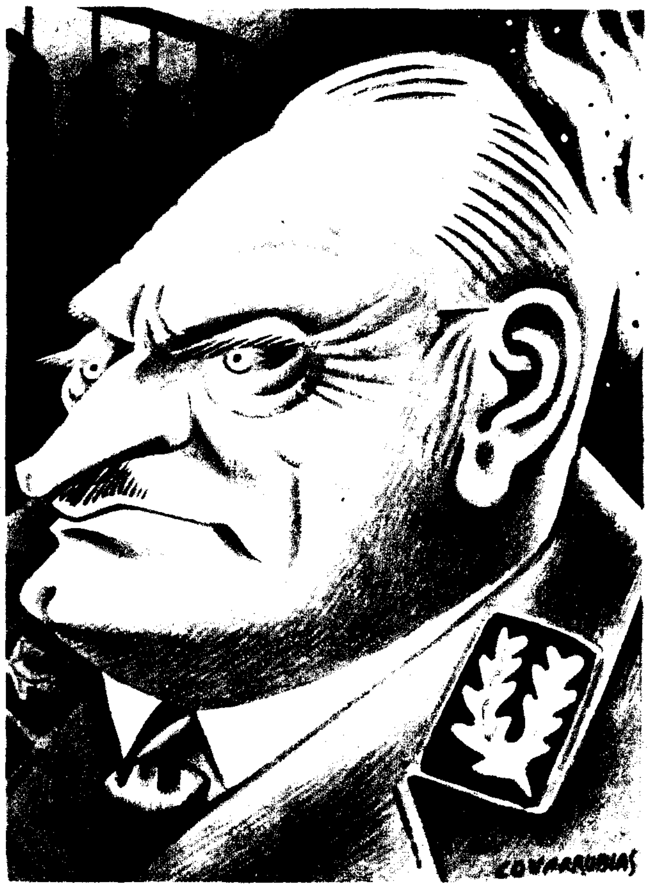

ERICH KOCH

XLVIII

ERICH KOCH is not even a name to the outside world, and yet in all the Nazi hierarchy there is no more terrifying figure. As *Reichskommissar* of the Ukraine, ruling as absolutely as any Russian czar or Roman emperor, his enslavements, torture chambers and wholesale butcheries took a higher toll of human life than the German armies. No less a person than Joseph Stalin brands him as a "fiend and cannibal," and mild-spoken Molotov, moved to loathing, denounces Koch as a "beast." Hitler himself does not rank higher in Russia's list of war criminals or rate a higher gibbet.

Of all conquered regions, the Ukraine bulged largest in the Nazi plan. The rich Black Earth was to be Germany's "bread-basket," the Master Race's main reliance for foodstuffs. Quite obviously, therefore, the native population had to be brought under the German heel. Koch, selected for the job, was an obscure gangster at the time, but Heinrich Himmler vouched for his ruthlessness. Hermann Goering also approved, having used him as a gunman on several occasions.

Reichskommissar Koch entered upon his duties supremely confident of results. Agricultural experts drew up a production quota for every farmer, and posters on every dead wall carried the penalties for failure. They were many and ingenious, as the wretched Ukrainians soon found out. Some stubborn souls were nailed to crosses in their own barnyards, Gestapo agents watching to see that they were not fed, given water or taken down.

Others were turned into walking pincushions, and still others were drenched in water and driven out into subzero weather to become pillars of ice. One method, highly esteemed for its originality, was to strap a board to the victim's back, and then beat it with hammers.

All to no avail, for the farmers still sabotaged production, defiant of torture. Whereupon Koch announced that since a "policy of kindness" was not appreciated, "sterner measures" would be applied. What followed was deportation on a grand scale. The Ukraine was stripped of its young and strong, and by January, 1943, a million men had been sent to the Reich as slave labor, and their holdings given over to "colonists." A proclamation assured the newcomers that "you and your children will fill with German life this land that has been bought with German blood."

The *Reichskommissar,* looking out over the population that remained, saw no point in "using good food to sustain worthless lives," meaning women, children and aging men. This conclusion reached, he issued an order for extermination as calmly as though it were no more than a move in a checker game. Where tens had been shot before, thousands were now put before firing squads, and cities and towns were searched for rope with which to stage mass executions. According to the public statement of Molotov, 10,500 people were machine-gunned in Dnepropetrovsk, 8,000 in Odessa, and 7,000 in Mariupol. By Erich Koch's own statement, however, even this was "too troublesome and too slow."

The madness of slaughter that now began could not be set down were it not for the fact that the Russians have made every deed a matter of sworn record. An Extraordinary State Committee, made up of distinguished civilians, followed the advance of the Red armies in the Ukraine, and when a city or town was recaptured, procured affidavits from every survivor. Still more conclusively, the three Germans tried at Kharkov confessed to horror after horror, pleading that they acted under orders and should not be held responsible.

Richard Retzlaw, a Gestapo corporal, told of thousands done to death in "murder trucks" and so-called "bath houses"—huge trucks, packed and jammed with men, women and children, and then flooded with carbon-monoxide gas; thousands herded into great buildings, stripped under pretense that they were to be disinfected, and then asphyxiated by poisonous fumes; historic churches filled with helpless, screaming human beings, and then blown up by high explosives; little children taken out into the woods and hand-grenaded.

Hospitals and asylums were particularly the objects of Koch's ferocity. In one institution alone, according to the report of the Committee, "the mass assassination of the patients was effected by poisoning the drinking water. In all, about 1,000 patients, who were at that time undergoing treatment in the hospital, were put to death. During the mass burials of the victims, there were cases of people being dumped into the slit trenches when still alive."

In town after town, the Committee found antitank ditches, gullies and ravines filled to the top with rotting corpses. Men, women and children, lined up on the edges, tumbled down as they were shot, saving the drudgery of burial. More than 30,000 bodies were uncovered in the Babi Yar—the Woman's Ravine—near Kiev. Medical experts, who carried out the work of exhumation for the Committee, reported that "hundreds were still alive" when labor squads piled dirt upon the bloody heaps.

Where Erich Koch is today no one knows, but if the search takes them to the ends of the earth, the Russians will find him. In May, 1943, Molotov declared him an "already convicted criminal" whose execution only waited on capture. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

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deal. But I can't even thank you now for bringing me this. It is important, Mona. Not just to me but to a lot of people."

He paused and looked down into her face again. "You don't understand, do you? I can't explain now; I'll fix it later so we can talk; I've got to tell you—" he broke off. "First, though, Bill Fiske phoned. He didn't cable as I said; he phoned. Day before yesterday; early in the morning—about eight. I heard it luckily and answered myself. He said he'd have to talk in double talk and I was to repeat it exactly to you, as he said it—"

"Oh, John, John, Eric was murdered!"

"Eric—"

"Eric Weller. You remember him—"

"Of course. When? Where?"

"In my apartment. That night. Uncle Bill must have phoned just after I left New York. And Gibbs—John, I think Gibbs did it—"

John's hands were like brown, steel bands on her wrists. "Mona, what do you mean? Tell me—hurry—no, wait—" He went swiftly to the door to the corridor, opened it and glanced into the corridor and closed it again. He went to the French doors leading upon the balcony and very softly opened one and listened and closed it again too. "You can hear sometimes from the patio," he said in a low voice and came back to her. "What about Gibbs—quick, Mona—everything—"

She told him. Everything. Just as it happened.

HIS face, as he listened, was set in lines that she didn't recognize, that were not there five years ago and yet had an accustomed look in his face as if they were familiar to it.

"And you think it was Gibbs in your room at the hotel?"

"There wasn't anybody else who knew I was there. There wasn't anybody else who had any conceivable connection with—me, or you or Eric. Or Linda. John, what is it? Why was Eric murdered? Why—"

"I'm not sure that I know," he said slowly. "*I don't see how Eric Weller comes into it* at all. I don't—Mona, we've got to talk more. Later. When it's—" she thought he was going to say safer; instead he said, "—when there's a better chance. Linda and Gibbs are waiting. If Gibbs—" He broke off again. The mask of concentration made his grave face unreadable. He said, "I can't help thinking Gibbs is all right. I've known him so long. You said there were two people in your hotel room?"

"I thought so. I couldn't be sure. There was only a little light from the door—"

"Yes, I understand. You've never seen this Sproul anywhere except on the trip?"

"No. I'm sure."

"Did anyone know you had this money?"

"No."

He went to the French doors again, opened one cautiously, seemed to listen an instant and then came back. "Nobody is in the patio. We'd better—look here, Mona; I told you it was important. Can you trust me?"

"Yes—"

"I can't explain now. I've got to go slowly. I've got to think about—about all this. You see—well, it's as I said: it is important to a lot of other people. Not just to me. I can't see how what you have told me applies, or how it fits or—wait, though, I'd better tell you what Bill said. I understand more of it, now; he didn't say that Eric had been murdered. He was talking over Long Distance; probably through a hotel switchboard. He was very guarded. He told me to tell you to sit tight. Just that. He said you'd hear from him; he told me that you were arriving on the plane at noon today because he couldn't come. He said everything was all right except Pinky. He said he was having some difficulty with somebody named Pinky—"

"*Pinky!*"

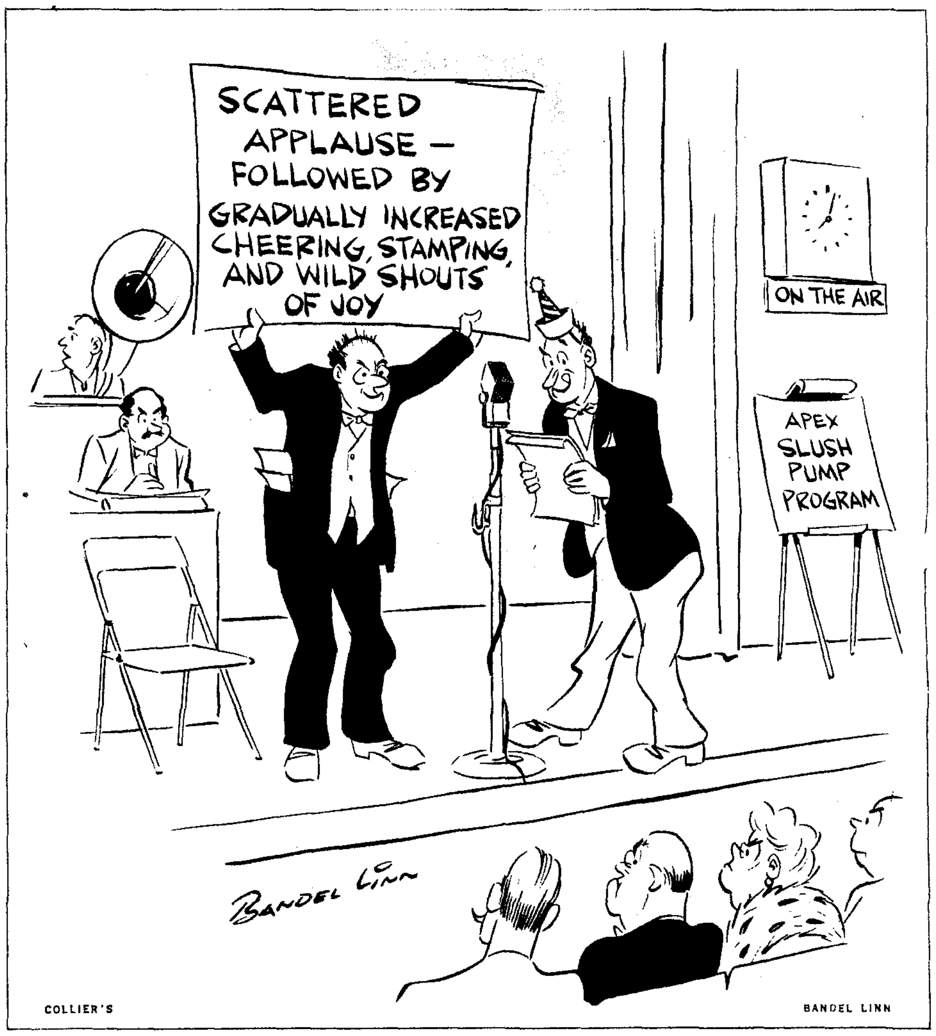
"He said you'd understand. I see now, after what you've told me, that he meant everything was all right about Eric Weller's death; that he'd done whatever was necessary to do. Covered it—I don't know how. But Pinky—"

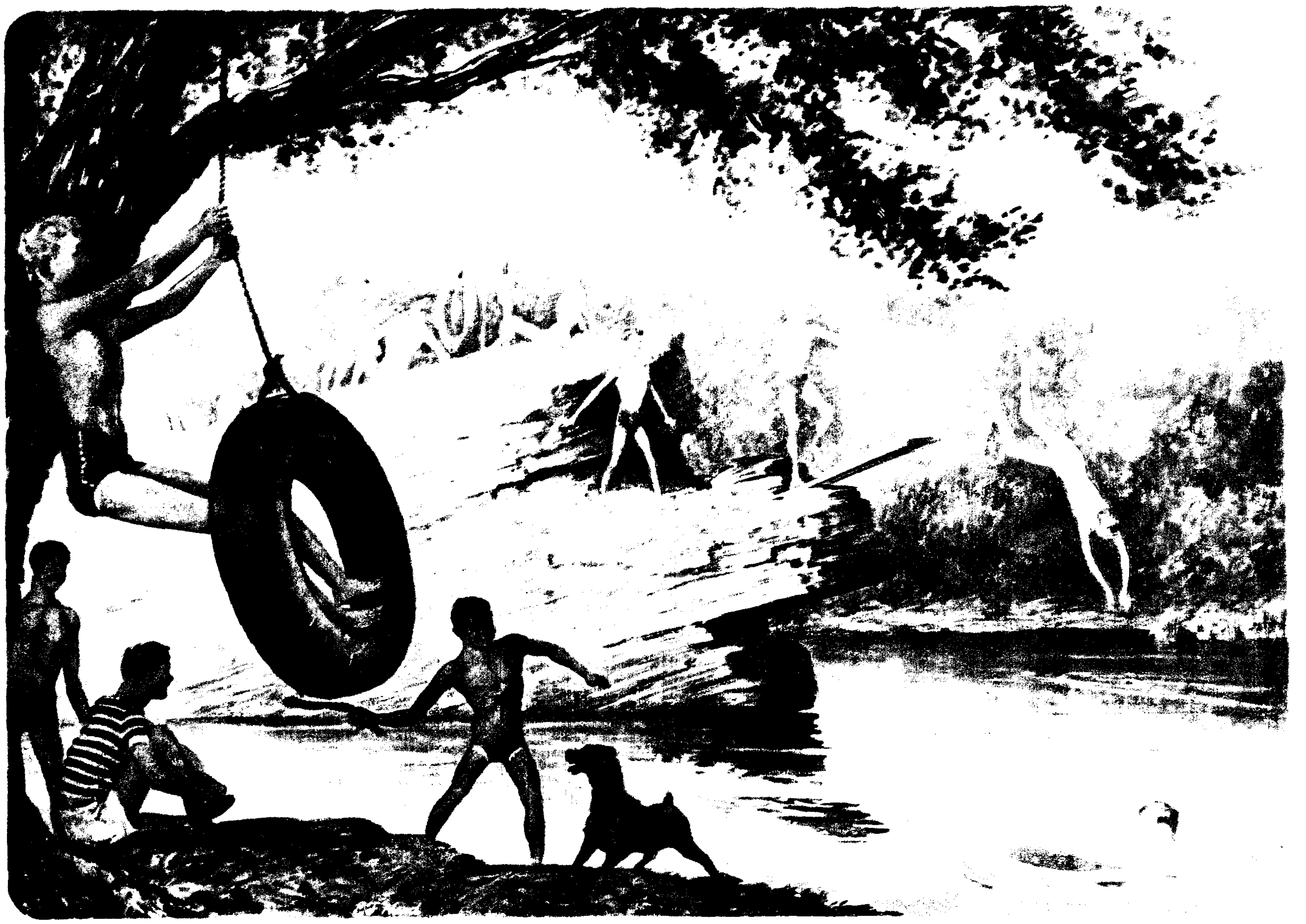
"Pinky was the elevator boy. He saw me slap Eric. I told you that; it was when Eric changed so all at once—began to make love; it was so silly. And so horrible then, later. But Pinky came in just then and saw me—well, slap Eric. He saw me leave the apartment building later. He came and rang while Eric lay there behind the sofa; I was getting ready to leave; Uncle Bill answered the door and said he'd got rid of him—"

She faltered as all the damning things that Pinky knew and had seen rose before her. *John said, "Everything all right except* Pinky doesn't mean that Pinky's going to tell the police anything."

"John, I've got to go back, now. I felt like a hit-and-run driver. I felt like a criminal running from the scene of the crime. I've got to go back and face it."

"You can't go back. Not yet." He put his arms around her as if to hold her there. "There's something—I need you here. It isn't just for me. It's for a thousand men—


SCATTERED APPLAUSE — FOLLOWED BY GRADUALLY INCREASED CHEERING, STAMPING, AND WILD SHOUTS OF JOY
ON THE AIR
APEX SLUSH PUMP PROGRAM
BANDEL LINN
COLLIER'S
BANDEL LINN



Remember when . . .
your good tires wound up at the old swimmin' hole?

THAT OLD CASING made a dandy swing, so what if it *did* have a few thousand miles left in it?

The tubes that bobbed so merrily in the water could still hold air. But that didn't matter, either! For in those days, rubber was plentiful.

What wouldn't a lot of us give for those same tires and tubes today! Many of them, no doubt, were almost as good as the ones on which we'll probably have to ride for many long months to come.

The rubber crisis is not over—and until it is over it is squarely up to you to get every possible mile from your present tires.

Rule No. 1: *Keep air pressure up to 32 and speed down to 35.* Rule No. 2: *Have your tires recapped as soon as they're smooth.* (Recapping is *not* rationed.) The rest is just careful driving and watchful attention.

Making those tires of yours last is more than just a matter of keeping your own car in shape for your own use. It's joining up with other good Americans from coast to coast to help win the great Battle of Rubber—and keep America's wartime transportation rolling until the war is won.

* * *

Whenever you see a "Seiberling Tire" sign, you can be sure that it marks the establishment of an INDEPENDENT *business man—a man who has had the courage and initiative to go into business "on his own"—and thus* CREATE JOBS FOR OTHERS. *He could do this because, here in America, we believe in "Free Enterprise"; we believe that the greatness of this country in the future, as in the past, must depend in large measure upon the opportunities it offers for the independent business man to grow and prosper. Seiberling Tires always have been and will continue to be sold by* INDEPENDENT *dealers only!*

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

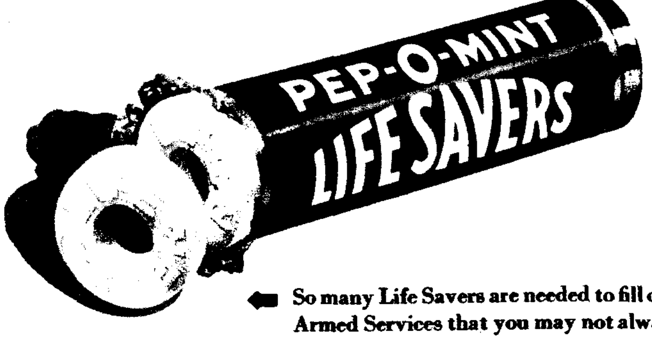
Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods

When they always stop short . . . like this

When you wish they wouldn't . . . like this

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*



So many Life Savers are needed to fill orders for the Armed Services that you may not always find your favorite flavor available. We figure you won't mind.

and their wives and sweethearts and children—starving and dying and fighting. In Poland. My men. Do you understand, Mona? Men who joined me. Men who made me their leader."

After a long moment she whispered, "That is where you've been. That is what you've been doing."

"They came from everywhere. Over the hills, through the forests and fields. By night. They stole, they starved, they got arms. They did miracles. A guerrilla band—soldiers, farmers, artisans. The bravest men—"

Linda came into the room. Came so quickly, knocking and opening the door at the same instant that there was no time for either of them to move. Her blue eyes were suddenly very bright and fixed. John did not take his arms from around Monica; for an instant they made a warm wall around her. Linda laughed. "Dear me," she said. "What's all this?"

THERE was a short silence; then John laughed too. His face was perfectly smooth and calm. He laughed lightly and with an effect of complete casualness. "Caught," he said and kissed Mona lightly on the cheek and took his arms away. "Where's Gibbs? In the patio? See you girls later. Better let her rest, Linda. She's tired. She got up at three this morning."

He crossed the room; Linda did not move. He went out and closed the door behind him.

Monica's knees were suddenly trembling and weak. Linda's eyes were still fixed and bright; her red lips were smiling. "You must rest, darling," she said. "I'm going to unpack for you and make you lie down for a while." She waited; Monica said, "Thank you, Linda."

But Linda made no move to unpack. She said, "Does Uncle Bill know that I'm here?"

"No. None of us knew. Linda, why didn't you tell me? Where have you been—what is wrong?"

"Wrong?" said Linda. "Why, nothing is wrong. And I couldn't let you know where I've been all this time because I was in France and under the circumstances it was impossible to get word out to you. Or to anyone."

"You mean you were in occupied territory—"

"I mean I've been working for the Underground, of course."

Of course. The Underground. Naturally. Linda had beauty and brains and she also had courage; one had to have courage for that work, courage and intelligence and integrity of a high order.

Monica took off her brown jacket and sat down on the bed, her arm over the carved, thick arch of the footboard. Linda stood planted in the middle of the red-tiled floor, hands in her pockets, erect and rather solid in the pink suit. It was the slim delicacy that she missed about Linda, thought Monica in the back of her mind; it had been one of Linda's charms, that delicate and impulsive grace. She said honestly, "You were very brave, Linda, to do that."

"Brave?" Linda's gaze was perfectly still, yet Monica felt that she was thinking many rapid, active thoughts. She said then with a shrug, "Oh, well; it had to be done. It's over now. For me. But, Monica, there's something I want you to do for me. I—well, never mind why, but I don't want anyone to know I'm here. I mean—well, Bill Fiske, for instance. At least not—yet. Promise me not to tell him. Will you? I know I can count on you, darling, and—"

"Linda, what is wrong? I got the cachet, but I didn't know where to find you. I thought you must have got back to New York but Uncle Bill thought not. He said he'd try to find you while I came here—"

It was then that she saw that Linda's face had a pasty look; that there were two deep, gray dents at the corners of her nose; that her eyes were two blue slits. She said in a queer whisper, *"Monica, what are you talking about? What cachet?"*

Monica put tired, heavy hands up to push back her hair. "The cachet you sent me. The cachet at the Stork Club. The paper in it said you needed help. Linda—"

"I sent you no message," said Linda. . . .

The sun filtered in through the French windows; it lay across the red-tiled floor and Linda's white, open sandals, and the red polish on her toes; and across Monica's brown pumps. It touched the dents at the corners of Linda's nose to a sharper gray; curiously it seemed to tighten her scarlet mouth and narrow the line of blue eyes. The two women looked at each other for a moment that seemed suspended in time and space.

Then Linda strode to Monica and put her hand so hard on her shoulder that the long nails felt sharp through Monica's white blouse. "Tell me," said Linda. "Everything. Quick—what cachet—"

Monica told it. Again; she felt as if she'd been telling the story all her life it had grown so familiar in her mind; again, as with Gibbs she omitted any mention of Eric.

But Linda, her hand still digging into Monica's shoulder, her face so pointed with anxiety, eyes, nose, mouth, that suddenly it looked foxy and sharp, asked questions.

"Who else knew it? You weren't at the Stork Club alone. Some man was with you."

"Eric. Eric Weller."

It was horrible, thought Monica parenthetically, how everything led back to Eric. The sun had changed a little, or Linda's face was in a shadow above the sunlight in the room for there were blue shadows on it. "Eric Weller! What did he say?"

"We looked around the club for you. You weren't there, of course. There wasn't anybody we knew. We came back to my apartment, thinking you might get in touch with me there."

"Then what—"

"Then—" Monica paused. "Well, Uncle Bill came. With John's letter."

Linda paused too for a moment; but her eyes were active and purposeful, full of secret, rapid thoughts. "John's letter," she said. "Of course. I'd forgotten. What did Bill Fiske say about the cachet—the message?"

"He said that he didn't think you were in New York. He said if you had been you'd have come to me directly."

"Is that all?"

"No, I—there was something else we were—talking about. He couldn't come here, so he sent me. It was all very quick and—and confused."

Linda did not sense the ugly thing Monica skirted. She said impatiently, "But what else did Uncle Bill say about the message? Or me?"

"Just that I must come to Mexico City, and he would look out for any word from you. That's all."

"Oh," said Linda, after a moment. "Oh—"

"Linda, if you didn't send that message to me, who did?"

LINDA moved away from her abruptly and went to stand at the French doors for a moment, hands thrust in her pockets, back rigid and thick-looking below the pink skirt and white blouse. She said finally in a voice that was rather thick, too, "How should I know! Except it's obvious that it was a trap."

"Trap!" Eric, Monica remembered suddenly, had said that, too.

"Certainly. Someone wants to know where I am. Someone thought you might know. You were my best friend. Someone thought you would lead him to me."

"But no one—" began Monica and stopped as Linda whirled around.

"Gibbs! He said you met accidentally in St. Louis. Was that true?"

"Yes. But Gibbs—" She checked herself quickly; better not tell Linda too much of Gibbs until she could talk to John again; Linda was impulsive; Linda had moods. And just now Linda was frightened. And John, despite everything, had been unable to believe in Gibbs' guilt. (As she had been unable to believe until there was nothing else to believe!)

Linda cried, "Gibbs Brooke. It must be Gibbs. Only I don't see why—or how—" she was again thinking rapidly, so the quickly darting thoughts were almost visible behind those bright (and frightened) eyes. "Gibbs is in the Army, isn't he?" she demanded. "He's in uniform. He said he was invalided home. Although he looks well enough."

"He's in the Army," said Monica. "That is—he says so. I didn't ask to see any papers or anything like that, naturally."

"That kind of masquerade has been done. Successfully, too. Is there anybody besides Gibbs who could be following you in order to find me?"

"No. That is, there was a man on the Chicago to St. Louis plane who also came to Mexico City, but he—"

Linda pounced on it. "Who is he? What's his name? What's his excuse for coming here?"

"I don't think he was following me."

"Don't be a child. Who is he?"

"His name is Joe Sproul. He's coming here to buy Easter-lily bulbs."

Linda considered it. "Joe Sproul doesn't mean anything to me. Lily bulbs—it could be anything—silver, wool! What does he look like? Describe him."

She did. Linda hung on every word; and then shook her head slowly. "Dark, swarthy, small—big brown eyes—could be anybody."

"Linda, if the message was a trap, who would do it? I mean who is trying to find you?"

"Who?" Linda looked down at her for several long seconds and said: "Why, the Nazis, of course. It's obvious, isn't it? Even to a child like you."

Monica said slowly, "There aren't many Nazis in the United States. The F.B.I. has done a magnificent job of rounding them up. Everybody knows that."

Linda's eyes flashed scornfully. "Do you believe it?"

"Yes, I do. There may be still a few hidden around, who have Nazi sympathies—"

"A few is enough," said Linda sharply. "One is enough. It's either this Joe Sproul or—Gibbs."

"Gibbs is not a Nazi. He's in the uniform of—"

"He's in the uniform all right," said Linda. "That doesn't make him what he says he is."

It was queer that she could suspect Gibbs of murder, of attacks upon her, of almost anything and still could not believe that he could be a traitor. Monica said, "I don't think Gibbs is a Nazi—"

"It doesn't matter what you think," snapped Linda. "You've got to help me, Monica. You were my dearest, best friend. We've been friends always. I've always been loyal to you and—"

"You took John," said Monica suddenly and unexpectedly.

It caught Linda in full flight. She stopped, blinked those short, stubby eyelashes and said: "Nonsense. I didn't take John. He fell in love with me. I couldn't help it. You were not engaged to him. Were you?"

"No."

"Well, then," said Linda triumphantly. "What difference does it make! If you had been engaged to him, I shouldn't have let him love me. But you weren't and—"

Monica got up. "I always liked you, Linda. It was impossible not to like you. I think you knew, you must have known how I felt about John. But that's in the past now; five years in the past. John can't be blamed; neither can you, I suppose. Those things happen—"

"Of course they happen, Monica darling." Linda's voice was all softness and cajolery. She put her hand affectionately now on Monica's arm. "I wouldn't have had it happen—"

Monica moved her arm away. "I'm going to unpack and rest."

"No, but—" Linda's face was, briefly, puzzled. Then she said: "You do understand about the Nazis, don't you? You see, I—well, I don't want to boast, but I really did do rather a lot of work, you know, for the Underground. Naturally I'm a marked woman just now. They'd like to get me— That's why you mustn't tell anybody where I am. I mean Bill Fiske or—or anybody like that. Who might give me away to their agents, I mean, without intending to. You do understand—don't you?"

"You said that was over now, for you."

"Yes, well, so it is. But how do the Nazis know that?" Again there was a scarcely identifiable flash of something like triumph in her face. "They expect me to go back to France, of course. And continue my work against them. They must have found out somehow that I'm here, in America, and they thought you knew exactly where and would lead them to me." The triumph was gone; the blue shadows lay all over her face now, making it old, making it strange, making it ugly. She clutched Monica's shoulder again and said, "Monica, for God's sake, help me."

THE appeal was real. Linda was in terror. Whatever lay behind her cajolery and her flattery and her small tricks of affectionate gesture, the terror was real. Monica said slowly, "You know I will, if I can. You'd better tell John."

Linda licked her lips. "Did you tell John about the message in the cachet?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. "What did he say?"

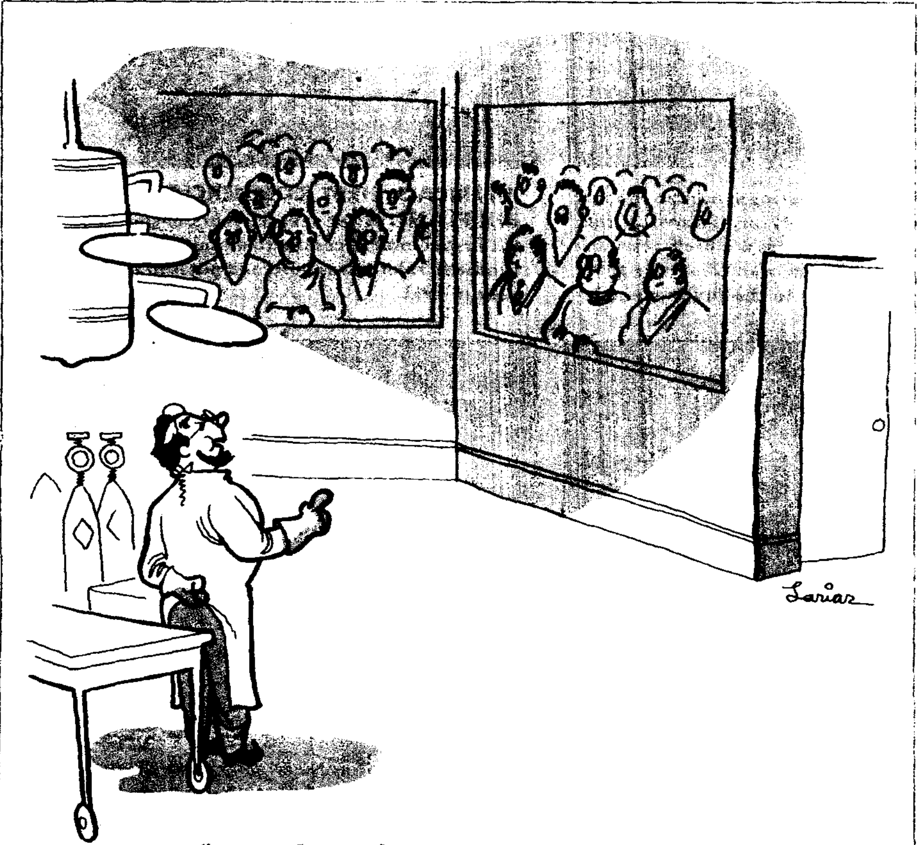
"There wasn't time. He didn't say anything—"

There was that swift impression of active, rapid thinking behind Linda's blue eyes. She said, finally, "Yes, of course. John. I'll tell him. And I'll warn him about Gibbs. I'll—" she gave Monica a long, thoughtful look and suddenly went to the door. "See you later," she said over her shoulder. "Rest a while. Aunt Fae and Carlos will be back soon. Come down to the patio when you've rested."

Her pink suit and golden hair disappeared, and Monica could hear her high heels tap briefly along the hall and then she was gone.

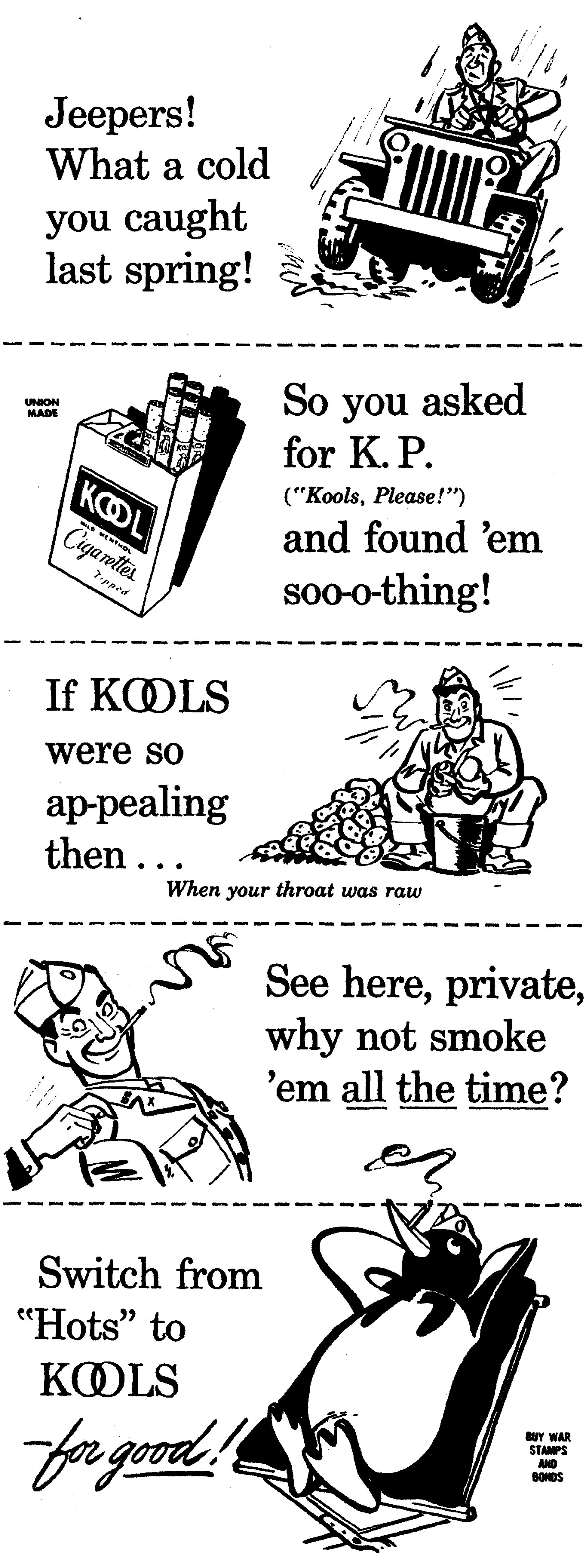
After a long moment Monica went to the French doors and flung them wide. Sunshine and air poured into the room dispelling Linda's rose perfume. Opposite her, against the dull pink walls of the patio, great purple clusters of bougainvillaea flung themselves in gorgeous loops. From directly below she could hear men's voices, dimly, and the tinkle of ice and glasses.

She took a bath; she drank some soup



"... and you always tell the patient it was the worst-looking appendix you ever took out!"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR


Jeepers!
What a cold
you caught
last spring!

UNION MADE

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped

So you asked
for K. P.
(*"Kools, Please!"*)
and found 'em
soo-o-thing!

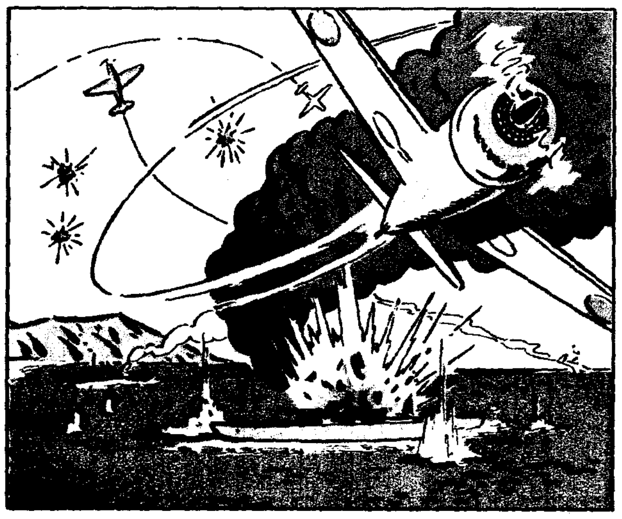
If KOOLS
were so
ap-pealing
then . . .
When your throat was raw

See here, private,
why not smoke
'em all the time?

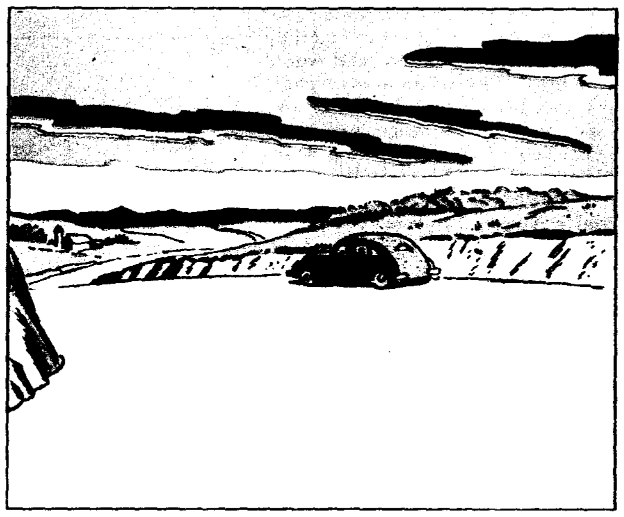
Switch from
"Hots" to
KOOLS
—for good!

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

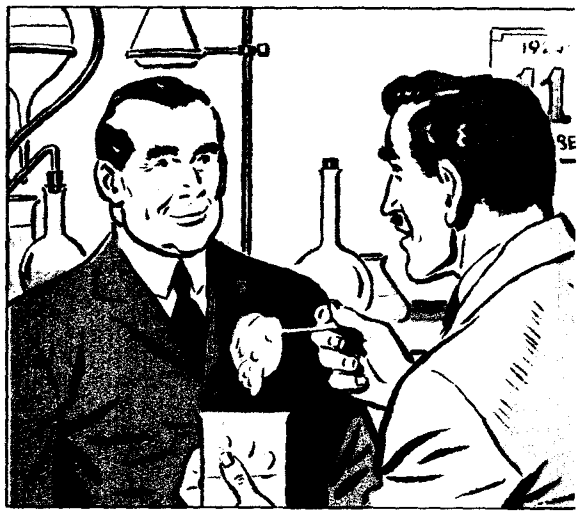
MOVING PICTURE OF THE BEST TIRE



THE CRASH OF BOMBS on Pearl Harbor began the attack that, with the swift fall of the Far East plantations, cut America's rubber lifeline and brought the world's most motorized nation face to face with catastrophe as its rubber reserve dwindled.



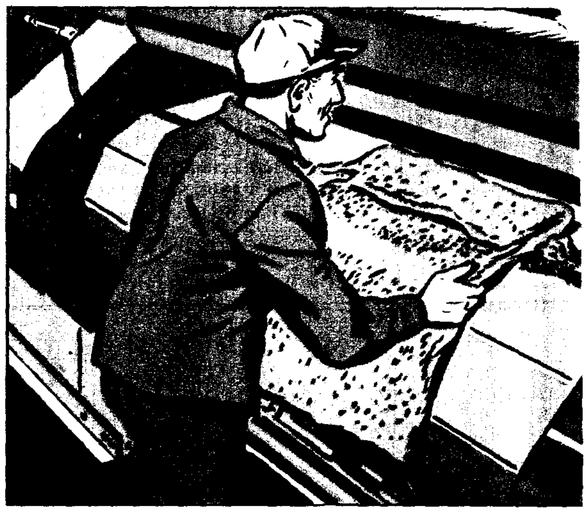
RUBBER RATIONING EMPTIED ROADS as patriotic car owners sought to make their tires last by refraining from nonessential driving, while millions of Americans anxiously wondered, "Will all transportation break down when present tires wear out?"



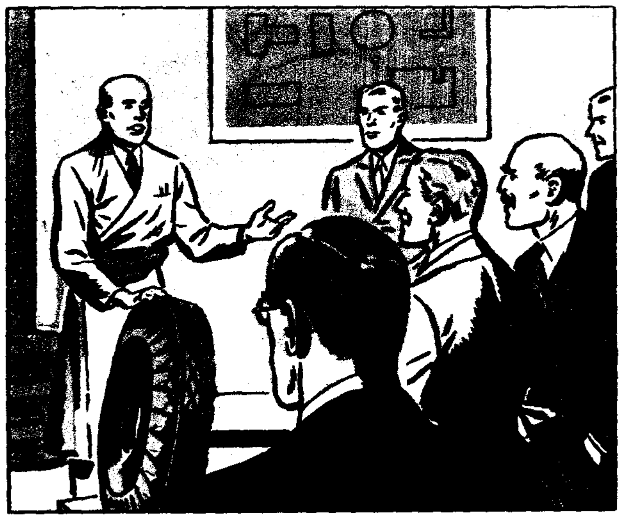
FORTUNATELY, NEARLY 20 YEARS EARLIE Goodyear research chemists had begun experiments loo ing toward production of a synthetic or chemical rubb from hydrocarbons common in the United States, as possible source of rubber free from foreign control.

RUBBER FROM OIL AND GRAIN seemed a possibility as long research proved that butadiene, obtained by chemical processes from these materials, could be polymerized into a rubbery substance, but it was far from satisfactory.

U. S. AND BRITISH PATENTS covering synthetic rubber manufacture were granted to Goodyear, following the development in 1927 of an improved process closely resembling today's method. (To help win the war Goodyear gave broad synthetic rubber patent rights to the government.)

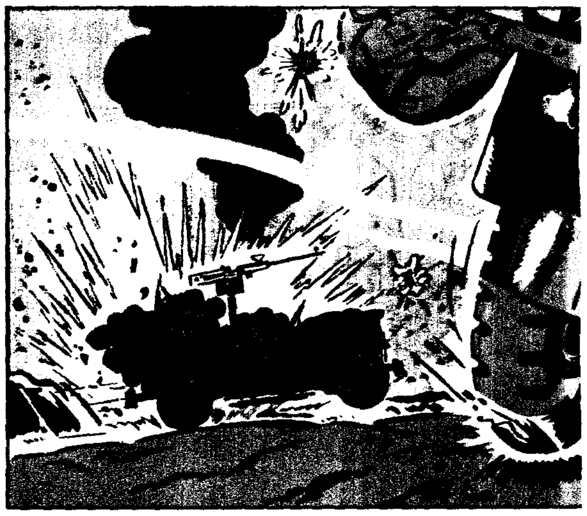


AMERICA'S FIRST COMMERCIAL SYNTHETIC RU BER PLANT. After several years of pilot plant operatio the first complete commercial unit plant for manufacturi synthetic rubber was built and put into operation by Goo year in 1941.



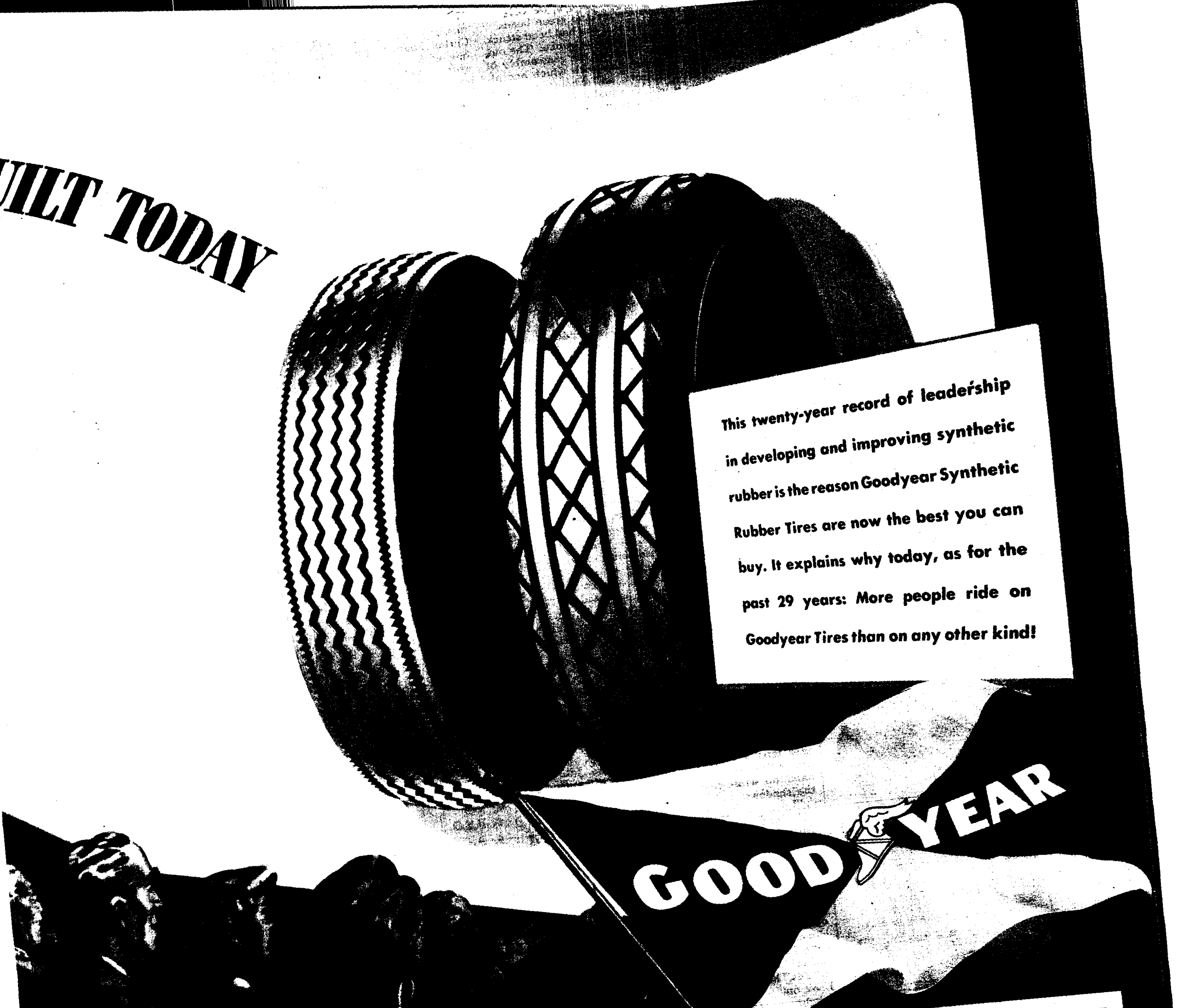
THE FIRST ALL-SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE built in America was manufactured by Goodyear in 1937 from a special type of synthetic developed by Goodyear, in many respects similar to that produced in government plants today. It outwore the best European synthetic tires.

SO IN WAR'S EMERGENCY Goodyear was ready to begin the immediate construction of three huge synthetic rubber plants for the government; able, too, to loan engineers and chemists to supervise the construction of other government-built plants.

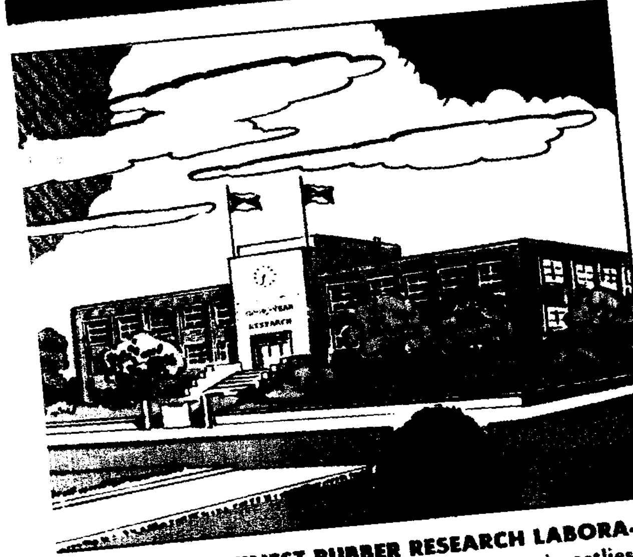


FIRST TIRES FOR THE ARMY, entirely made fro synthetic rubber produced in these new governme plants, were built by Goodyear and delivered early 1943. In front-line service they gave excellent accou of themselves.

BUILT TODAY

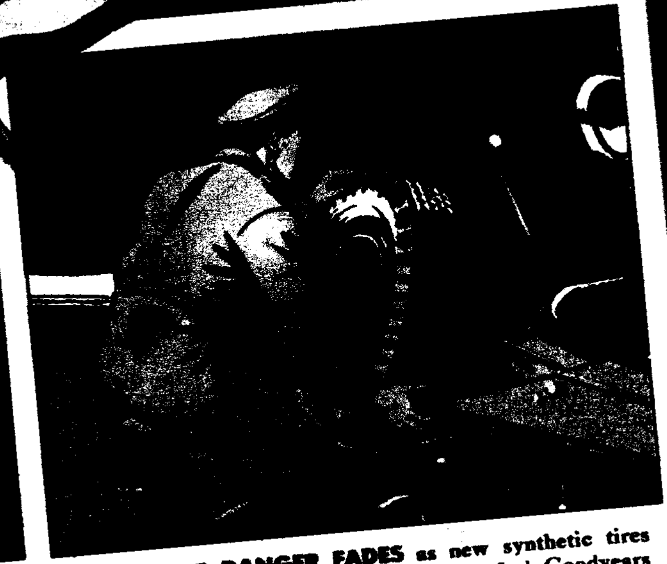


This twenty-year record of leadership in developing and improving synthetic rubber is the reason Goodyear Synthetic Rubber Tires are now the best you can buy. It explains why today, as for the past 29 years: More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!

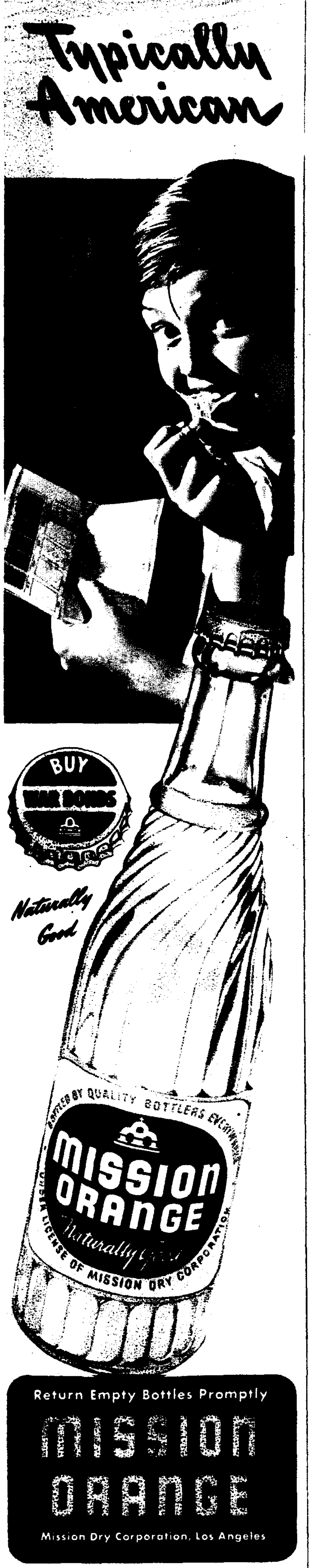


THE WORLD'S FINEST RUBBER RESEARCH LABORATORY—equipped with many of the newest and costliest instruments of science—was opened by Goodyear in 1943 to aid in solving new problems arising from mass production of synthetic rubber.

SYNTHETIC TIRES FOR CIVILIANS went into production in all Goodyear tire plants in 1943, as part of the government's program to keep America's passenger cars rolling. Goodyear synthetic rubber tires are now available to essential drivers with ration board certificates.



TODAY THE DANGER FADES as new synthetic tires replace prewar "bald" treads. Motorists find Goodyears give standout performance; find, too, that the veteran Goodyear dealer organization is most experienced and best equipped to give service that insures best wear.


Typically American
BUY WAR BONDS
Naturally Good
BOTTLED BY QUALITY BOTTLERS EVERYWHERE
MISSION ORANGE
Naturally Good
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Return Empty Bottles Promptly
MISSION ORANGE
Mission Dry Corporation, Los Angeles

brought by a Mexican maid, pretty with her dark face and shining black hair and brightly striped skirt, and scarlet and green beads.

She went to sleep as if she had been struck.

It was dusk when Monica awoke. The moment of bewilderment, of the reassembly of one's self, and one's life with which one always emerges from an exhausted, heavy sleep, caught her. Gradually she knew it was evening; that the sun's glow was gone; that there were more voices in the patio, and lights down there. She felt better; that was the rest and sleep.

Someone down in the patio laughed loudly and someone replied. She got up and went out on the balcony and stood at the railing in her dark silk dressing gown with her hair down around her shoulders. They were all down there, around a table, in the tiled center of the green patio. There were a few candles glowing in the soft blue dusk. Linda in a pink evening dress was sitting in a chaise longue with John at her feet, a glass in his hand. Gibbs was talking to another woman—Fae de Rissaud (Fae Demuth now); foreshortened at that distance but handsome and soignée and well poised and slim as Monica remembered her.

A man, short and dark with shining, brushed dark hair, wearing a white linen suit, came out of the house into Monica's range of vision, carrying a tray with ice and glasses. Everyone hailed him with gay cries and John looked up and saw her standing there. He got up. "Here she is," he cried. "Come on down, Monica."

Fae looked up and cried, "Monica, *darling*—" Her lovely, slender face showed no sign of the hardships of the years in France; she was a slender, graceful woman, of an age either so indefinite or so skillfully accepted that it never mattered; she was civilized, cosmopolitan, well dressed, well jeweled, perfectly poised and exquisitely knowledgeable. And—being of that breed and species of woman—completely enigmatic. Monica had always liked her and never known what she was thinking. Linda, beautiful and gay now, with no harsh blue shadows on her face, looked up too, and cried, "Darling, come down. We're all going to Ciro's to dinner."

Again it was merely a social visit; there were no shadows of murder, of violent death, of horror below the charming façade.

WHILE she slept the Mexican maid had pressed her clothes and returned them—silently, without waking her. Twenty minutes later she started downstairs and John was sitting on the top step, a glass in his hand, his white coat looming up ghostlike in the shadows.

"I was waiting," he said. And then stopped and looked at her. She'd put on the long white dress with the crimson sash—thinking, as she did so, of Bill packing it for her and the dreadful stillness in her small apartment. John looked and said, "You're lovely, Monica. I'd forgotten—" he stopped again. And said rather quickly, "I—we'll get together after dinner. We can't get away from the others until then. I've got to talk to you alone."

"All right. Did Linda tell you about the cachet?"

"Yes," he said shortly. "Shall we go down? Look out for the steps. There ought to be a light—" He put his hand out toward her. And suddenly, deliberately, held her still, put his glass down on the floor and took her very quietly into his arms and put his cheek against her hair and held her there.

It was like the moment at the airport that morning; yet it was different too; it was deliberate—not merely in greeting, but something else. "John—" she whispered, past some tight, hard throb in her throat. "You're alive. You're real—"

He held her closer against him, warm and hard and tight. And then gave a short laugh and released her. "Don't mind me," he said. "It's so good to see you. I—oh, Mona, it's been so long— Well, we'd better go down."

So they went down the stairs. At the landing there was a light like a lantern, cased in grilled iron; they went out through the wide hall, no longer shimmering in the green and gold of sunlight, and into the patio. A radio on a table was going; it was a foreign broadcast in a foreign language. Monica heard a few words in, she thought, German, as Gibbs moved and turned it off.

Fae, in a thin black gown with exquisite lines, with her gray-blond hair done high and an emerald at her throat and others at her ears, met her, embraced her, kissed her. Brought Carlos Demuth, with a graceful motion of her jeweled hand, to meet her, and Carlos, Spanish apparently, dark and rotund but with very quick and observant dark eyes, kissed her hand and welcomed her in an unexpectedly stately manner to his house. Gibbs stood with a highball glass in his hand and his handsome, heavy face without expression and watched. Linda told John to pour her a drink.

They went to Ciro's presently to dinner; they talked; they were gay—even Gibbs joined that gaiety as frankly, apparently, as anyone. The gray satin cushions set off Linda's blond and sparkling beauty and Fae Demuth's exquisite charm and grace, and emeralds. Nobody, watching them, would have dreamed the thing that at least four of them were thinking about under that surface gaiety. Once, though, Linda touched on it; she lifted a glass and said, "Well, here's to our reunion after five years! Fae and Monica and Gibbs and, of course, darling John, you and me." John met Linda's look and smiled. (Lightly? thought Monica. Tenderly? Certainly with every semblance of understanding between them.) Linda said: "Everybody is here, in fact, but Eric. Carlos, dear, you'll have to take Eric's place."

MASS. PENN. F.D.R. OKLA. OPA TENN. ARK.

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DO YOU KNOW ABBREVIATIONS?—No. 2

Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations and foreign words commonly used and see how you rate. You probably have run into most of them innumerable times in newspapers, magazines and books. If you guess 15 of them correctly, you may consider yourself fair; 18 or more qualifies you as above average; and anything over 20 is superior.

1. ad lib.
2. e.g.
3. F.O.B.
4. R.S.V.P.
5. I.Q.
6. in re
7. etc.
8. R.F.D.
9. A.C.
10. adj.
11. advt.
12. A.W.O.L.
13. contd.
14. E.N.E.
15. Esq.
16. Ut.
17. Hts.
18. J.P.
19. LL.D.
20. Messrs.
21. mfg.
22. op. cit.
23. pp.
24. recd.
25. T.C.C.

(Answers on page 73)

—Charles Prout

CAL. WASH. PT. LB. QT. O.K. K.O. OZ. MET. A.A.A. INC. Y.M.C.A. Y.W.C.A. K.C. K.K.K. DIV. INT. CTS.

CO. BK. N.O. N.D. A.M. P.M. M. MINN. ETC.

It was as if a chill, small wind had blown in through some invisible door—past other diners, through the gay and mirrored room, over their table—chilling all it touched. No one else—except John—seemed aware of it. John's eyes met Monica's briefly; his face did not change. Carlos, the soul of politeness and hospitality and Latin grace, made a little bow. "Delighted, dear Linda. Delighted," he said. "Who is this Eric?"

Fae, his wife, replied, "Just a boy we picked up on the Riviera—that was the summer war began."

There was no other mention of anything that even bordered upon Monica's visit to Mexico and Gibbs' unheralded, unexpected, unwanted presence there.

Eventually they started home and someone suggested another night club and then another. It was, however, only about two when John said firmly that they had to go home. "Monica and Gibbs are passing out on their feet," he said, "and not from liquor. They got up a good twenty-four hours ago. Let's go home."

Back again through the strange and glittering and fascinating city.

"Our city," said Carlos looking out the window of the long, shining car he had asked John to drive—apparently the Demuth garage was as well stocked as the Demuth cellar—"our city is like a woman: capricious, lovely—cruel and gracious. And never more so than at night." The glow of lights shone briefly on his dark, round and intelligent face. Not a face to be overlooked, thought Monica; not a face to be deceived.

That was all, though, really, that she thought of Carlos Demuth. They reached the house and there were long cold drinks waiting for them on a tray in the patio. Fae de Rissaud Demuth ran the kind of house where every small detail is done, as if by clockwork, behind the scenes. It was Fae who made them all go to bed. "It's late," she said. "There's always tomorrow. And tomorrow and tomorrow." She put her slim hand on Carlos' shoulder and smiled at him. "You see how Mexican I have become. We talk of Mañana." He kissed her hand; and then Monica's and Linda's. Linda lingered in the patio with Gibbs and John. Fae herself took Monica to her room, saw that everything had been done: the bed turned down, her night things laid out, fresh water in a vacuum bottle on the bed table. "It's cold at night," she said. "You'll need that eiderdown. Good night, my dear. I'm glad you came."

She went away—elegant, remote, gracious—asking no questions. Monica wondered briefly if Fae de Rissaud Demuth knew anything of the maze of threat and death and horror that lay below all that bright and gay façade.

JOHN had said only a quiet good night. An hour must have passed, perhaps longer for she was half asleep, when his voice roused her. "Mona—Mona—"

He was on the balcony. There was no moon but a brightly starry sky made it light enough to see him standing in the doorway. She sat up in bed. "John—"

He came in. His body was a black moving shadow, tall and strong against the starlight beyond the window. He came to the bed and sat down on the edge of it and held her hand tightly. "Listen, Mona; don't—oh, you're not the screaming type but—do you know anything of first aid?"

"What happened?" Mona whispered.

"Come down. He's in the patio—"

"He—"

"At the foot of the trellis. I found him just now. Is this your dressing gown?"

It lay over the foot of the bed. He put it around her; he found her small mules beside the bed and held them for her bare feet. "We'll go down the stairs," he whispered. "I came up the trellis but—wait." He opened the door; the hall outside was dark.

"Take my hand," he whispered.

In the thick darkness they reached the stairs and groped for the top step; they went down cautiously and carefully, with the darkness of the sleeping house all around them—sleeping, yet seeming to listen too, aware of their passage, aware of them as intruders, creeping down the darkened stairs through the wide hall. The door to the patio creaked a little as John opened it; starlight fell dimly on their faces. The night air was clear and cool; the fragrance of grass and sweet stock were all around. "This way," he whispered again and led her across the patio, to stop just below the balcony of her room. A man lay there.

A man in a dark suit, half on his face, a thick, flaccid huddle in the starlight. John bent for a moment and then stood up.

"It's too late," he said. "He's dead. He was still breathing and I thought—but he's dead now."

Dead. A limp, ugly huddle, like Eric somehow; horrible. Monica could see the face, half of it, the eyes half open.

But it wasn't Carlos Demuth who had taken Eric's place. It was the little man, the swarthy, sleepy, smiling little man with the spaniel eyes who had traveled with them. Who had said his name was Joe Sproul.

The stars looked down upon the patio with a hundred eyes. The windows of the house, blank and shining in the starlight, looked down, too.

It was very still; there was no wind. But somewhere near them the vines, the shrubbery, some thick loop of wisteria or bougainvillaea rustled softly.

(To be continued next week)

No Longer Think of Me

Continued from page 16

looked after them, and his heart leaped when she turned her head and stared full and gravely at him for a moment.

Doris jogged his elbow. "When did you arrive, darling?"

"Just got here. Nice party, Doris."

Her bright, animated, slightly worn mask dropped for an instant. "It's terrible. But what can you do? You've got to do something."

"Who is that girl dancing with Chuck? Friend of his?"

"No, she lives in that dinky house across the road. She doesn't know anyone here, but she's doing all right. Her name is Jessie."

"I know. She told me."

"You, too?"

He waited, still watching the girl and Chuck.

"Oh, she's got it, though I'm damned if I know what," Doris said peevishly. "Well, perhaps I do, even if I never had it. But she's just another scalp-collector, Beck. No—I'll take that back. She's really a good kid. Her husband is somewhere in the Pacific, fighting, and she's just passing the time. Doesn't mean a thing, *no* matter what her eyes tell you."

Someone across the room screeched, "Hey, Doris! Dor-rie! Any more ice around?"

Doris touched his arm. "I'll be back. I'll bring you a drink."

Beck relaxed on a window seat. Another man had cut in on Chuck, and the girl danced away with him, making the change expertly and coolly. Beck watched her boldly, but she did not look at him again.

Doris reappeared and put a glass into his hand.

"It's good to have you here, Beck, even if all you do is sit around and scowl at people."

"I'm scowling because they're so young and I'm not."

"There you go! Always trying to make me feel old."

"I'll be forty pretty soon. And in two months you'll be—"

"Stop it! That was one of the worst things about being married to you, Beck. You never forget an anniversary or a birthday, as a normal man should."

"Not my own birthdays."

A young sailor with a flushed face and fine, serious brown eyes sat down beside Doris and blurted, "Say, you know what I was telling you? Well, I mean it. I'm not kidding. I never met anybody like you before."

He made an awkward but determined attempt to kiss her, and Beck took advantage of the confusion to get away. Jessie Hayes and her last partner had left the room. He had been watching for her to return, though he managed to smile at his own interest.

A girl in a blue dress bumped into him, staggered and almost fell. She brushed aside his helping hand, saying over her shoulder as she hurried on—

"Sorry. My husband—sorry—"

Beck sauntered into the kitchen, where a small group of people were seriously drinking, and talked a few minutes with Tom Drennen, who was a Marine sergeant. Tom was exactly his own age, and Beck resentfully thought he should have left the war to the kids. Tom was rather patronizing, as usual.

WHEN Beck finally broke away, loud voices from the library attracted him, and he looked in.

The girl in the blue dress was screaming a steady stream of invective at Chuck Stoddard. Chuck was shouting angry answers, and beside Chuck was Jessie's last partner, listening with his mouth open, like an interested but bewildered spectator. Behind this trio, Jessie stood in an angle of books.

Blue Dress shouted hoarsely. "Whaddya *think* I am? *Think* I'll lie down and take it? I'll slap her ugly face. I'll bust that busted nose of hers. Sneak off with *my* husband! Who does the little —— think she is? All right, I'm shouting! I'll shout all I please, see? Yeah, and you think I'll let a little—"

Jessie stood very still, as though trying to hold herself out of this scene by complete immobility. Beck stepped around the trio, smiling at her, and took her arm.

"I've been looking for you," he said calmly. "Let's get out of here."

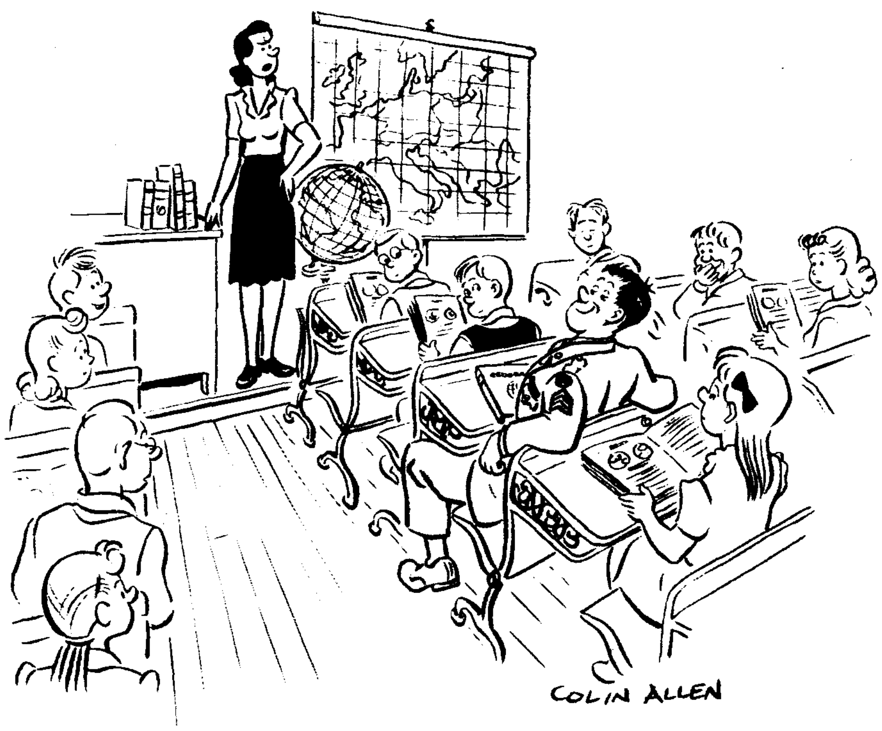
He steered her toward the door. The others swung around, drawn by the movement, and Beck put all the authority of his extra years into his voice.

"Hold her a moment, Chuck."

He swept Jessie out of the library without the appearance of haste, hearing Chuck's voice beat angrily against that of the girl in the blue dress. Beck led the way across the hall, through the solarium, and out the side door into the night. Jessie spoke only once, saying, "Thanks. That could have been nasty."

Beck squeezed her arm reassuringly, but not until she had locked the door of her house behind them did she relax. She sat down, letting him see the relief in her eyes, and sighed shakily.

"Lord! How did that happen to me? I danced once with that boy. I never saw him before, you know. And he said would I drink a beer, and I said all right. We went out to the bar and Chuck was there, and then she came in and before I knew it—What was it all about, anyhow?"



"Just because a certain student made twenty combat missions over Berlin before his age was discovered doesn't mean he can sit back there and smirk!"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

I'M ALL IN. THIS HOT WEATHER GETS ME DOWN!
NOT ME! THE DOCTOR HAS OUR FAMILY TAKING VIMMS!
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THIS SUMMER...Avoid that "Hot Weather Slump!"

...due to lack of sufficient Vitamins and Minerals in your diet.

Here's why—A U. S. Government study—other surveys too—showed that average hot-weather meals were lacking in essential vitamins and minerals, as much as and often *more than winter diets*. Not only do you eat less vitamin-rich foods, but many foods you do eat, more easily lose their natural vitamins in summer weather.

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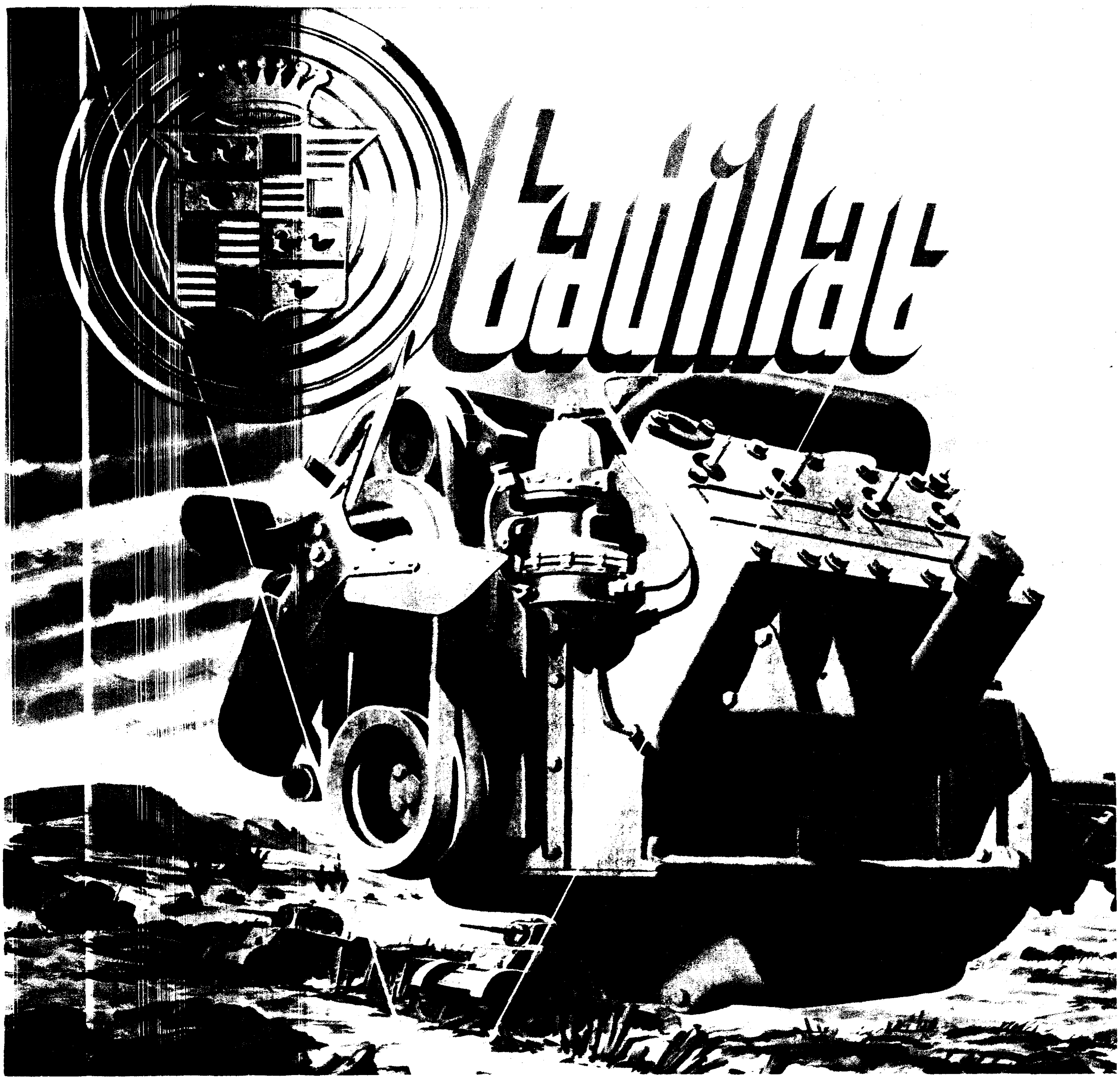

"In training" for twenty-seven years!

When the Japs tried to knock us out at Pearl Harbor—here is one piece of equipment that was ready and waiting for adaptation by the U. S. Army.

It is the Cadillac V-type engine, used by the Army to power its M-5 Light Tank and its tremendous M-8 Howitzer Motor Carriage.

Cadillac V-type engines had gone through twenty-seven years of intensive "training" *before* Pearl Harbor. There was no question about how they would perform—because they had already passed every civilian test to which a power plant of their type could be subjected. There was no question, either, about how they could "take it."

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Since 1939, Cadillac has also been producing super-precision assemblies for the Allison—America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine.

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS

"No one ever knows."

"Chuck just made it worse. You handled it wonderfully, and I'm more grateful than I can say."

Beck was pretty well pleased with himself, but he said casually, "Forget it. But I want to stay out of it, so I'll park here for a while, if you don't mind?"

"I wish you would. I'm beginning to get the jitters."

At first they talked idly. She showed him around the flimsy little bungalow. There was a kitchen no roomier than a matchbox, a collapsible bedroom, a vertical bathroom, and the one comparatively grand, studio-like room, complete with tiny fireplace and a wide front window. The window should have overlooked a panorama, but from it one saw only a few stunted trees and Doris' huge house across the road.

Later Jessie brewed coffee and scrambled eggs. By that time she was calling him Beck and laughing and talking gaily. Beck had the ability of making people like him, when he thought it worth the effort—and now he was making a tremendous effort.

Over the coffee he adroitly led her to talk about herself. She told him about her childhood, her daily life, her neighbors, her tastes in food and drink and books and people. He wanted to know something of her husband, and asked, "Isn't it pretty lonely, living here alone?"

"No-o-o. There's a big garden. That keeps me busy. And I look after the neighbors' kids for miles around, when they want a day off. If I only had—I mean, I read, too. I like it here. But I enjoyed talking to you. There isn't anyone much to talk to."

He probed deeper. "Still, it must be lonely at times, with your husband off to war. Miss him plenty, don't you?"

She shook her head. "Not very much. The world is full of men, if all I wanted was a man. Of course, I'm married to Jimmy until further notice."

"Like it? Being married, I mean?"

"I didn't have much time to find out before he went away. I liked what I saw of it."

BECK sensed that this talk bothered her and he changed the topic. "I'd like to come back and talk to you again. That's about all my life amounts to—talk."

She wrinkled her nose at him. "I know better than that. Doris has told me a lot about you."

"Yes. I have money, time, good health, and no conscience. She thinks that means I'm happy. Poor Doris has a conscience. You knew we'd been married?"

She nodded. "I never understood why it didn't take. Doris thinks you're wonderful."

"We get along very well since the divorce. She wanted it. It's over. I finally outgrew Doris. I kept track of the years and she never would. Doris wants to be twenty forever, poor thing."

"She's still young—and really beautiful."

"She is my age."

Jessie laughed. "And you're so ancient!"

"I am ancient, from where you stand."

"Pooh!"

"I don't try to fool myself, as Doris does. That's hard for a man to do, these days. The war is for young men. All I'm good for is to stay home and run my business. In other words, I'm out of it."

"I never heard such nonsense," Jessie said. "Doris has told me—you make some sort of airplane instruments, and that's more important than a soldier."

"No, I'm outmoded. For example, there's you. Kids like Chuck and that girl's husband fall in love with you at sight and kick up their heels like colts. Suppose I behaved that way? You know I won't, of course. That's why I'm here. I'm safe. I talk to you, look at you. You're so young and bright it makes my heart ache to look at you, but you know very well I won't do more than look—and talk. But I'd like to come again, if my talk doesn't bore you."

He was careful not to say too much or speak too seriously, but he was pleased when she made some uncertain movement to stack the dishes on the table. He was even more pleased when she smiled and said easily, "That's an original line, and I'll bet you do well with it. But if you'd like to—of course I'm not bored, and I'm home most every day."

He laughed with her and stood up. "It's nearly two, and I'm going home. We old-timers need our sleep."

She did not argue, but walked out on the front porch with him. They stood there for a moment, looking across at the countless lighted windows of Doris's house. Beck could see the girl's face only as a pale blur, but he thought she was looking at him expectantly—or defensively. He believed he knew what she was thinking. That had always been his trouble, knowing what people were thinking.

But he would not offer to kiss her. He wanted no payment, and when he did he would want more than that. He said good night offhandedly and went down the flagstone steps.

In Doris's house the party had scattered through the endless halls and rooms, and the few people he met looked at him and even shouted cheerfully at him without really seeing him, as though he were a ghost come back for his hat. He thought he had gotten safely away, but Doris caught him at the front door.

"Beck, where have you been?"

"My dear, we haven't been married for eight years. Remember?"

"You've been over there with that girl. I heard about it."

"We've been talking."

"Talking? About what?"

"About the things people usually talk about."

"Beck, you're a jackass! Or else you're a dirty, wicked—really, Beck, she's too nice."

"She is," he agreed gravely. "And now, though I've had a wonderful time, I must tear myself away."

Doris said vehemently, "Beck, listen to me! I won't stand for anything like that. I won't!"

"Take it easy," Beck said. "And you'd better stay away from that brandy, my love. It will turn your hair gray and you wouldn't like that. Good night."

HE WENT home and to bed, but not to sleep. His exhilaration amused him, but he enjoyed it and encouraged it.

He told himself, "It's silly to fall in love at my age, but if I don't act silly, it will be all right."

He thought of Jessie's husband, possibly at that hour on some nameless, bloody battlefield, but he pushed the picture away quickly. Worry about that when the time comes, he advised himself. She said she didn't miss him.

He waited two days before going to see her again, and then deliberately made it a short, friendly visit, making no attempt to recover the close, pleasant contact of the first night. After that, he saw her almost every day.

He carefully hid his true feelings from her. That sort of thing was for the kids. His way must be slow and sure. When he was not with her, he lived in a sweet, slow dream, musing over the gentle curve of her cheek, the swift and delicate motions of her arms. He recalled these things without effort, without volition, as a starving man's dreams are all of food.

She helped him celebrate his birthday. He planned everything very carefully. When he called, she was dressed and waiting, excited as a child. She all but jumped up and down with eagerness when he pinned on the corsage, and he laughed at her.

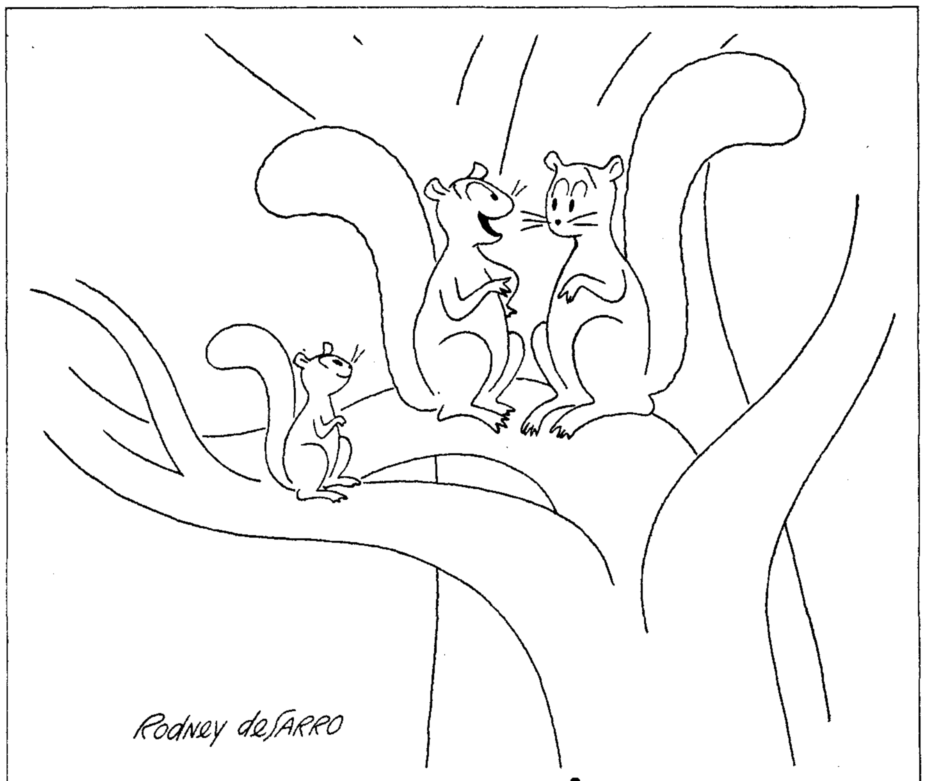
"But I haven't been out for so long," she protested. "And once in a while it's fun, isn't it?"

"We'll make this a night to remember," Beck promised.

She was immediately doubtful and warned him, "I wouldn't go with anyone else, you know. I'm a married woman, even if it's not obvious. I'll give Jimmy a square deal, at least until he gets home again."

"Take it easy," Beck said. "I may tell you you're beautiful, but it doesn't mean anything. You're just a lovely kid, and I'm showing you the world. After all, it's your world."

BECK knew everyone in the sparkling city of the night. He was a quiet guest and a good spender, and wherever they went he was welcomed with flattering attentions. Jessie obviously began to think of him as Somebody, and though this was the effect he had set out to achieve, he was amused.



COLLIER'S "He said his first word today—'Nuts!'" RODNEY DE SARRO

He was very attentive to her in public and she instinctively played up to him. Her smile was slower, warmer; she showed him the best side of her profile—she acted all the delicate comedy of coquetry, and did it very well, too. But he realized that all of this was not for Coleman Beck, but for her audience—of which he was one member. He had no intention of deluding himself into thinking it anything more.

The night was thinning when they started homeward. Away from the lights and excitement, Jessie yawned frankly for a while and then curled against him and slept.

At the top of the flagstone steps when, after some sleepy fumbling, she had found her key, Beck kissed her good morning. It was a casual, I-had-a-wonderful-time sort of kiss, but he ran down the steps whistling like a boy.

The ignition keys were gone from his car. He felt a swift flush of anger and strode across the road, walking into Doris's house without knocking. Doris was sprawled on a chair just inside the door. She looked at him owlishly.

"Happy birthday, darling."

"I'll take my car keys."

"Last birthday I gave you a party here. Remember? This time's a private party, that it?"

"Doris—keep out of this. Let me—let us alone, understand?"

"You have a good time, darling?"

"Keep out of it," he repeated angrily. "If you try to get this dirty, heaven help you!"

Doris suddenly flung the keys at him. Her mouth gaped grotesquely, and tears started down her cheeks. "Beck, oh, Beck! What's wrong with me? What did I do wrong?"

"There's nothing wrong with you," he said roughly. "Just stop drinking and act your age. Quit chasing these kids. You're fifteen years older than Chuck."

"You should talk! Look at you." Doris put out her tongue, tasting the tears on her mouth, and then wiped her nose with her sleeve.

"It's different," Beck said. He wanted Doris to understand how different it was, and he went on: "Can't you see that? It's the only real thing I've ever found. I'm serious. I need it—I've got to have it. Can't you see how that is?"

"You're no better than I am. There was that Greek what's-her-name, and I know you and Mrs. Williams—"

"That was playing. They knew it and I knew it and you know it. But now I'm serious, and if you smear it up— Well, don't try."

"You're a fool," Doris sniffed. "At least I never was a fool. You think you're so wise, and look at you! And she's not even pretty."

Beck picked up the keys and said, "Please don't try to hurt me or help me, Doris. Let us alone. Good night."

He left with his emotions at a full boil, but by the time he had reached his apartment, he was calm enough to smile at himself and think sarcastically, Thank God, no one made a recording of that outburst. It was pretty naïve. I hope Doris was too tight to remember what I said, or I'll never live it down.

The tight tangle of his nerves kept him awake. The tolerant watchman of his thoughts said that it must appear to Doris as if he were doing exactly what she was. She chased kids like Chuck. He was after Jessie. Perhaps if he were honest he would admit it was the same thing.

But it's not, he argued desperately. It's not like that at all. I don't merely want a young love. I want only Jessie. I'm not chasing after my youth like a pup after a butterfly, tripping over stones and falling into dirty ditches. And I'd be good to Jessie, I'd be good for her. I'd never hurt her. And I'm not soft—I'm as tough as any man.

He slipped into a half dream, seeing Jessie's brown arms dancing over a salad bowl while she looked at him over her shoulder....

HE SAW Doris only once in the next few weeks. He met her on the street in town one morning. They talked pleasantly for a few minutes, and Doris told him she thought the government might make use of the big old house as a rest home, or convalescent home.

He felt easier about Doris after that meeting, but there was still the problem of Jessie's husband, that sooner or later he would have to meet. He was patient, but he knew he was not patient enough to play this waiting game for long.

The problem finally solved itself. He had considered that as a possible solution, but discarded it, thinking, That would be too easy. Yet when it happened that way, it was not easy. It was the most bitter, painful hour of his life.

He had promised Jessie a picnic that day, a long walk in the same forest above her house. He arrived laden with pigs' feet, rye bread, beer, and other assorted ingredients for a picnic lunch.

Jessie opened the door. She smiled, and it might have fooled anyone else, but he had watched her too long and too carefully. He dropped his packages on the nearest chair and turned to look at her.

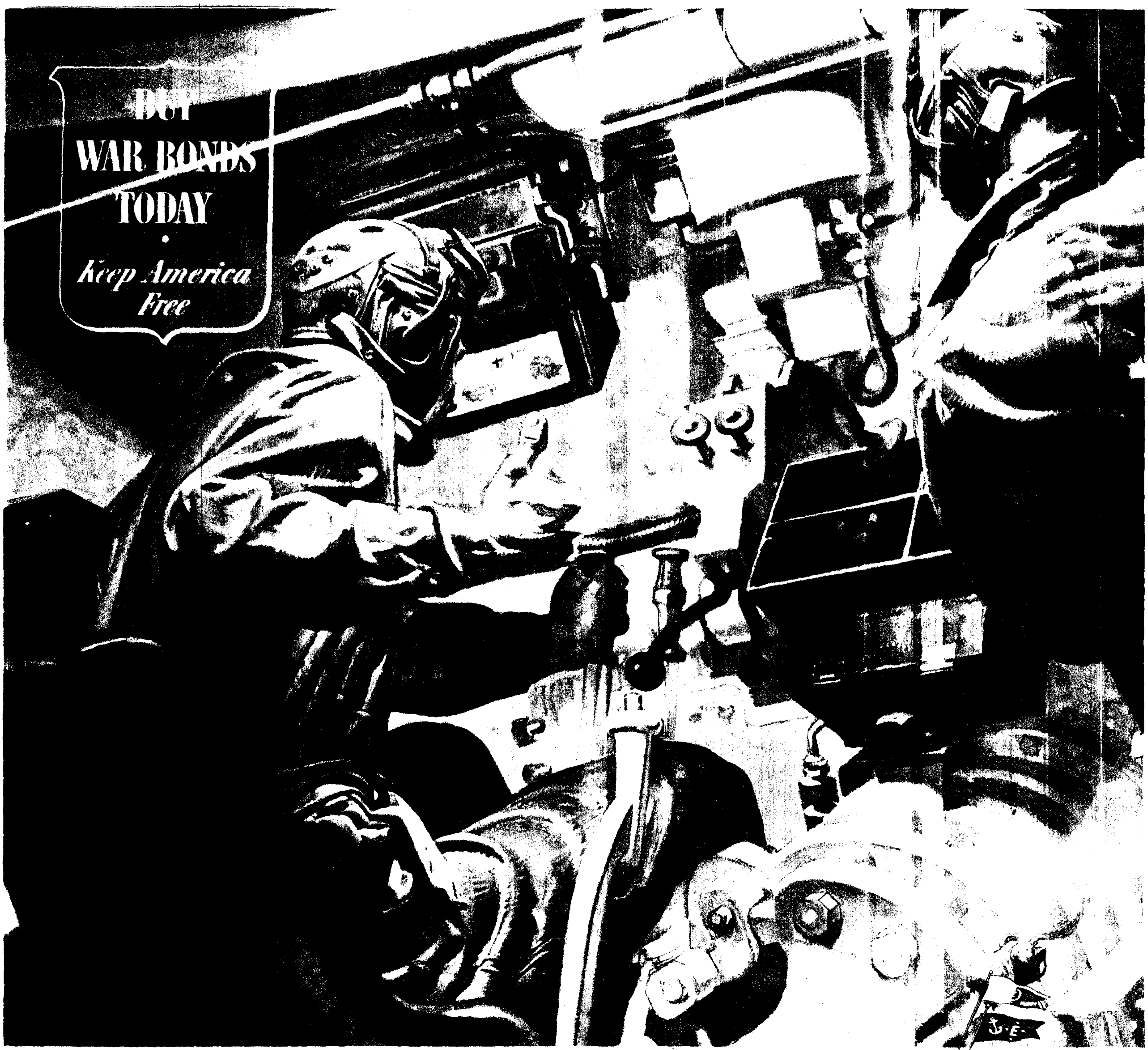
"What's happened, Jessie?"

This time her smile almost went wrong. She shook her head in mute stubbornness.

"Come here," Beck said chidingly. "Tell me what's gone wrong. What else am I good for, but to be told stuff?"

Once when he was six he had tried to steal a light bulb and broken it, cutting his hand. He had wanted to hide, and he met his mother, holding the cut hand behind him while he talked to her—and then she had seen the blood dripping and caught him in her arms and he had cried then. He had been trying so hard not to let her know he was hurt, feeling that the wound was in some way a punishment. And she had mothered him and he had cried.

He remembered that, for no reason. He knew that Jessie was holding some hurt out of his sight. He put his arms around her,



Victory pace

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feeling her body stiff and tense, and coaxed, "What is it? What's happened to the child?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, Jessie! I know you, don't I? Tell me what's wrong. I'll fix it. I'll make it right again. I always do, don't I? Tell me, Jessie."

Then she sagged against him, weeping, so suddenly that he had not time to be astonished, whimpering, "He's dead. He's killed—oh, Beck, he's killed!"

Beck was almost surprised enough to ask, Who? But he caught himself, patting her shoulder and crooning meaningless, comforting words into her hair.

"Oh, baby. Poor kid. And that's one thing I can't fix, isn't it? I'm so sorry, Jessie. Poor, small Jessie . . ."

His mouth made gentle sounds, and an emptiness opened within him like a crevasse in the ice, and he looked into that bottomless cavern, thinking, There you are. She really did. She loved him. She wouldn't even let me see how much. Why do we hide it? I did and she did. If it doesn't matter, we parade it—if it's real, we hide it. I should have known that. I should have known, no matter what she said. But I did know it. I just didn't want to admit it.

"Poor little baby," he whispered. "I'll hold on to you. I'm here, and I'll hold tight to you, and you cry. Now you can cry, Jessie."

She made little, frightened sounds, and he felt her tears through his shirt. He petted and talked to her, crooning the same words over and over. When she had cried herself empty and began to hiccup, he kissed her reddened nose, and made her drink some wine.

His brain looked on sardonically and told him, "This is the result of careful planning. You did well. It's you she depends on, you she needs. She waited for you to come, she waited for you so that she could cry. Oh, well done!"

This was his part and he played it through, comforting and caring for her. He coaxed and scolded, and when at last she started to talk, he listened while she told him all the things she had locked in her heart. He did not need to be told, now, but he listened while in words that sometimes stopped her throat she told him about the man—the bright, brave, wonderful young man she had married.

IT WAS nearly midnight when he left. She was asleep and he knew she would sleep for a long time, waking tired and weak and sad, but with no need of him.

Doris was sitting in his car. All his gentleness was used up and he said roughly, "Get out."

"I've been waiting hours. I want to talk to you."

"No. Get out, please." And he blurted, "Jessie's husband was killed."

Doris sighed. She opened the car door and got out. "That does it, doesn't it? Here you are to comfort the afflicted widow and catch her on the rebound."

He rubbed his lips. They felt oddly stiff. "It was a break, wasn't it? I played it that way. No fireworks, no young capers. Safe and sure—that's me. I didn't need fireworks, I only needed her. So now all I have to do is wait a little longer. And I can't do it."

"You can't—what are you talking about? Are you crazy?"

"It's no good without fireworks, you see? I'm pretty sure she'd marry me when she gets over this, and yesterday I thought that was all I wanted. But now I know you've got to have the colored lights and the noise, or it's no good. And he got all of that."

"You poor darned fool!" Doris's voice shook a little and he guessed she was laughing at him, though it was too dark to see her face.

"No. I should have been a fool, and gotten over it. It's always better to be a fool, because then when you get something it's fine and foolish. Know what I'm going to do—well, that doesn't matter."

He leaned out of the car and held her away from it, giving her shoulder a friendly pat when he released it. "'Night, Doris. Have a look at her in the morning, will you? I'll be busy."

He drove away, hearing her call his name, but he would not stop.

He made it a clean break, not phoning or writing. He tried to write; something easy and witty, but sympathetic, but he could set down nothing but gibberish, and he gave it up.

She won't miss me very much, he assured himself. She feels too bad to think about me, and when that's over she'll be out of the habit of having me near.

He was busy, and that helped. He went to the Navy, because he had owned boats all his life, and he had a good practical knowledge of marine engines. It was all much easier than he had supposed that it could be.

His business was the easiest part. He merely signed his name a few times, and everything went on as usual. There were a lot of little loose ends—personal obligations, the apartment, physical and mental examinations. The activity got him through the next few days very well, but the nights were bad.

Then on Wednesday evening Doris was waiting for him in the lobby of his apartment building.

"Hello," he said, hoping to keep this very casual, "why didn't you go up?"

"I preferred to wait down here. Would you take me home, Beck?"

So that was all. He was relieved. "Certainly. Ready now?"

"Almost. I've been shopping. No—I've been tracking you down, you jackass! So you really did it? They really took you?"

"Why not? You've seen me beat the kids at games. I'm tough enough."

"When is it official? Or is it already?"

"It is," he said shortly. "Leaving tomorrow."

"You big idiot," Doris said, smiling at him affectionately. "That's one of the things that made it so bad for me. You never got any older, and I did. Look at you now! You said this war was for kids, and now you're proving it."

"Don't tease me, Doris. I'm pretty tired."

"I'm not teasing you, darling. I know how you feel. Funny part of it is, we pulled on the same line and got different fish. I'm sick of fish. I'm going to Montana."

"Montana? To the ranch? What's the idea?"

"Like you—I want to be doing something that matters. Perhaps I'll marry a poor but honest sheepherder. Or should I keep the home fires burning for you, darling? Tell me, shall I wait for you?"

She was smiling, and her voice was mocking, but the seriousness in her eyes made him uncomfortable.

"Don't do that, Doris—don't talk nonsense. You know people can't live backward."

She shrugged. "Oh, well—I just wanted to hear you say it again. Good luck, you wonderful chump!"

"Wait—you wanted me to take you home."

"Not now—'by, darling."

She was gone before he could remonstrate. Just as well, he thought. Across from Doris's house was Jessie's small white house, and he would have looked at it, of course, and Jessie might even have been outdoors.

HE WENT up to his apartment. The place made him uneasy. He was anxious to be away. He prowled into the kitchen, feeling like a stranger, and then went around to the bedroom.

Jessie was sitting on his bed, her legs crossed under her. He looked at her in stupefied silence, the floor unsteady beneath his feet. He walked to the side table and picked up the whisky bottle.

"No, don't," Jessie said.

He set down the bottle and lighted a cigarette. Jessie put her hat on backward. She was a girl who looked wonderful with her hat on backward. She said nervously, "Doris had them let me in. Was it all right?"

He nodded helplessly, thinking, Damn Doris. I've got to get her out, or I'll do something foolish.

She took off her hat and picked a thread from it. "Doris said you—that you had enlisted. Did you, really?"

He nodded again, afraid to open his mouth because of the wild words crowding for release.

"But why?"

He dropped the cigarette and smashed it on the carpet. Not looking at her, he said, "You shouldn't have come here."

"But why did you?"

The inner voice that never let him drink too much or act like an idiot said warningly, 'Careful, brother.' And then, from somewhere so deep down that he could not stop it, the first skyrocket went up. He looked at her and said, "It helps make me even with him. I'm as good—yes, and as foolish—as he was, do you see?"

She rubbed her nose with the flat of her hand. "You knew how I felt about Jimmy. You knew everything about me, didn't you? I never let anyone know how much Jimmy mattered, so that if . . . but you knew how it was, didn't you? And I thought if something did happen, you'd be there, and then you went off, too. And now I'll have you to worry about, and if anything should . . . oh, Beck!"

The skyrockets and pinwheels soared and spun, and he had his arms around her, babbling the wildest kind of nonsense. But, as he had almost missed learning, there are times when nonsense has more meaning than wisdom, though only the young and wise know it.

THE END

* * *

VICTORY PARADE

by Royal Arch Gunnison

SHORTLY after the "glorious victories of the forces of His Imperial Japanese Majesty at Bataan and Corregidor," Lieutenant General M. Homma and the top officers of the naval landing party ordered a "Victory Parade" in the city of Manila.

The line of march took thousands of cocky, bandy-legged Japanese troops down the business section, across the Pasig River Bridge, and past government buildings to the green Luneta Park at the edge of Manila Bay.

There, framed against the background of angular masts and stacks of ships sunk in the inner harbor, stood the deep-chested lieutenant general, an admiral in stiff whites, and thirty or more military, naval and civilian aides. The victorious army, afoot and in trucks, passed in review. Thousands of Filipinos watched along the route of the march. Some turned their backs when the color guards passed.

The Japanese insisted that Jorge Vargas, former secretary to President Quezon (then mayor of Greater Manila, and chairman of the Philippines Executive Commission), and members of the commission march in the parade—in the sweltering heat—carrying small Japanese flags. This was designed to be the supreme insult. This was planned, "enforced victory." The Filipino population of Manila was to note thereby that the Japanese government had taken over for keeps; and that the Filipino government was openly subservient.

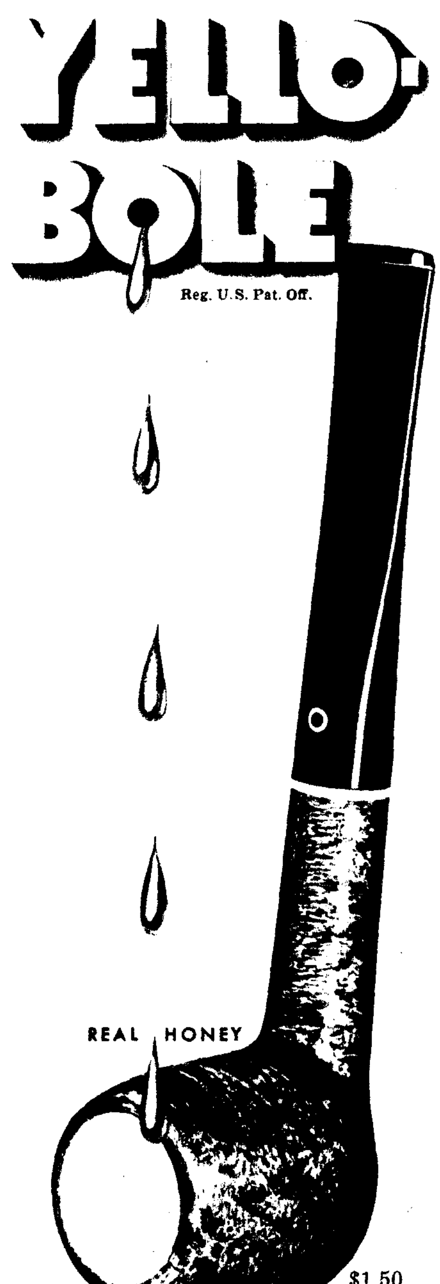
But on such official occasions there must be martial music. A parade without music—even discordant Japanese band music—is pretty flat. The Japanese army had a few bands in the Philippines, but not enough for such a celebration as this. There was only one answer. Order out some Filipino bands to be spotted in the parade.

The parade went off as scheduled. The Japanese exulted. The bands stamped past the reviewing stand. Ancestral swords and gold teeth flashed in the morning sun.

Toward the end of the parade, one of these Filipino bands approached the reviewing stand. The drum major chirped on his whistle, gave the downbeat with his baton.

Every Filipino within hearing turned—startled. Then broad grins, followed by cheers from the crowd. The conquerors, somewhat surprised at this "spontaneous recognition of victory," graciously acknowledged the cheers. The band marched on and dispersed. And so did the crowd. . . .

As the band passed the reviewing stand it had played—The Stars and Stripes Forever. ★★★



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WORKPOWER

IS ON OUR SIDE

When the Japs struck, they had built up such superiority in manpower, firepower and airpower, that early victories came with astonishing ease. But they had one blind spot. On quickly conquered islands where it became necessary to build airfields and defenses, their tools were pitifully inadequate — picks and shovels, baskets and little ricksha carts!

On the Allied side was a weapon they had overlooked — *workpower* — the husky American earth-moving machines that overcome the handicap of time.

A high-ranking U. S. Army officer has called the track-type Diesel tractor one of the three "most valuable weapons of warfare." Along with the jeep and the cargo plane, this heavy-duty weapon-of-all-work has given our fighting men the vital edge of victory — not once, but many times. For neither Germany nor Japan has any comparable equipment.

The men who drive the big Diesels built a lifeline chain of island bases to Australia in the eleven terrible weeks after Pearl Harbor, and had a bomber field ready on Umnak in time to save Alaska.

"Bulldozers," they call those tireless machines. Engineers and Seabees use the name in their letters home. War correspondents and radio commentators apply it to any war tractor, whether equipped with a bulldozer blade or not. And when you hear of "bulldozers" in action on the fighting fronts, the chances are they're "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors.

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TO WIN THE WAR: WORK—
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WHERE SONGS COME FROM

BY JIM MARSHALL

Jimmie McHugh gets inspiration for his songs in any number of ways. If all those fail, he can always go soak his head

Jimmie McHugh and Vivian Blaine run through a new number in the coming movie version of the Broadway musical, Something for the Boys

THERE are more ways of writing popular songs than there are people trying to write them—a number conservatively estimated at thirty-five million. One way is to soak your head in cold water. Another is to stroll along the Avenue and listen for catch phrases from passers-by. A third is to sit down at the piano, strum haphazardly and try to think of a new way to say "I love you."

Jimmie McHugh, one of the top songsmiths of the world, uses all three methods and forty-seven more. He has been doing it ever since childhood days back in Boston when his mother used to listen to tunes he picked out on the piano. If the tune seemed new to Mrs. McHugh, who had—and has—an excellent musical memory, the lad got a nickel. But if it seemed that Jimmie's composition resembled something written by Puccini or Verdi, Jimmie got a rap over the knuckles. This made him a lifelong striver for the impossible—something new in music.

Doctor McHugh—his degree is from Los Angeles City College—sat at a grand piano in a cottage on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot the other day and explained the tune-writing business, in between tinkling the keys in the hope that a melody would turn up for Miss Carmen Miranda to sing in the motion-picture version of Something for the Boys.

Coming In on a Wing and a Prayer, one of Doctor McHugh's most popular numbers, grew out of a phrase in a letter from "Sonny" Bragg, a Duke University football player later with the Air Forces in North Africa. The letter described an air battle and commented: "We came home on an engine and a prayer." This stuck in Jimmie's mind for some time, but he could not fit in the "engine," and anyway the idea seemed to have been used by a man named Friml in Engine Love Call. Finally, after some days, the wing-and-prayer phrase turned up. It may be aerodynamically unsound, but no one has objected yet.

One of McHugh's longest-lived hits was written back in 1928. He was walking up Fifth Avenue one evening with Miss Dorothy Fields, Lew's daughter, who was teamed with him at the time writing The Blackbirds. They passed a couple looking in a jeweler's window and heard the girl sigh over a diamond bracelet. The boy said: "I wish I could, Honey—but just now I can't give you anything but love."

Jimmie and Dorothy looked at each other, sprinted for a piano, and had I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby, put together in an hour. The "Baby" went in because it's the word song writers always use when they need two more syllables in a line.

The South American Way—the first song Carmen Miranda sang in the United States—hung around for weeks merely as a title: South American Sway. Jimmie and Al Dubin, his lyricist, could get neither tune nor words, and opening night drew closer and closer. Finally, after a long, barren session, McHugh went into the bathroom and stuck his head in a basin of cold water. This unlocked the floodgates of melody and Jimmie rushed, dripping, to the piano, and had the tune on paper in twenty minutes, first changing "Sway" to "Way." Miss Miranda later changed "South" to "Souse," but no one cared. They had a hit.

Doctor McHugh got a musical start early in life by becoming an office boy at the newly opened Boston Opera House, transferring to this from a job as plumber's helper to his father. The opera house had fifty grand pianos in it and was a sort of musicians' heaven. "It even had pianos in the washrooms," Jimmie recollects.

Life became a parade of musical celebrities playing and singing. The kid studied piano with his mother and practiced on any of the fifty grands he encountered. Thus he got music by a sort of osmosis, and when a job opened up in the Boston branch of Irving Berlin's publishing house, he took it and was off to the races.

In the old days before radio and the movies, a song either had to be popularized by being sung in musical comedy or vaudeville, or by being played by an orchestra and put on records. Despite these handicaps, scads of songs sold up into the million copies. Jimmie at one time was a member of a song-plugging team. His firm had twenty-two pluggers bicycling around Boston, singing and playing illustrated songs.

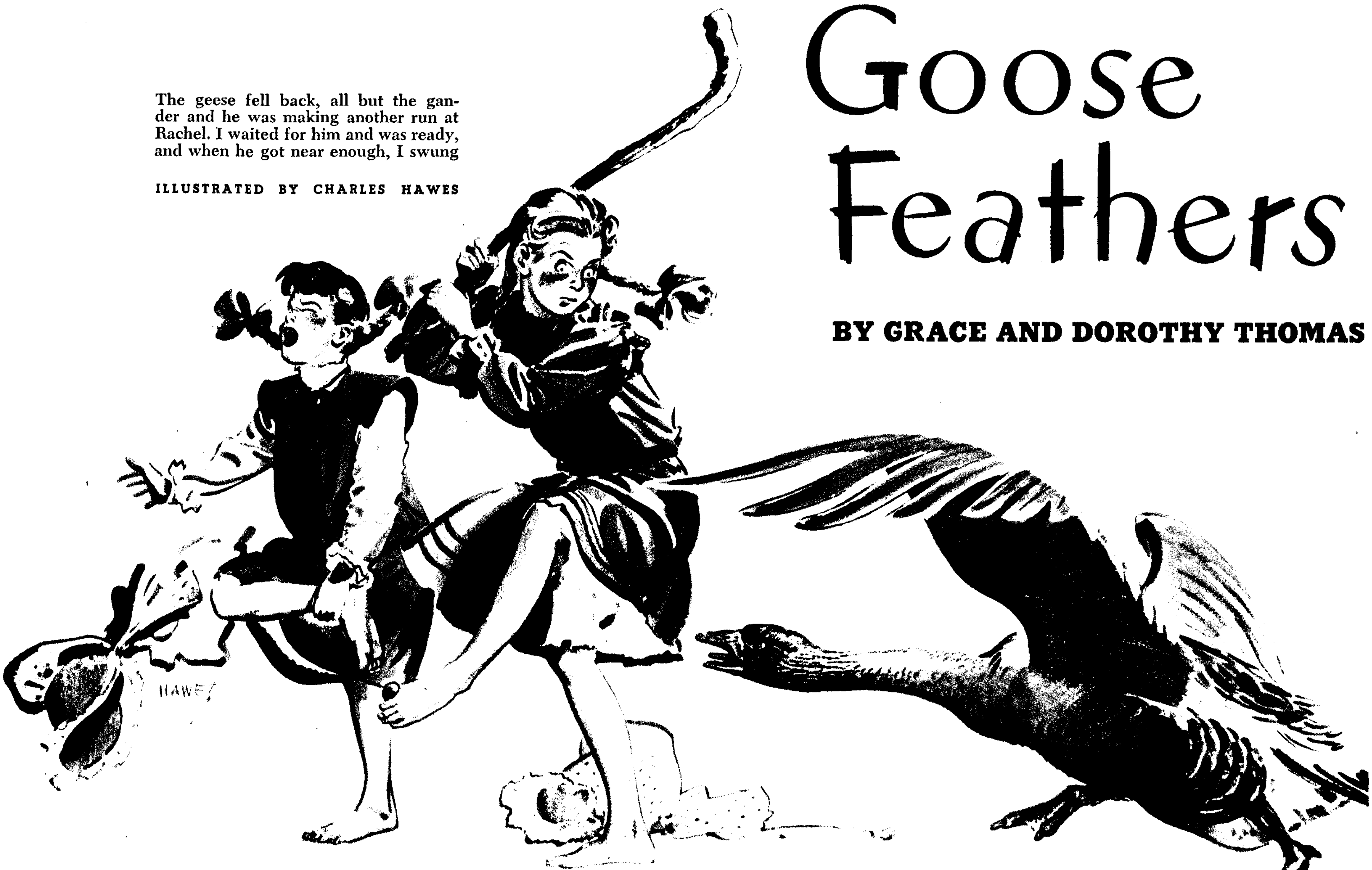
For this, Jimmie got $8 a week and earned it, seldom playing fewer than three theaters a night, and doubling on Saturdays at the music counters of dime stores. At odd moments, he wrote tunes and fitted words to them, but nothing much happened until the Blackbirds score in '28. He did a Ziegfeld show next year and the International Revue in '30, followed by Hello Daddy and then, in 1931, the Vanderbilt Revue.

This sort of thing got him to Hollywood for Love in the Rough. This was the one in which Bob Montgomery sang

(Continued on page 56)

Goose Feathers

BY GRACE AND DOROTHY THOMAS



The geese fell back, all but the gander and he was making another run at Rachel. I waited for him and was ready, and when he got near enough, I swung

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

A fine downy story of young love and old hates, complicated by a flock of geese given to employing guerrilla tactics

LAW, we must have made a funny-looking pair streaking it up from the corn patch, two little old girls in long-tailed sunbonnets and shin-length dresses, screeching as we came, "Pa! Boys! The Bollen's geese have been in our corn!"

All spring Little Rachel and I had sat at the edge of the corn patch, when we weren't pulling weeds, with nothing to do but peel willow switches and watch out for Mrs. Bud Bollen's geese. We would romance about our big sister Molly and her beaus, tell each other that we didn't care, anyhow, that there was the start-up of a feud between us and the Bollens. Sally and Tildy Bollen, who used to play with us, now gave us the backs of their bonnets whenever we saw them in their pasture or on the road, and Young Bud Bollen came no more to see Molly, though we knew by the way he was always mending fence down our way or loitering near our wood lot, where he had no call to be, that he was perishing for a sight of her.

That morning at breakfast Horace, our middle boy, had said of Mrs. Bud Bollen's geese, "I wanted to wring the necks of the lot of them when they got in the peas and onions. If they come down and get in our corn, they'll get what-for!"

"What she wants the hollering creatures for, I don't know," John, our eldest, said.

"Feather beds," I announced.

"She don't need no padding," Horace said. "She's big as all outdoors." And the big boys laughed.

Will, small and thin and on the solemn side, said, "You oughtn't to make fun of her. She can't help it if she's fat. She gets mad too easy, but she was good to us when we first came up to Missouri. And if we make up with 'em and marry into 'em, you'll be sorry you made fun of her."

Molly blushed and fiddled with her yellow braid, and John said, "Now why you blushin', Molly? With his ma mad at us, Young Bud won't dare go against her enough to come down here to see you, let alone *ask* you. You'd better take Alec Carter or one of the Beech boys and save you bein' an old maid. The Bollens are telling it that we knew there was bad blood between them and the Carters, and asked Alec Carter over just to spite 'em."

"Oh, did they say that?" Molly asked, blushing the more. "Does Bud think that?"

"No matter what he thinks," Horace put in, "his ma tells him what to do. If Young Bud had any say he'd make her keep her geese up, wouldn't he, or clip their wings? They're right mean, too."

"That gander's awful big," Rachel added.

Pa got up from the table and said in his slow way, his hand smoothing his beard, "The Bollens aren't saying who we give a welcome to, in this house, and who we don't. The Carters are neighbors, too. If Young Bud Bollen is staying away because his ma is mad about something, he's not the man for you, Molly. As for the geese, you're not to hurt a feather of 'em. We asked, once, that she keep them home and she paid us no mind. We're not forgetting how good they was to us when we came up from Texas, how she brought us eggs and bacon the night we camped in the schoolyard, and how they helped us find this place and get settled here. No, we'll not trouble trouble. We'll just go on about our business and leave 'em to get over this. You girls better get on down now and watch out for the geese. We don't want to have to replant that corn."

Going down to the patch Rachel and I had dillydallied a little, picking some posies and talking about Molly and Young Bud Bollen. We liked Bud best of Molly's beaus. He was a big fellow with hair fair as Molly's and kind blue eyes. We found a special charm in his good looks and his awkwardness. They were a pair for bashfulness, Young Bud and Molly.

Before we got to the patch we heard the geese and ran for our willow switches that we kept in a knot of the old lightnin' oak stump, and slipped under the fence and went for them, cracking our switches and waving our bonnets and yelling, "Getcha gone! Getcha gone outa there!"

Slowly they moved off, down the scratched-up corn rows, the gander out ahead, with the bolder geese turning to talk back and tell us what they and the Bollens thought of us. We watched them moving up the slope of the Bollens' pasture and then turned back to see the damage they'd done. They'd riddled a good ten rows of corn.

BY THE time we got up to the hog pen where Pa and the boys were fixing the fence, we were both crying.

"Now you'll go, won't you, Pa?" Horace, who had worked hardest in the corn and whose onion rows the geese had spoiled, said. "Now you'll go up there and see old lady Bollen?"

"If he does," Rachel cried, "Sally and Tildy won't ever make up with us, and Young Bud won't ever come back to see Molly again!"

Pa looked up toward the house to where, near the kitchen steps, Molly was stirring boiling clothes in the big, three-legged iron kettle. Her face was red from the steam and the heat, but she was a right pretty girl, just the same, slim, in her blue calico, with the sun bright on her hair, and the steam making it curl around her face. Molly was his pride. It came to me, watchin' his eyes darken and the muscles knot in his jaw, that Pa didn't think much of Young Bud Bollen for allowing his ma to run everything.

"I'll go," he said. "You boys get corn and go down and replant those rows they ate. We've got to have our corn."

Pa went to the house and got his gun, and started down the lane toward the road that led through the draw and on up over the hill to the Bollens'. There was a path, up their pasture slope, we'd always took, for neighboring, but going about the geese, Pa took the road. He strode right along, his beard blowing out to the side in the wind.

I had to know what Pa would say to Mrs. Bollen and to the Bollen menfolks if they happened to be about, so, soon as he'd turned the bend, I slipped through a place there was in the hedgerow, ran down to the draw, and struck across to the pasture path that came out by the Bollens' smokehouse, and was there, hid behind their sassafras bushes when Pa came into their yard.

There sat Mrs. Bud Bollen in the side yard with that funny gray slat-bonnet on her head, smoking her pipe and churning and holding the stone churn between her two big bare feet. She sat on the little three-leg stool she was on like raised bread over a pan. She was big as three people, and looked bigger yet for the linsey-woolsey Mother Hubbard she was wearing. She was churning away, splashing up to her chin, puffing on her pipe, her eyes shut. She heard Pa coming and opened her eyes in time to see their big red rooster start to fly up onto the churn lid.

"Shoo," she yelled, shifted her pipe to the corner of her mouth, and clapped the soles of her big feet together, to scare the rooster away. "Getcha gone!"

"Morning," Pa said, courteous as he always was.

"Morning, Tom," she said, squinting up at him. "What you doing out with your gun, this time of day?"

"I've come about your geese," Pa said.

"They're aroundst someplace," she

(Continued on page 57)

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Another Goodby

Continued from page 18

equipment away, preparatory to turning on Captain Midnight.

She couldn't tell him. Not till it was definite. "Oh, stuff."

"Any dope?"

"He sends you his love." Ann jammed the letter into the pocket of her pinafore and started for the kitchen, her heart slamming back and forth against her ribs with a strange uneasiness. He doesn't want to come home, she was thinking. Once he said there could never be anything bigger than us, and now there is. Mitch scrambled to his feet, one arm clutching his paraphernalia, and he put his free arm around her awkwardly. He smelled repulsively of glue and cheap candy, but she leaned down and kissed the top of his head.

He cleared his throat and said, "Listen, Mom. Brace yourself for a shock."

She leaned against the desk a little and waited. "Now what?"

"Well, this, Mom. I think it's only right for you to know. Pop's at sea. He's on a submarine."

Ann threw back her head and howled. Then she hugged Mitch till he got red in the face. "John Mitchell Kelly, you do me good. You're better than vitamins."

He put one hand on her shoulder and said, "I'm not kidding. Pop's a gunner's mate on a sub."

"Honey, honestly! I've got a letter from New London dated yesterday right here in my pocket."

"That's a blind, Mom," Mitch went on patiently. "See, he writes you a bunch of letters and gives someone else orders to mail them every so often, so's you'll think he's still around. Meanwhile, he's cleaning up Japs over by the Marshalls."

"Mitch, where do you get such fantastic ideas? I'm afraid I'll have to clamp down on The Green Hornet if your imagination is going to go hog-wild on the subject of your father."

"Okay, okay." He flapped a hand at her. "Stick with your dream world. I'm only telling you."

HE TURNED on the radio, and Ann went into the kitchen. She peeled potatoes methodically, the top of her mind busy with Mitch. He lived in those adventure magazines when he wasn't with the Turks or listening to gore on the radio. When John was there, he seemed more normal. Or was that because John could interpret him to her? And underneath the vague anxiety about Mitch, she was thinking of John, and she was jealous of those kids who were taking him away from her.

"Pray that he okays me," John had said, but she couldn't without double-crossing herself. There were women, she knew, who could smile their husbands off to war; who could carry on bravely without them, but she wasn't one of them. She needed him the way she needed food. He had filled all the corners of her life, and without him nothing was fun and nothing was beautiful. Not the Sound nor the garden nor the sunshine. Had he forgotten how once she'd said to him, "You know, I'm not really me except when I'm with you." And he had said, "Darling, neither am I." And now he had a separate world, a separate self, and it scared her because she had only the old ones.

She was seasoning the hamburger when the phone rang, and she heard Mitch say, "Hello," impersonally, and then, "Oh, hullo" in the special tone that indicated a Turk on the other end of the line. The hamburgers sizzled in the pan, and Mitch's voice was barely audible over the maddeningly persistent sound. She lowered the flame and listened shamelessly, glad of the distraction.

"Nope," he was saying. "No real news. He ought to be about in the South Pacific by now, I figure. Probably be reading about some fireworks out there soon. . . . Yeah . . . mmmm . . . Well, we'll be getting some V-mail any day now, I guess, and I'll letcha know. Ybdoog."

"Ybdoog," Ann and John had finally figured out, was goodby, backward. It had given them some frantic moments, but none comparable to this. That kid had told *everyone* that John was on the ocean.

She brought the subject up at dinner, tactfully:

"Boys interested to hear about your father's training?"

He gave her a long look from those incredible blue eyes. "No, Mom, but they like to hear about the sub."

"Where did you get that tidbit of misinformation?" She selected a piece of celery carefully as she asked the question, and tried to sound gay and casual.

"Dad told me himself he wanted submarine duty, and any dope knows they're dying for sub volunteers. Two and two adds up to the old man landing on a sub."

"And about the letters?"

"Gee, you're innocent, Mom. They pull that stunt in every other movie lately, and in all the magazine stories, too. Don't you ever *read* anything?"

"Sweetheart," Ann said, "maybe it happens in the movies and in stories, but it definitely can't happen here. You will simply have to tell all those boys that you've been fooling them. Your father hasn't budged from New London."

All the brightness and cockiness had gone out of Mitch's face. He was a little boy who'd had a beloved toy taken away from him. "Aw, Mom," he said, making two syllables of each word, and there'd never been anything sadder than his eyes.

Poor little Mitch, Ann thought. You've been a celebrity for one beautiful month. You who've always kind of slogged along at school, doing fair to poor on the old books, playing not too hot baseball on the Turks' team, being a horse neighing offstage in the sixth-grade play. Poor baby, you've emerged from anonymity at last, and it hurts like the dickens to know it's all off! For a minute then, for just part of a minute, she hoped the doctor would okay her sailor.

He didn't though, and a week later they sent him home. Ann and Mitch took turns watching out the window for him all Wednesday afternoon, not knowing which train he'd be on.

"Tell me the minute you see him," Ann yelled from the bathroom where she'd retired for one last slash of lipstick.

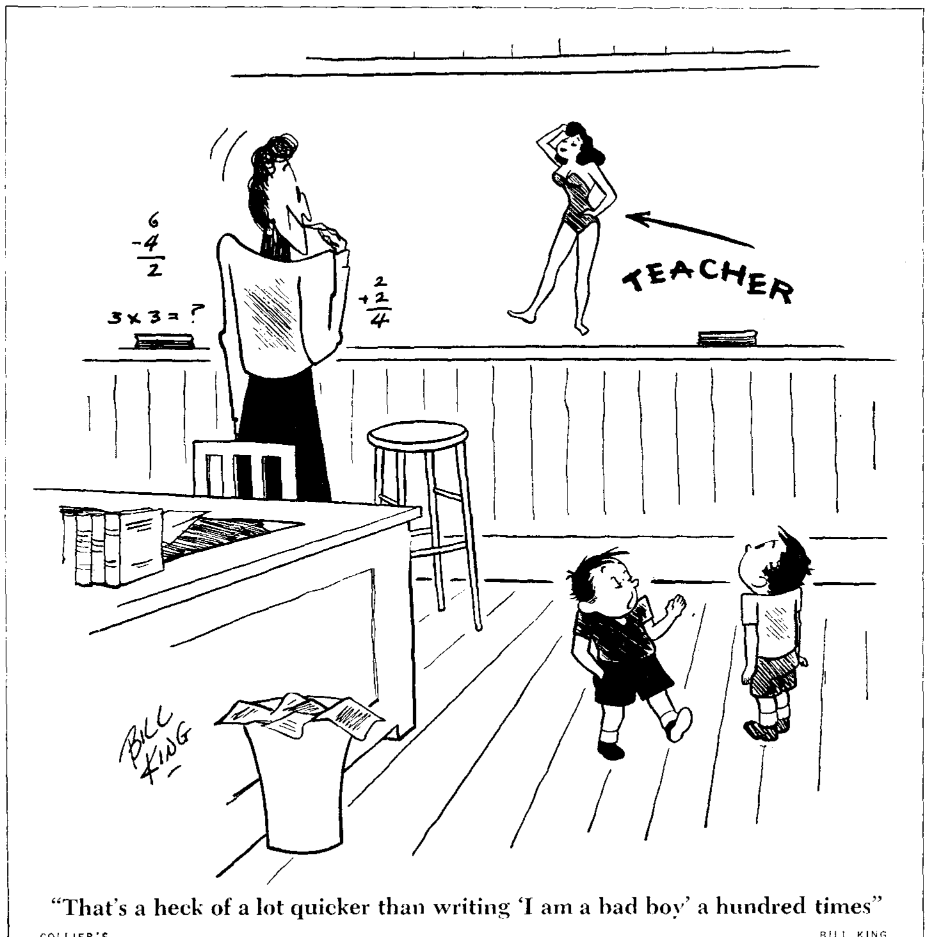
HER hand, holding the case, was trembling, and she had that queer, almost sick feeling she used to get when she first knew John and she'd sit around waiting for the phone to ring. For the time being, all her jealousy was gone, all the confused emotions that had been stirred up by John's letter. He was coming home, and she hadn't room for anything but joy. She put the lipstick back in the case and patted her hair. It wouldn't go right for some reason, and it was one of her fat days. But she'd made good stiff Martinis, and there was steak for dinner, and maybe John wouldn't notice.

"Here he comes, Mom!" Mitch's voice was flat, but the flatness just glanced off the hard surface of her excitement. She only heard the words, and she flew downstairs. She opened the door and ran out. He kissed her hard and put his arm around her. Inside the house they clung together a long time, and Mitch, subdued and scrubbed, stirred uneasily.

"Hey, Pop," he said at last. "Hi!"

"Gosh, Turk, it's swell to see you." They looked at each other uncertainly, but neither made the first move to kiss the other, and after a minute John stuck out his hand.

IT WAS a funny welcome-home party. Ann had pictured them sitting around, all jabbering at once; Mitch crawling all over his pop, snowing him under with questions. But it wasn't like that at all. Now Mitch sat in the wing chair, mostly looking at his nails or resetting his watch; Ann and John on the sofa, talking politely and self-consciously as if they were on a blind date.



"That's a heck of a lot quicker than writing 'I am a bad boy' a hundred times"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

"The house looks swell," John said. It did. The furniture was newly waxed, the windows gleamed, and there were jonquils in a low bowl on the piano. Ann had made a fire, although there was so much May in the air that they didn't really need it for warmth.

"Yes, I love this house," she said. And there was another silence.

"Good drinks," John told her.

She smiled. "I've finally found out which it's three to one of."

John gave a vague laugh, and she knew he wasn't remembering all the Martinis she'd ruined with three parts vermouth to one of gin; and how he used to say, "I've heard the one about brides' biscuits, but this is a new angle." He wasn't remembering how he used to take her in his arms and say, "You're a lousy barmaid, darling, but in *this* department, you do okay." She was remembering, though, and she wanted to cry. He's not thinking about us at all, she thought miserably. He's thinking about those gobs in New London. The babies with down on their cheeks.

"Look," she said suddenly, "I've got down on my cheeks, too." And then she did cry, and John held her tight and said, "So you have, Clotilde. It's cute." After that, she felt better. Clotilde was one of his foolish names for her, and it made her feel beloved again.

Dinner was more successful, and there was only one bad moment, when Ann brought in the split of champagne, and John said, "What's that for, to celebrate the return of the washout?" His voice was very rough on top and very soft underneath.

Ann felt it then, like a thrust in the heart. The bitterness of his disappointment. The hurt and the shame. And because she couldn't put her arms around him right there in front of Mitch, she grinned and said, "You sound like John Garfield or someone." It was feeble, but it put them back on safe ground.

After dinner, Mitch went upstairs to do his lessons, and they took their coffee into the living room. Sitting close to him on the sofa, she said softly, "Darling, I'm so terribly sorry. I haven't really been sorry at all up till now, except for myself. That's because I was a dope and didn't know."

"How could you know?" he said. "You say goodby to a heel, and a month later he comes back a fire-eater."

"Heel!" she gasped. "Remember you're talking about the man I love."

"Heel's one of the kinder words for him." He rubbed his cheek against her hair. "Before, I was all for winning the war, sure. Bonds, blood-donating, but nothing inconvenient or uncomfortable for this boy. Remember how mad I was when I was drafted?"

"No madder than anybody else," she said loyally. "No man of thirty-three who's all set in business wants to chuck everything and go fishing."

"Well, I want to now. Darling, this month I've heard things from boys who've come back from overseas that I can't even talk about. Things so terrible—" He stared into the fire. "Briefly, I'm mad. Fighting mad, and they won't let me fight."

She kissed the hand she was holding. It was hard and callused and still a little grimy in spite of obvious scrubbing.

"Darling John," she said, and she was mad, too. Mad for him because he had to stay home. And she wasn't jealous any more. He'd opened her eyes the way his had been opened, and her heart, too, to something beyond herself and her snug little world. Strange, she thought. I could let him go, now. I could even be happy about it because it's what he wants. Then she knew why some women are so brave. They're living up to some wonderful guy. And she knew that she could be brave, too, living up to this man she'd known so well so long, and yet hadn't known at all until tonight.

He didn't go back to the bank the next day or any day afterward. Ann didn't know exactly where he went, but she knew he was looking for a job. Something hard and useful. Something that he felt he could handle better than anyone else. At night he'd come home and not say very much.

FINALLY, one night toward the end of the week John came home whistling. His face was tired and lined, but for a change the lines were going up instead of down.

Ann greeted him at the door. "Obviously," she said, "you're employed."

"I'm not talking," he said. But he was kissing, and strictly from Gable.

"If you're clamming up on my account," Mitch said, talking around a mouthful of battleship parts, "there are places I can go."

"Stick around, Turk," John grinned. "I'm not spilling a word."

Ann screwed up her face in an agony of curiosity. "Not one little hint?"

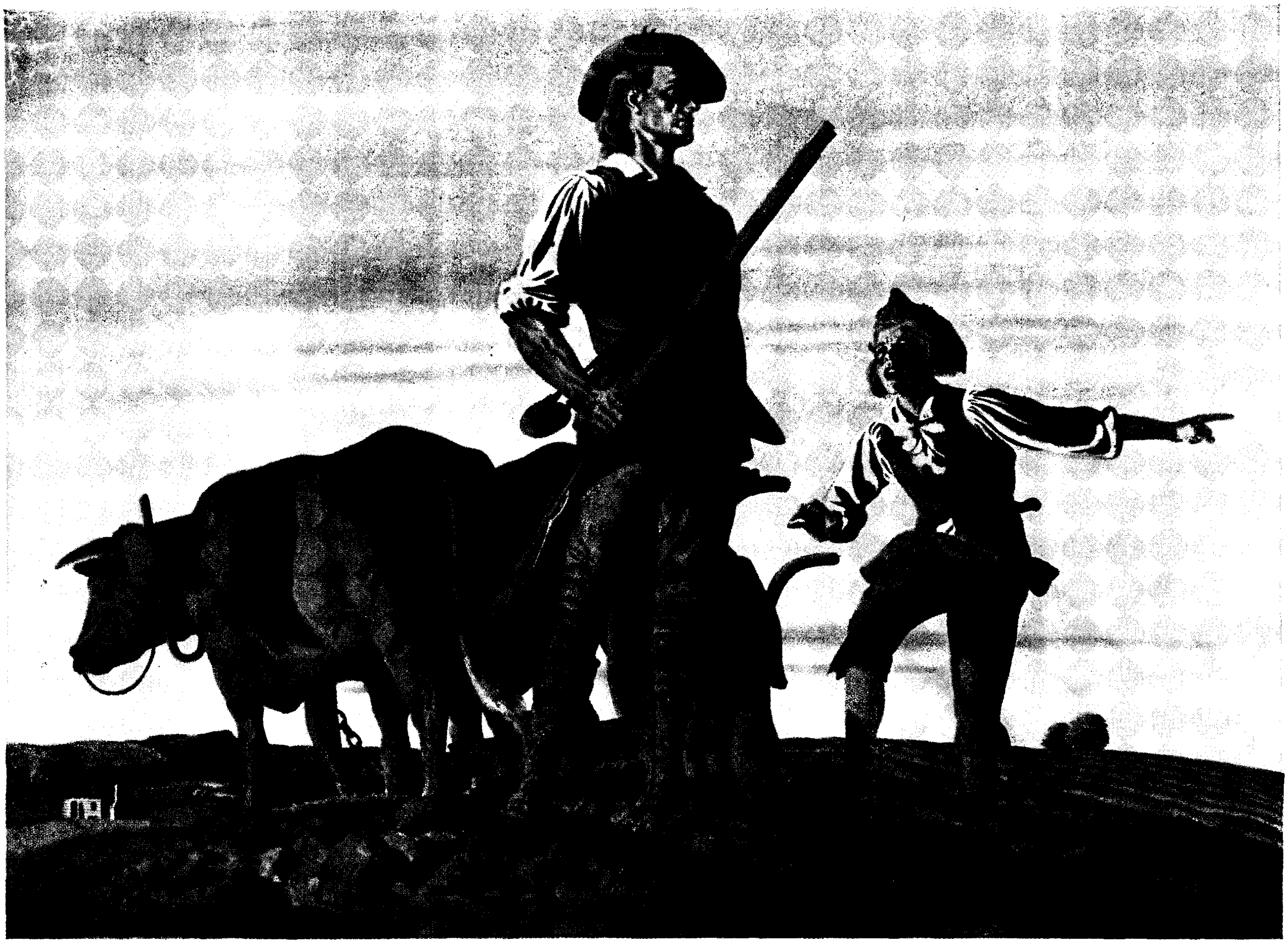
He tossed his hat at the coffee table and missed. "Oh, sure. Hints galore, but nothing juicy. It's with the F.B.I."

Mitch sucked in his breath. "Gee-ee!" he said, and his eyes were two huge cornflowers in his round pink face. He gave the double whistle then and said, "Kee-ris-mus! Spies and Nazis and stuff, I'll betcha!"

"Sure, sure," John said. "Operator 27. Bang-bang!"

Ann wasn't saying much of anything. Just sitting on the arm of the sofa, trying to ignore the eagle in her stomach. The quick mental picture of John, dead as a stone from a Nazi bullet, passed, and there was just this big, churning, wordless pride.

She was quiet at dinner, but no one seemed to mind. John and Mitch had swung into the old camaraderie and were off on P-40s and The Mississippi and Beau Jack. She just sort of watched them talk, her eyes going from one to the other like someone at a tennis match. Eventually, Mitch went up to do



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his homework, and she still hadn't located any words.

John stood behind her chair and tipped her face up. "Trouble with you is," he grinned at her, "you talk too darn' much."

He was waiting for her to say something, and she couldn't think of anything worthy of all the happiness in his face.

"Gosh, I'm proud to be your wife!" she managed finally, which wasn't exactly her brand of talk, but which netted her an excruciating hug, nonetheless.

They went into the kitchen then, in case Mitch might be eavesdropping, and John told her a little about the setup. He'd run into Bob Welsh, who'd been a year behind him at school, and they'd had lunch together. Bob was pretty high up in the bureau, and in the course of the talk, John had got himself a job. It seemed that there was a spy ring that operated a kind of date bureau in a certain large city. Lonely servicemen were put in touch with lonely girls and vice versa. And the bureau was looking for some men to go out there masquerading as servicemen to round up the leaders. They had to be young, with a knowledge of German, and ex-servicemen were preferred.

"There's lots of red tape before I'm actually in," John went on, excited as a ten-year-old. "But Bob seems to think it's a sure thing."

Ann squeezed his arm hard. "You wanted to run interference for those gobs," she said quietly. "Looks like you're on, Butch." Why, I'm smiling, she thought, and it's not just a front, either.

The phone rang, and it was for Mitch. Ann and John started doing the dishes by way of giving him some privacy, but they got every word. "Oh, hullo," he said. "Yeah, things are beginning to break, but I can't tell you guys anything . . . Nope . . . Nope . . . Just keep reading the papers. You'll find out one of these days. Listen, will my old man be the Sergeant York of World War Two—in Technicolor! I told you when the President himself makes the Navy docs turn a guy down, he has a darn' good reason for it . . . Sure . . . Okay . . . Ybdoog." They heard him hang up and go back upstairs, and even through the kitchen door, you couldn't miss the swagger.

Ann set down the glass she'd been washing and washing, and put soapy hands on John's face. "Hi, Dick Tracy!" she said.

And he said, "Hi, Clotilde!" It was a nice smiling kiss, with a dream of peace behind it.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

battery in a junkyard, rigged up the light atop their home, and began to signal as Pennsylvania-Central Airlines night flights Nos. 11 and 20 roared overhead.

At first the captains ignored the light, wondering about it; then a few began to respond, and, as more and more heard about it, they began to play the game.

It became somewhat of a chore, though, for the boys to keep a vigil for the airliners, especially when they were late some evenings; so, using more of their newspaper-route earnings, they rigged up an old radio with which they could tune in both the Youngstown and Pittsburgh airport control towers and the PCA frequency on which the pilots reported at intervals. Thus they could determine when the liners would be overhead, could learn the names of the crews, and could pick up some of the small gossip of the airplanes. And, one by one, the various pilots began to call radio greetings as they flew overhead.

Now the boys swap Christmas greeting cards and occasional mail with the men. Often the letters come from Burma, North Africa, Australia, Alaska—wherever their notes happen to catch up with the pilots who have gone into the Air Forces.

The radio greetings, thinks the mother of Bob and Melvin, are quite good for discipline. For example, there was the time Trip No. 20 was very late, passing over North Lima long after midnight. Captain M. R. "Red" Couples, veteran of the route, was surprised to see a blinking light on the ground.

"Hey, you kids," he growled sternly into the microphone, "it's too late for you to be up. Get to bed!"

Crestfallen, the lads hustled to obey . . .

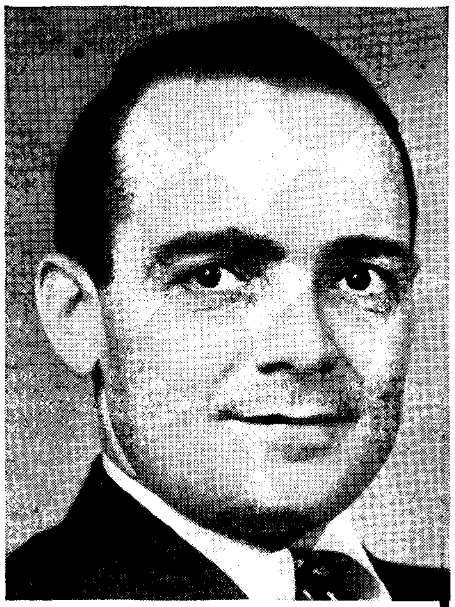
THE END

WHEN you read Captain Milton Sperling's article, Take It Easy, Son!, p. 21, you feel you're right there beside the doctor in the sick bay of a ship evacuating wounded boys after a Pacific battle. Captain Sperling's realism is based on reality. He was right there beside the doctor himself, and in the battle that preceded evacuation, and as a professional writer and a combat correspondent for the Marines, he took note of all the small things that add up to the great wartime job being done by our military doctors.

Captain Sperling is in New York, awaiting reassignment. He'd like very much to get in on the European invasion, but somehow the powers in charge never send Marines to Europe. "They think the Marines are having a private war with the Japs, I guess," he says, "and that's all right with us. But I can't help thinking just one squad of fighting Marines might make the whole European issue come out better."

After graduation from the College of the City of New York, Sperling worked his way through Europe for a year, just to see the sights, and then headed for Hollywood, resolved to become a writer. Although he couldn't type and didn't know shorthand, he got a job as secretary to movie magnate Darryl Zanuck. "Zanuck didn't know the difference until I told him, years later. It was easy. The way Zanuck dictated, you could have spelled it out with alphabet blocks. Anyway, after a year or so, I got tired of taking it down and decided to write myself. I did a couple of original screen stories for Fox and settled down there as a writer." Sperling wrote until five years ago when he became a producer.

Captain Milton Sperling, U.S.M.C.


IFOR THOMAS

Captain Sperling's wife, the former Betty Warner, daughter of Harry Warner, and their small daughter, Susan, follow him about from city to city, putting up with uncomfortable living quarters, including, Captain Sperling says, "those $30-a-day slums in Washington."

He has contributed his pay for this article to the Marine Corps Fund, which helps to care for the very wounded he describes here.

ROBERT DE VORE, Collier's Washington staff writer (Blackburn's Irregulars, p. 14), was initiated into things political in election year 1932. He had shifted from his reporting job on the Toledo Daily Times to a secretarial job with Congressman Wilbur White, and in '32 he helped to run White's re-election campaign.

"I made speeches in the Polish wards," De Vore relates. "We had a lot of trouble. I couldn't understand Polish and I guess they couldn't understand English. Anyway, something was wrong. We lost."

De Vore wanted to go back to newspapering, in Washington, but that was the time, remember, when papers were folding up along with banks, so he took the only job on the horizon, a $90-a-month clerkship in the Department of Agriculture, where he checked over applications for seed loans, and worried about cow and mule mortgages. This job, no doubt, helped him acquire that patience which is a necessary attribute of the writer who would glean facts out of the confusion in Washington.

Later, on the Washington Post, De Vore served as radio columnist, reporter, night city editor and day city editor, before settling into the work he liked best: reporting on Capitol Hill. After years of dealing with them, De Vore thinks that politicians, and especially congressmen, are much maligned. Most of them, he says, are doing the best they can under difficult circumstances.

COLLIER'S suffered a pre-invasion casualty in the person of Ernest Hemingway, now in London writing for this magazine. As he was crossing a dimmed-out street, a taxicab knocked him down. He received head wounds, submitted to fifty-two stitches, rested in a hospital a few days, and is now back at work. His magnificent beard was not damaged.

JESSIE GNARRA tells us she is "thrilled" by her first Collier's acceptance—her article, Laundry Solution, p. 58. We don't wonder, after what she tells us of her early career. The day after her graduation at Temple University, Philadelphia, she went to work "as advertising manager, feature writer, reporter and editor of an Atlantic City weekly for $7 a week." The copy boy, we take it, was paid off in marbles. After marriage and the birth of a son, she turned to "serious" writing, but took time off from her novel to tell us about the laundry. . . . A. P.

Allah's Oil

Continued from page 19

that Britain and the United States want—oil. Their leaders are shrewd. They'll sell that oil, or the rights to pump, refine and transport it at the highest possible rates. Their price isn't merely gold. More than gold they want freedom.

Less than a thousand years ago, the Arabs owned an empire that lay like a fat, distorted horseshoe over Portugal, Spain and part of France, spread across North Africa and the Middle East and extended into southwestern Russia. If Charles the Hammer hadn't stopped them at Poitiers, they might have conquered all Europe, turned the course of civilization into Allah only knows what dark channels. This is the Arab heritage of imperial greatness.

They don't at the moment envision the reconquest of that empire. But they have definite territorial and political ambitions which cannot be fulfilled without blood-letting—or else new, large-scale appeasement to prevent it. In Egypt, politicians talk about new territories to be added from Italian Libya. In Syria, there is talk of independence and the "guarantees" of the Atlantic Charter.

Right now they'll settle for ejection of the Jews from Palestine or the creation there of an Arab state wherein the Jews, outnumbered as they are by 2 to 1, would be a permanently subjugated minority. There would be no cause for trouble here if the Jews would willingly accept such an arrangement, but they won't. They'll fight. Their arms are oiled and stored. At least 60,000 men out of a Jewish population of about 500,000 have had military training and know how to use those weapons well. And when the war is over and British troops leave, the moment one Arab fires one shot at a Jew, there will be war in Palestine.

The construction of a pipe line across Arab deserts, therefore, isn't simply a matter of engineering and the expenditure of so many millions for labor and material and bribes to native chieftains. It involves some definite political and military and maybe even moral responsibilities. Nothing happens in one part of the Arab or Moslem world that doesn't have immediate repercussions in another. And the man who usually pulls the wires isn't a king or even a prominent politician, but the little-known, mild man who rules El Azhar, Sheik Mustapha El Maraghi:

A Pan-Islamic Federation

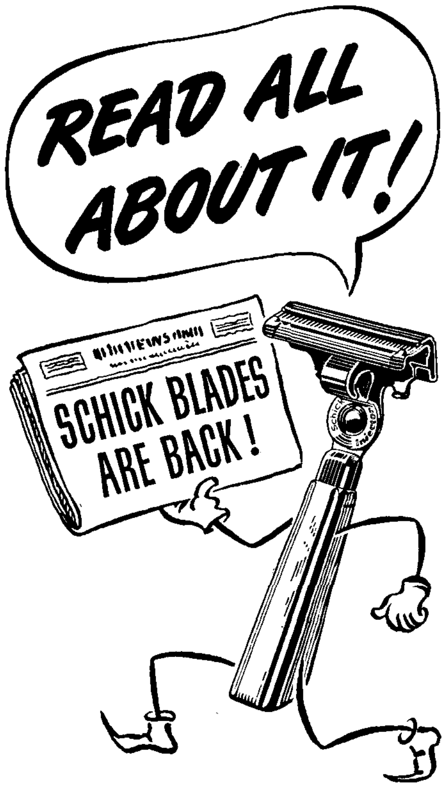
The political means whereby the Arabs hope eventually to attain full independence and immediately to expel or subjugate the Jews in Palestine is the Federation of Union of all Arab states. Sheik El Maraghi, with his dream of restoration of the caliphate, is the most powerful supporter of the scheme.

His voice, for instance, was loudest in support of Lebanese independence last November when the first shots were fired in the new Arab fight for freedom. What happened in Lebanon was largely suppressed by British censorship for the sake of Allied unity and to prevent the Nazis from obtaining valuable propaganda material. Also, interest was focused on the impending Cairo and Teheran conferences, and so the prelude to a bloody symphony was played unheard. Here, briefly, are the facts:

Tiny Lebanon (with a population of 1,000,000 in an area the size of Puerto Rico), which is ruled by the French under a League of Nations mandate, had elected a new parliament and president. The majority of the people, or about six hundred thousand, are Maronite Catholics, or Christian Arabs. The remaining four hundred thousand are Moslems. The Christian Arabs are pro-French, the Moslems aren't.

It was agreed that the Christians should have thirty seats in the Parliament, and the Moslems twenty-four. On a basis of proportional representation this wasn't quite fair, but it didn't matter. The elections were about as crooked as they come. The French backed the Maronite majority, and the British supported the Arab minority, which also had the moral support of the United States. French and British gold flowed freely.

Under Lebanese law, the president is chosen by the Chamber of Deputies. The chamber named Sheik Beshara El Khoury, a fat, bald little man, intensely nationalist, Moslem and anti-French. He was also the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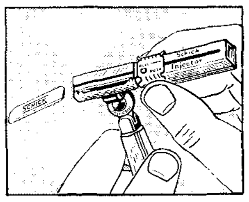

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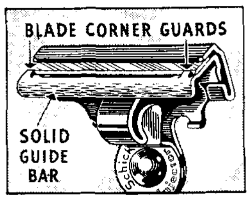

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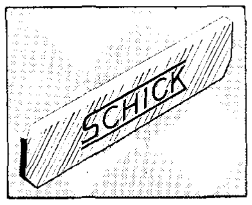

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SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn

British choice. Almost his first act when he and the members of Parliament took office was to declare Lebanon's independence from France. Didn't the Atlantic Charter express an Anglo-American desire to see people acquire sovereignty and achieve self-government? It was a historic occasion, for it was the first test of the workability of the Roosevelt-Churchill blueprint for war and peace.

Lebanon and Syria had been freed from Vichy by British troops in 1941. They were occupied by British and Fighting French troops to prevent their use by Axis air forces. The Fighting French promised "to put an end to the regime of the mandate and declare the peoples of Lebanon and Syria free and independent," and the British government guaranteed the French pledge.

In spite of all this, however, the Lebanese knew that nothing had changed; that they had simply swapped old masters for new. When Sheik El Khoury bluntly announced Lebanon's independence, the Fighting French clapped him and most of his deputies in jail. Senegalese hirelings patrolled the streets, and Fighting French tanks sealed the Moslem quarter to keep the Arabs in check. But the Moslems broke the seal, staged bloody riots and demonstrations amid shouts of "Down with Tyranny" and "Down with Oppression."

British and American backing for the Lebanese government's move was interpreted by the Fighting French as an attempt to strip France of her empire in the Levant while she was prostrate. General Catroux, lean de Gaulle handyman in colonial affairs, said as much. The Fighting French broke a few skulls and killed a couple of people before they released El Khoury and the others and agreed to negotiate a treaty giving Lebanon independence on a basis similar to that enjoyed by Egypt—*after* the war. Loudest in their objections to the arrests and the settlement were the Arab Moslems.

Voice of the Arab World

Arab unity was proved when de Gaulle's cops pinched El Khoury. Every Arab leader in the Middle East howled with indignation. In faraway Cairo, King Farouk protested. So did Premier Nahas Pasha. So did nightgowned Arabs whom no one had suspected of any political consciousness. They swirled through Cairo's streets shouting "Down with de Gaulle."

But of all the voices raised in protest, none carried such weight as that of Sheik Mustapha El Maraghi. The Sheik is a quiet, taut little man of seventy, with an ascetic face, a noble white beard, and the sparkling, restless eyes of a bird of prey. He has a well-modulated voice and an unctuous manner. To Main Street eyes, Sheik El Maraghi, in his long-sleeved, ankle-length purple silk robes worn under tight-waisted, double-breasted black broadcloth overcoats, looks as ludicrous as a man wearing a chesterfield over a nightgown. But there's nothing ludicrous about the Sheik. He is one of the unfunniest men in the world.

Sheik El Maraghi is the Arab archpriest of nationalism and the godhead, therefore, of one of the strongest of man's emotions—love of country. He is the most powerful single leader of the reborn movement for Arab independence. Nor is his influence limited to the Middle East, for the Sheik is a Moslem as well as an Arab, and, as such, his influence extends into India, where a vast minority of sixty million cry epithets against the British and demand Pakistan, the division of India into separate states, including, of course, one for the Moslems. And if this is a war to end all wars, neither the Sheik nor three hundred million Moslems have heard about it.

The Sheik's influence is exercised through El Azhar and is overwhelming. Almost any Arab chieftain can raise enough riflemen to attack a Jewish village or a British outpost. One or two, like King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia and Farouk of Egypt can raise small armies; and in Iraq, in the critical spring of 1941, Rashid Ali El Gaillani was powerful enough to start a revolution at Berlin's request.

But El Maraghi is far more powerful than any of these. He deals not in guns but in ideas. In El Azhar, he trains the priests who preach independence throughout the Moslem world.

To his university in Cairo come about 1,500 students each year for a ten-year course in Arabic grammar, rhetoric, literature, mathematics, logic and history. They come from French and Spanish Morocco, Libya, Algeria, Tunisia, Egypt, Palestine, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia and the Yemen. These comprise the lands of the Arab world proper. Students also come from China and India, and before the war they came from as far away as Japan and the Philippines.

If the priests' studies were limited to Koranic culture and the Mohammedan religion, the chances for permanent peace in the Middle and Far East might be rather good. But reading and writing, arithmetic and the tenets of the Koran aren't the only things the seminarists learn at El Azhar. Before them is held, for ten years, the dream of a reborn Arabia Felix—Happy Arabia—ruled and administered by Arabs for Arabs and dedicated to the greater glory of Mohammed.

Here they become imbued with the messianic spirit of Mohammed, who one morning announced to his wives that he was the voice of God on earth, and thereafter based his every action on this belief. El Azhar, which for 1,000 years has resisted all efforts at reform, is theologically fundamentalist and prides itself on its nationalistic politics. El Azhar hates Jews.

Although Arab peasants and workers get along well enough with the Jews in spite of religious differences, Arab politicians keep the Jewish issue alive out of fear. They are afraid of the Jews' prowess as farmers and craftsmen and organizers. They fear the Jews' progressiveness. They are terrorized at the possibility that the Jews, once given a homeland in Palestine, would thrive and multiply and spread into adjacent lands, and eventually become the dominant economic, political and religious force in the Middle East.

The elimination of the Jews, therefore, has become the chief aim of Arab nationalism. If a student comes to El Azhar with any kindly feelings toward Semites, these sentiments are quickly eradicated in an intensive course in racialism. Islamic tenets don't include the superman nonsense of the Nazis, but they do teach intolerance of other races and religions, and the effect is the same.

The only reason the Moslems don't constitute so great or so immediate a menace as the Nazis is that they are a backward, illiterate and unindustrialized people, weakened by disease and by centuries of foreign exploitation. For four hundred years after they passed their imperial peak, they were subjected to the rule of the corrupt Ottoman Empire, whose hold wasn't completely broken until the end of the last war.

Turkey was Germany's ally in the last war, and the Arabs helped to defeat the Turks. In payment, the Arabs got gold and independence, but not as much of the latter as had been promised. Egypt, Transjordania, Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Iran were freed in partial fulfillment of British obligations. But Great Britain was also deeply obliged to a certain scientist named Chaim Weizmann, who invented TNT and helped Great Britain and the Allies win the last war.

Chaim Weizmann was a Jew with a dream. He might have had millions, a title and a seat in the House of Lords for his labors. He wanted, instead, a homeland for his people. His wish was granted in the ambiguous Balfour Declaration, which established the principle that Jews should have a national home in Palestine. The migration of Jews to the Promised Land began.

From a few thousand, the Jews in Palestine grew in numbers until they reached a total of nearly half a million. They bought land from Arabs at high prices and paid in gold. As their numbers increased, the Arab protest swelled until the Colonial Office in London was obliged to heed, or be confronted with rebellions similar to the one Rashid Ali had so inconveniently staged. Britain was dangerously near to losing the war in those days before American production got into stride. She couldn't afford rebellions, for rebellions required troops to suppress, and Britain didn't have them. So the British chose appeasement.

In London, the Colonial Office's ear-to-the-ground department took steps. On May 29, 1941, while British lives were being sacrificed in defense of Egypt in the Western Desert and to liberate Lebanon and Syria in the Levant, Anthony Eden made a statement that (a) practically canceled the Balfour Declaration which opened Palestine to the Jews, and (b) gave the Arabs a basis for more vigorous political action toward fulfillment of their nationalist and anti-Semitic aspirations.

Support for Arab Independence

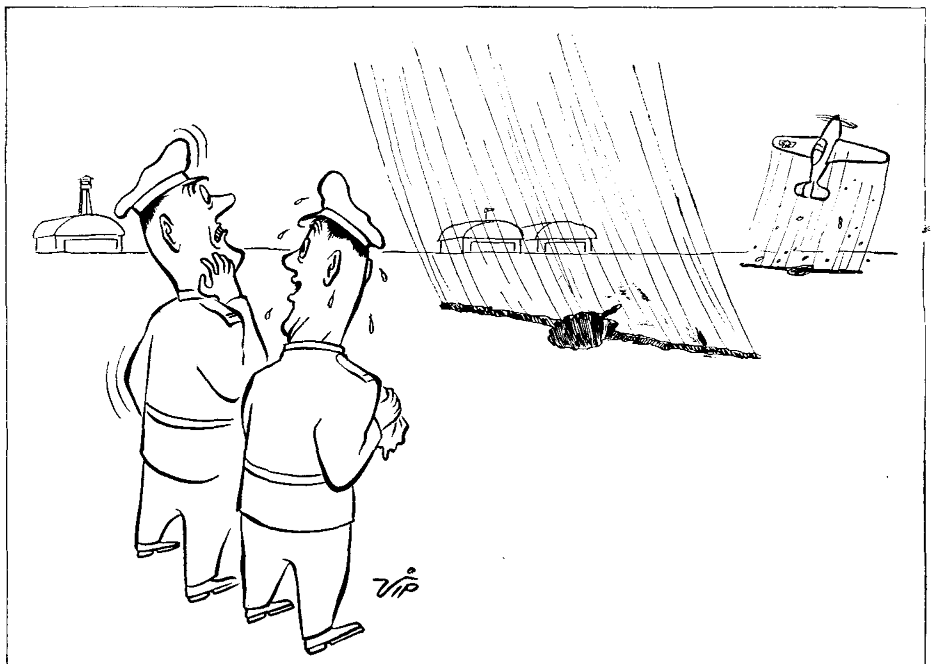
Eden said: "This country has a long tradition of friendship with the Arabs. We have countless well-wishers among them, as they have many friends here. Some days ago I *said that His Majesty's government have* great sympathy with Syrian aspirations for independence. But I would go further.

"Many Arab thinkers desire for the Arab peoples a greater degree of unity than they now enjoy. In reaching out for this unity, they hope for our support. No such appeal from our friends should go unanswered. It seems to me both natural and right that the cultural and economic ties between Arab countries and the political ties, too, should be strengthened. His Majesty's government will give their full support to any scheme that commands general approval."

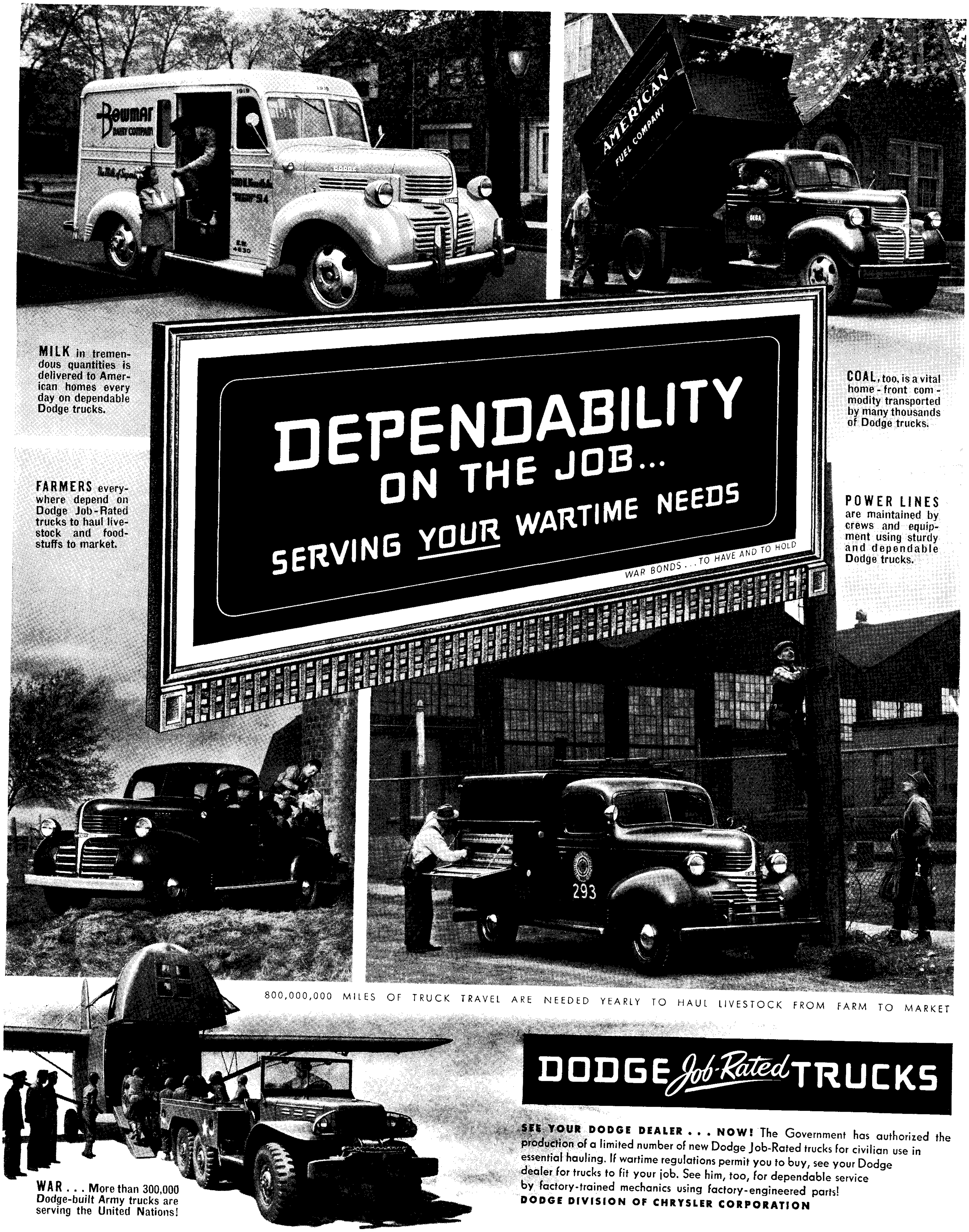
Immediately El Maraghi, Saudi Arabia's King Ibn Saud, Farouk and every politician in the Middle East got to work. Cairo's hotels were filled with sheiks, pashas and princes, gathering to marshal that "general approval" Eden talked about.

The Arabs cleverly changed their strategy from anti-Semitism to Arab Federation. If they got their federation, they could eliminate the Jews very nicely without incurring the resistance of pro-Jewish America and the liberal, idealistic elements in England.

To the assembled Arab dignitaries, Nahas Pasha, Egypt's ambitious, wall-eyed prime minister and one of the slickest politicians in the Middle East, said: "Events are moving swiftly in the world—we must be united; otherwise, we may sink." The tentative federation plan, worked out in conferences in Cairo and Alexandria, makes very certain



COLLIER'S "Boy! I was worried there for a moment!" VIRGIL PARTCH


DEPENDABILITY
ON THE JOB...
SERVING YOUR WARTIME NEEDS
WAR BONDS ... TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
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293

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SEE YOUR DODGE DEALER . . . NOW! The Government has authorized the production of a limited number of new Dodge Job-Rated trucks for civilian use in essential hauling. If wartime regulations permit you to buy, see your Dodge dealer for trucks to fit your job. See him, too, for dependable service by factory-trained mechanics using factory-engineered parts!

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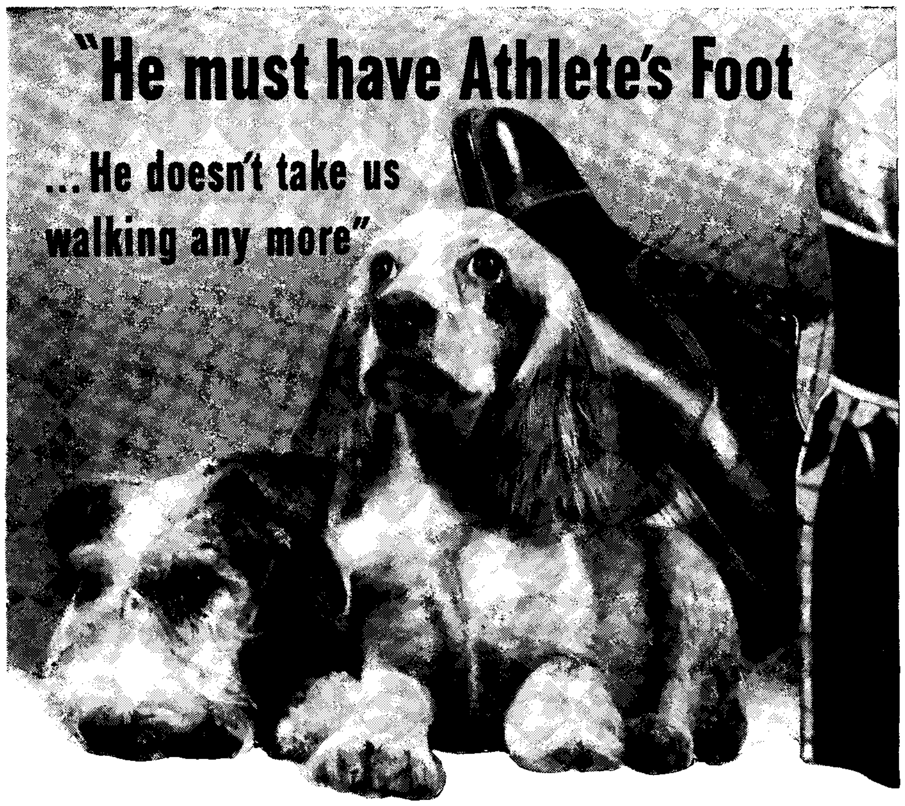
"He must have Athlete's Foot
... He doesn't take us walking any more"

What Athlete's Foot is

Athlete's Foot is a skin infection caused by micro-organisms which thrive in the presence of dead skin and excessive perspiration between your toes. It produces a severe irritation often followed by splitting of the skin.

How you may get it

The micro-organisms which cause Athlete's Foot are carried through the air—are present on most feet at one time or another. They are also found on bath mats, in swimming pools, on floors and floor coverings. Thus you see it's almost impossible for you to avoid the risk of exposure to Athlete's Foot.

How you can tell if you have it

Before you go to bed tonight, look between your toes. Spread them apart carefully. Is the skin moist and cracked, tender and inflamed? Is itching present? Such symptoms usually indicate you have Athlete's Foot.

What you can do about it

Drench the cracked skin between your toes with Absorbine Jr. full strength—night and morning. Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

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3. It dries the skin between the toes.
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Also brings quick relief for sore, aching muscles, tired burning feet and sunburn.

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that the Arabs won't sink. It will be the Jews who will do that. Thus, preliminary plans have been laid for what will probably be Europe's first postwar headache.

Here's what the Arab leaders have cooked up: A big federation to include Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Iran; a smaller federation to consist of Palestine, Lebanon, Transjordania and Syria. In such an arrangement, the half million Jews in Palestine would be vastly outnumbered by seven million Arabs. The Jews would have little or no voice in the affairs of the Middle East, although they built Palestine up to its present affluence, while the Arabs have contributed little in the last thousand years to progress and even less to the war against the Axis.

For Germany's "Colonel Lawrence," Doctor Hans Grobba, had done his work well in the Middle East and, when war came, most Arab countries—with the exception of Saudi Arabia and, perhaps, insignificant Transjordania—were more disposed to do business with Adolf than with the Allies.

Even Egypt's contribution to the war has been microscopic, and the country has, in fact, made money out of being a sort of rented battlefield. Grobba bought Rashid Ali in Iraq and he bought Sheik Amin El Husseini, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. The Mufti, a penguinesque man with a sharp nose, had declared a holy war against the Jews, which ended only when the bigger war began. It waits now only to be resumed. The Mufti fled to Berlin with, the Arabs say, the co-operation of the British, who were afraid they might have to execute him and thus create an Arab martyr.

Though Britain's fear of Arab rebellions has lessened since Eden's 1941 speech, appeasement of the Arabs at the Jews' expense has continued and recently reached a new high when Palestine was closed to Jewish immigration. There was good reason for this: The Arabs have the oil—an estimated one third of the visible world supply.

Britain is pledged by the terms of the Atlantic Charter to give the Arabs independence. Although they vigorously deny any ulterior purpose, that independence will eventually mean a free Lebanon and a free Syria. Both have plenty of oil, both have been part of France's empire for a quarter of a century. Whether France will relinquish its hold in the Levant when the war is over is one of the momentous questions that will need to be settled at the peace conference.

In any event, America's pipe-line scheme isn't just a simple business deal. It involves negotiations with characters like Nahas Pasha, who admits he wants to be the Arab world's delegate to the peace conference, and like the sincere but fanatically ruthless Sheik El Maraghi. It will place us neck-deep in a subsurface struggle between Britain and France over the balance of power in the Mediterranean, in the age-old conflict between Jews and Arabs in Palestine, and in squabbles among the Arabs themselves.

We need the pipe line. Secretary of the Interior Ickes, General Marshall and the Secretary of the Navy agree on that. But to obtain it, we will need to take sides and play the game to the hilt.

THE END

Where Songs Come From

Continued from page 47

Go Home and Tell Your Mother. There were more movie chores and then, in 1934, McHugh went back to New York to do a Riviera Revue for Ben Marden. He was listening one night to a sustaining program on the air and heard something called the Dorsey Brothers Band. This band he hired for the revue at $1,400 a week.

It included Glenn Miller, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Ray McKinley and Bob Crosby. What they may be worth as a band today, no one knows.

Writing songs for films is not the sanest part of the business. Occasionally song writers get a script, or employ spies to find out what the picture is about; once in a while, they know what stars they're writing for. But more often than not, a producer wants some songs for an idea he has: "Well, this young executive meets this girl in Mexico and then he gets shipped to Iceland, and she winds up in North Africa . . ."

So the writer hopefully goes ahead with a few numbers about Mexico, Iceland, North Africa and young executives—and discovers, when the script arrives, that it is about two collies and all the action takes place in Pierre, South Dakota. So he gives up and writes nine more numbers on the general theme of I Love You. Anyone can sing that sort of song.

Music is a Serious Business

In the screwball world of song writing, where sanity is a curiosity, Doctor McHugh is the Great Enigma. He is solid, respectable, and views his work with seriousness, in contrast with some of the bright young college boys, who write with tongue in cheek. Jimmie was one of the founders of St. Malachy's, the actors' church in New York; every Sunday he passes the plate at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills and is known far and wide as the Bishop of Beverly.

He lives with his mother, who sings all his songs and still gives him a moral rap over the knuckles if a tune he's picking out sounds reminiscent of Puccini, Jimmie's favorite composer. He invents a lot of tunes on a gray modernistic upright piano George Gershwin gave him; mixes around with kids to keep hep to the latest jive talk; and, when he can, squirrels away tune and title ideas against the day when a producer will suddenly want a musical-comedy score in ten hours. When he can, McHugh likes to sit down with a singer and work out tunes that way. This fits the song to the singer.

Song writers have their pet peeves. McHugh's is the wandering camera that often gets into movie song sequences. The singer starts singing the song and then the camera goes helling off around the cabaret or front parlor, leaving the voice coming out of nowhere and the audience's attention concentrated on anything but the song. If Jimmie had his way, he'd have singers and cameras wired to the floor from start to finish.

There are few good songs in this war, Doctor McHugh thinks, because the fight seems to have no clear objective. Marching Through Georgia had a simple definite theme. So did Goodby Broadway, Hello France. But no one wants to sing something about Marching Through Western Assam, or Goodby Broadway, Hello Eniwetok. Over There has lost its meaning because it might mean forty-five places instead of one.

There is one master rule about writing songs, and Jimmie and his present teammate, Harold Adamson, follow it. It is: There are no rules. Adamson is a New York boy who went to Harvard and got his start writing shows for the Hasty Pudding Club. Sometimes Adamson's words are fitted into a tune; sometimes it's vice versa. Jimmie himself thinks up what is known as "the front phrase" more often than not. This is the phrase that a few people will remember is only part of the chorus, and most people will remember to the exclusion of everything else.

With most songs, the verse doesn't matter. It is something put together in ten minutes after the chorus and music have been worked out and fitted together. Very few people ever sing it, and the same verse might be used over and over again without anyone being much the wiser. An exception comes in folk songs, some of which are all verses and no chorus. Even all of a chorus isn't usually remembered—only the first eight or sixteen measures.

Doctor McHugh is at present writing songs for Carmen Miranda and others in Twentieth Century-Fox's Something for the Boys; the recent Four Jills in a Jeep had half a dozen of his melodies to keep it going. A placid, easygoing person, Jimmie has yet to feel any urge to revolt against the I Love You tradition. The last revolt, he remembers, was 'way back in the twenties when a rebellious tunemaker—Will Mahoney, vaudeville and musical-comedy star—went berserk and produced a rebel yell for himself.

This simple little rule-buster, all modern composers remember, is practically forgotten today.

It was titled: I Love Me.

THE END

Goose Feathers

Continued from page 48

said. "What do you want with 'em?"

"I've come to see what you'll take for the lot of 'em."

"Why? What you aimin' to do with 'em?" she asked, and took the pipe out of her mouth and put it in the slit pocket of her Mother Hubbard.

"To tell the truth I'm plannin' to kill 'em," Pa said.

You should have heard her then. She left off churning and got to her feet, put her big arms akimbo and read Pa the riot act.

No, she wouldn't sell her geese, not for any price. She'd got 'em to raise feathers to make feather beds, and to eat, a few of 'em, when winter came. And the country was free for geese to roam, and what were all our children for but to keep 'em out of our patches! And if she ever heard tell of any of us doing anything to them—and all this and all that! Pa couldn't get in an edgewise word.

Then she started in on the Carters and about our taking up with them, like we had, and Alec Carter coming to see our Molly, and how she and hers would have no truck with people that took to the likes of them. When at last she stopped for breath, Pa said, "Bud or Young Bud about?"

"No, they're not," she said, "and lucky thing for you they ain't."

Pa gave her a long look, being as she was a woman and he couldn't thrash her, and turned on his heel, and went.

She was awful worked up, and stood mumbling. With Pa gone, I thought to be scared for myself, and turned tail and scooted down toward the draw, the way I'd come.

Scared as I was of Mrs. Bollen, hollering at Pa like she did, I couldn't forget how good she'd been to us, the summer before, and the fall and winter through, the taffy she'd make when we were all up at their house, the corncob dolls she'd contrive for us with cornsilk braids, the songs she'd sing and the tales she'd tell. I missed her as much as I missed Sally and Tildy and Young Bud, and I wished it was somebody else she was mad at and not us.

Pa said nothing at all at home of the words he'd had with Mrs. Bud Bollen. He did say, at table that noon, that we were not to forget how good neighbors they'd been for so long a time, and that we were to keep a close watch on the geese and keep them out of the corn and garden patches.

We young'uns took our grudge out on Alec Carter and we made his courting hard.

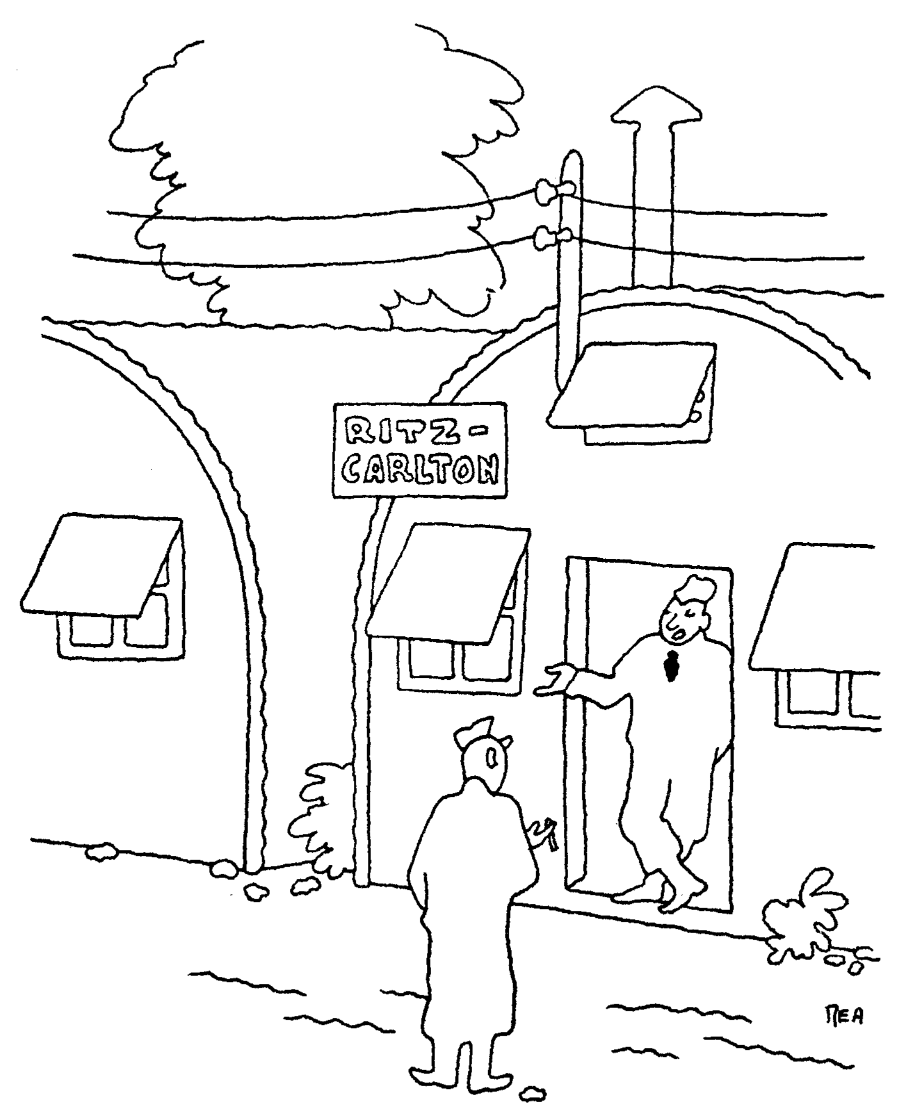
How much Molly missed Young Bud there was no telling nor any way to measure. She was quiet. But she had a way, when Alec Carter or any of the other young men that came to see her were there, of listening and of looking up, quick, at the door, if there were steps on the path or the porch.

Rachel and I, down by the corn patch and the garden, watching the geese away, would talk about the Bollens and wish something would happen to get them over their mad. We wanted, the worst way, to be made up with them before frost came and school began. It wouldn't be the same at all, going to school and not playing with and eating our school dinners with the Bollen girls.

THE summer wore on, and along in the fall Pa an' Ma took the two least ones and Molly and went to visit our Uncle George and Aunt Lizzie and left us five middling ones at home. We children were going to do for ourselves while the folks were away. Ma and Molly left bread and beans baked and other victuals ready and we could make out all right.

The afternoon the folks were to come back, the two older boys set out to do some hunting and left Will to stay by the place with us little girls. We girls were to watch the geese from the tomatoes and to have supper started when the folks got home.

The big boys hadn't been gone long when Rachel and I started down to the garden patch. From our lane we saw the two little Bollen girls over in their pasture. They were coming down the slope, headed for our wood lot to look for persimmons, for it had frosted a little in the night. When they caught sight



"Sorry, buddy, this is the Ritz. The Racquet Club's three huts down"

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That all-important letter torn?
You feel you're in a scrape?
Don't worry-you can save the day-
Just use some Texcel Tape!

A chart to do? In yellows, greens
And reds and blacks and blues?
Use Texcel Tape in place of ink-
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A thousand office uses all
Commend this tape to you.
In fact, there's just no end of things
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of us they pretended to be looking for something, along beside the path, and then turned and went toward home, giving us the backs of their bonnets again, with never so much as a wave—and school only days away.

BUT there wasn't time for watching the Bollen girls snub us. Their geese were coming, and not toward our garden patches, that time, but right up our lane, toward our house! The whole flock of them were walking up toward us, like an army, the old gander well out ahead, and never had he looked bigger or meaner. We ran at them, Rachel and I did, Rachel a little ahead of me, ran waving our bonnets, for we hadn't our switches along, and yelling, "Getcha gone! Getcha gone!" But the gander kept right on coming and so did all the rest of them. They'd grown twice the size they'd been in the spring, or so it looked to me, seeing them there in our lane.

The old gander, all at once, stopped hollering and honking and started in to hiss, snaked out his long old neck, and made a run at Rachel, and nipped her on the bare leg, nipped her so hard he drew blood. She screamed and waved her bonnet, but at the sight of the gander going at her, like that, the geese all seemed to lose their minds and went for Rachel, flapping their big wings and hissing, and it was a fearsome thing to see. Seeing them coming at Rachel like that, I saw with half a chance they'd get her down, and I cast about to find something to go after them with, and there, to hand, was a shinny club the boys had been batting hedge balls with. I grabbed it up and waded into those geese, yelling, "Getcha gone, you," and they fell back, all but the gander and he was making another run at Rachel, his head thrust out and his big wings a-flailin'. I waited for him and was ready, and when he got near enough, I swung. I caught him on the side of the head and he went down with a thump.

The geese were all yelling. Rachel looked at me and then at the gander, and she was a sight, her leg all over blood, and her eyes big as saucers.

"Humph," I said, with satisfaction. "Guess he won't be hissin' or bitin' again for a while." I looked calculatingly at the rest of them, the shinny club in my two hands.

"You *killed* him!" Rachel shrieked, over the clatter the geese were making. "He's dead!" and she poked him, with her bare foot.

It came over me then that I really had done just what she'd said. I'd killed the Bollen gander.

"So I did," I said, just as though I wasn't as surprised as she, "and I guess now I'll kill me a few more!"

They'd backed off, a little, when the gander went down, but they hadn't stopped hollering, and now they started hissing, the lot of them, and came for us.

"Run!" I said to Rachel, and I started swinging. All the hate I'd stored up the spring and summer long was let loose, and I did a good job on those geese. They'd come at me, hollering and hissing, and I'd swing my club and down they'd go—dead geese.

RACHEL came running back, with another shinny club, to help me. Will had gone to feed the calf but he came running, at all the racket, and when he saw Rachel's bloody shins, and what we were about, he tore back to the house and fetched his own shinny club that he'd hid under the steps, because it was such a good one, and lit in.

The geese we'd not got around to yet began to sense that wasn't such a good place to wander, and turned about, and we were following them, down the lane. Rachel ran to head them off. Then we saw the big boys coming. There wasn't anything to do but let them come on, and see the carnage, and then stand and face it out. I wondered whether they'd lick the three of us, then and there, or wait for Pa to come home and then see that we caught it.

John and Horace took it all in at a glance, just like Will had. They waved their squirrels and started driving the geese back toward us. We set in again, with our clubs, and the big boys *helped* us. It was an awful thing for five young 'uns to do but we did it. When the last one of the flock stopped kicking and we were all standing around, leaning on our clubs and breathing hard, John asked, "Who started this, anyhow?"

"I did," I said. "The gander nipped Rachel and I broke his neck and then they all came for us, and I beat the first ones off and killed 'em, and then Rachel and Will came and helped and I thought we might as well kill the rest of them, and we did."

"What d'you think you're going to do with

Laundry Solution:

CUSTOMERS WASH THEIR OWN

RALPH CRANE-BLACK STAR

Hopping off the streetcar on which she is conductor, Mrs. Inez Willmore (left) stuffs her clothes into a washer. In center photo Sgt. W. A. Haigh, who has thrice been overseas to fight, sorts clothes. At right he reads to son Michael while washer goes round

MRS. HAZEL HART of San Diego, California, has found a solution to that city's laundry woes: She lets her customers do their own washing while they shop, read, write letters or merely sit around and chat.

Begun in February of this year, the laundry's new self-help service is now being utilized by approximately 100 persons a week from San Diego and Ocean Beach. All customers are taken by appointment and they are asked to get to the plant a few minutes ahead of time to sort out their clothes, since only the time the automatic washing machines are in use is counted. In case a woman is unable to keep her appointment, due to inclement weather, she must wait until the same time the following week before she is taken.

Water softener and soap are provided by the management, but anyone may bring her own soap if she prefers to do so. Each customer puts her clothes in the washer, adjusts the gadget for lukewarm, hot or cold water (depending on the work desired) and while the machine washes, rinses and damp dries the clothes, she may sit in a comfortable easy chair along one side of the room and read magazines, go home to wait or go to the near-by shopping section to buy her groceries.

A half-hour is required for the machine operation, but if she does not return at the specified time, Mrs. Hart takes the clothes out of the washer and bundles them. The clothes then need only to be taken home to be hung, and if the customer has no clothesline at home, she may hang them at the plant, included in the service. There is one city block of lines in the back of the plant, and clothes are quickly dried by the cool winds from the canyons.

Mrs. Hart, in the laundry business since 1939, has three types of service: her own rough dry-finish service which is done every morning; the help-yourself personal service, done between the hours of noon and 8 P.M.; and a diaper service, which is done on the same principle as the personal service. One husband, whose wife recently had a baby, came to the laundry four times a week to wash baby clothes and diapers.

Many of the persons use every minute of the time spent at the plant. While the washer cleans his baby's clothes every Tuesday and Friday, one man brings his books with him and studies on those two days. A woman—a nurse's aide and an excellent housewife—spends her time at the laundry, working on the book she hopes to have published some day. Another woman writes letters. She says that is the only time she can spare.

Dirty clothes are brought in every vehicle possible, by car, by baby carriage, streetcar, bus and taxi. A woman who has two youngsters usually trundles the babies and the laundry to the plant, leaves the clothes and continues to the stores to do her shopping. Another woman, a streetcar conductor, puts her clothes in the washer as she passes the plant and comes back in a half-hour to hang up the clothes.

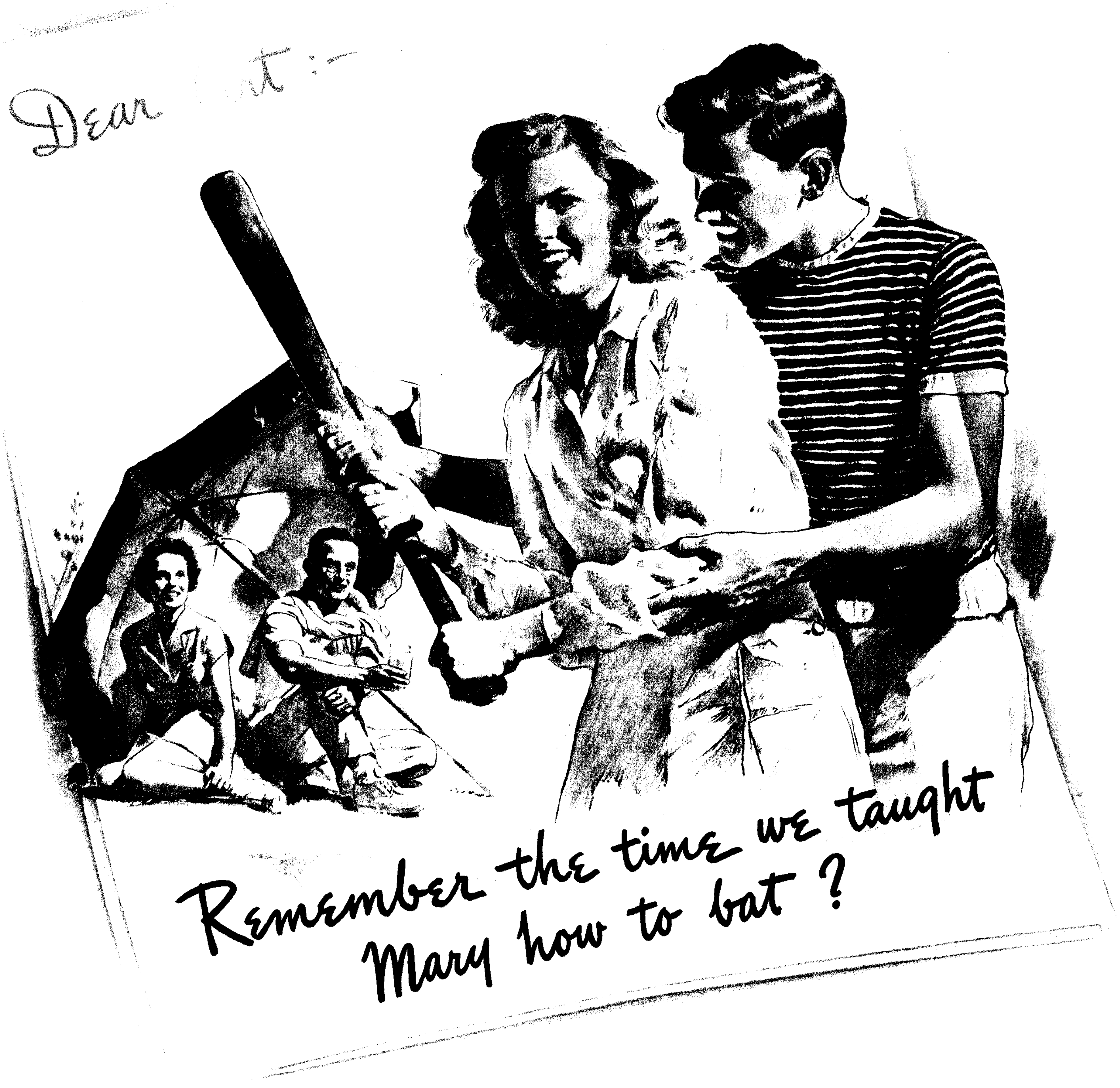
Mrs. Hart is trying to make her laundry more than just a place where clothes are washed and dried. She and her husband, Clyde, a disabled Navy man, keep several scrapbooks filled with clippings of weddings, engagements, births, news items, and other material about their clients. Also in the scrapbooks are love letters and poetry found in clothes.

They try to return everything, no matter how trivial, but when it is impossible to do so, they keep it, hoping it will be claimed later.

Then, too, Mrs. Hart types a weekly bulletin which she clips in her guest book that all customers are asked to sign. In the bulletin she advertises, free of charge, of course, for stoves, refrigerators, ranges and water heaters, and for homes for those customers who are suffering from San Diego's boom. Also, there are cooking helps for newlyweds and gardening hints.

Her plant serves as a salvage center for magazines, which are sent to the USO, hospitals and poor homes, and salable clothes which are given to rummage sales held by the American Legion.

Even though the laundry has more than 100 clients a week, Mrs. Hart has visions of a bigger, better service, providing that she can beg or buy more automatic washers. She has advertised in the West Coast papers to no avail, so now she is concentrating on the Middle West. Some day, maybe in the not too distant future, she hopes to have half a dozen women at the plant at the same time, so that they can help newcomers to operate the machines and, at the same time, talk about their children, new recipes or the latest books. . . . JESSIE GNARRA


Dear :—
Remember the time we taught Mary how to bat?

In bunks below deck, in foxholes, waiting to take off on bombing missions—these are the things he thinks about . . .

"Remember the time we taught Mary to bat?" "Sure could go for one of Mom's bean suppers!" "Is my hammock still in the orchard?"

"Little" things?. . . Certainly. But to him these things loom big. They stand for home . . . for family life. In a sense, these little things are what he is fighting for.

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

Wholesome and satisfying, how good it is —as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Men of the U. S. Marine Corps say letters keep up morale . . . Write that V-Mail letter today.

Morale is a lot of little things

Brewing Industry Foundation

In any event wire Flowers
Arriving Thursday Love Bill
Willard Downes

If you're delayed a day or two you'll soften her disappointment if you wire flowers. In fact, on any occasion, flowers say things for you in a way people never forget. Flowers boost morale too, so—

In Any Event Wire Flowers.

Through pooling delivery facilities, FTD Florists are conserving manpower.

In any event wire Flowers

THIS SEAL is your Guarantee of Quality and Dependability

This FTD Seal is your assurance that when you send flowers by wire you'll get full value because all FTD members are bonded for your protection. All florists are not FTD Florists, so always look for the FTD Seal on the window. Write Direct to Headquarters.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 E. Grand Blvd. • Detroit, Michigan
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

'em?" Horace asked, and grinned down into my sweat-streaked face.

"Law, I don't know," I said. "What shall we do?"

"Can't leave 'em here, that's a cinch," John said, looking around on the dead birds and feathers.

Just then we saw a team and wagon on the hill over toward the Downings', and right away we heard Pa singing out Beulah Land.

John and Horace started grabbing geese by their broken necks and heaving them over the lane fence into the hedgerow. Will and I climbed the fence and started toting them behind a big old log Pa had cut down to hollow out for a pig trough. Rachel grabbed her bonnet and started in a-swooshing feathers off the lane and into the dry grass and brush on either side. Things were pretty well cleared up by the time the folks came up out of the draw and turned into the lane. How they missed seeing the feathers that were still about, I don't know.

RIGHT after we'd finished with squirrel pie, we said we wanted to go down and play a while in the draw. It was just dusk and we lit into gathering dead geese and piling them at the foot of the old lightning-oak stump. I was thankful we'd never got a new dog, after ours had strayed in the winter.

Then the big boys came and John took over. "We'll throw them down in the old hollow stump," he said. It wasn't easy to climb, that stump. John, who was long-leggedest, stood on the other boys' shoulders and got up and straddled the stump rim. "Now fork 'em up," he said, "and I'll drop 'em down!"

Then there was a crackle of weeds, and there stood—not Pa, as we feared—but Molly. I couldn't help but think, relieved as I was to see it was just her, how pretty she looked in the moonlight.

"Whatever you doing?" she asked, and then she *saw,* and said, "Not like *that.* Not and waste all those good goose feathers!" She spoke like Ma or any other grown-up woman.

"We had to kill 'em," I said. "Leastwise I had to fight and kill the gander and the uppitiest of them."

"Wait!" she said. "Don't throw any more down, yet," and she went around the other side of the lightning stump and slipped out of her drawers and came back with them in her hands and sat down at the foot of the tree, there in the moonlight, and tied knots in the leg-ends of them and reached for a goose and began a-plucking. And as fast as she plucked she stuffed the feathers into the poke she'd made of her drawers.

A pair of drawers in those days was a shin-length and fulsome garment with knitlace edge on the legs and a drawstring in the top, and would hold a deal of feathers.

"Help pluck 'em," she said to Rachel, Will and me, and the four of us plucked and Horace handed up the plucked geese to John and he dropped them down the stump hole. We worked like mad. The moon was all but day-bright and we were scared every minute Pa would come looking for us to call us in for prayer and Scripture, and to get our feet washed and up to the loft to bed.

"What you going to do with them, Molly?" John asked, from his perch. "Make you a feather bed against marryin' Alec Carter, or somebody?"

Molly ducked her head, like she would when the boys said something to set her blushing, and said, "Waste is sin," and kept right on plucking.

Then John, from up there, said, "Shut up and lie down flat. Somebody's coming!" and dropped down from the stump. We lay flat and listened and watched, quiet as possums, and then, through the gaps in the hedgerow, we saw the Bollens, Missus and Mister and the two little girls, coming up our lane, toward our house.

"Now we're in for it!" Will said.

"Where do you suppose Young Bud is?" Horace asked. "He ain't coming along with 'em."

Then we saw the spread of light from the kitchen door, and right after, Pa came out on the step and called us.

"You all go on," Molly said. "John and I will stay and finish as best we can. Don't tell no lies, but hold off from tellin', if you can."

"Where's John and Molly?" Pa asked, when we came in.

"They're coming directly," I said.

The Bollens were standing in a row, not sitting, in our house. Little Sally couldn't keep back a smile, she was so glad to see us girls, close up.

"We was playing, down in the draw," I said.

"What was you playin'?" Sally couldn't help from asking.

"Fox and geese," I said.

At that Rachel put her hands over her mouth, it being long before snow time for playing that game, and the word "geese" ticklin' her funny bone.

At that Mrs. Bollen grabbed her, and hoisted her up and stood her on the table, full in the candlelight, and said, "So you've not seen my geese, eh? Well, what do you call that, on this young'un's dress? That's goose down, or I never saw any. You've plucked my geese!"

There it was, goose down, all over the front of Rachel's dress and all over the front of mine, too.

She shook Rachel by the arms and scared her worse'n the old gander had. I couldn't hold it against her, little as she was, and big as Mrs. Bud Bollen was, and scarey, too, for laying blame, when Rachel said, "Molly told us to!"

"Molly?" Pa said, taken aback. "Call her, Horace!" Then, "What's the straight of this?" he asked, and turned to me, and with Will nodding to me, to go ahead and tell it, I said, "That's right, Pa. We plucked 'em. First we killed 'em. The gander came at Rachel and nipped her, drawin' blood, and then the rest came at us, and I lit into 'em with a shinny club, and we all lit in, there in the lane, waded in amongst 'em, and killed 'em, every one. That was just before you folks came home. We hid 'em—threw 'em in the hedgerow—and tonight we plucked 'em."

Molly and John had come in while I was telling it and, right after, Young Bud Bollen came sidling in, and if he knocked first nobody heard him. And he didn't go stand by his folks. He stood there by the door, and I think, at first, his ma didn't see him.

John came and stood by me, and said, "That's right, Pa. We were to blame, but if we had it to do over again, I guess we'd do it."

Molly was looking at Bud and he was looking back at her with the look people have when they've come to a good spring and are dipping themselves a drink, after walking a long ways in the sun.

Mrs. Bollen started in again, then, and said to our Molly, "So you plucked my geese, did you? Well, go and fetch the feathers. I didn't raise a flock of geese to make bedding for any Carter's beds! Bring me my feathers, since you can't bring back my geese! Feathers is for womenfolks and I'll have 'em back, and right now! But this killing and stealing is a thing for *menfolks* to settle," and she looked at Big Bud Bollen.

I knew by what she said she meant we were really feuding, that, to satisfy her, Pa and Big Bud Bollen would have to shoot it out, and then Young Bud and John, sometime, and that we would be forever laying for the Bollens, and they for us. It made me heartsick to hear it.

Then Pa said, "If you want to fight, Bud, I'll fight, with my two fists, but I'll not be egged into a shooting by your woman." He stepped over by Molly. "My young'uns did wrong to kill and pluck your geese and they'll get what-for for it, but that's not saying I don't understand how they were plagued into doing it. I'll pay you back, money as best I can, and the rest in day labor. And I don't forget the neighbors you've been to us, in the beginning and on through the winter. Molly, go fetch those feathers!"

Molly gasped and took two obedient steps toward the door, and turned back and said, "Pa, I *can't!*"

"Why can't you?" Pa asked.

"I just can't," she said. We young'uns all knew, then, why she couldn't. Wherever she'd hid 'em, they were in the poke she'd made of her drawers, lacking anything better to put them in, or time to run up to the house and fetch a real poke.

"Where are they?" Pa asked.

Molly kind of shook her head, in pure misery, and said, for we had to answer when Pa spoke, "Under the steps."

"Get 'em!" Pa said again.

"Yes, get 'em," Mrs. Bollen said.

Then Young Bud Bollen, who'd not taken his eyes off of Molly, spoke up and said, "Molly, don't you go get them feathers if you don't want to."

Ma Bollen swung round and looked at him and said, "Well, where'd you come from? You was off someplace a-moonin' and wasn't home to come down here with us— You keep out of this, now!

"Fetch those feathers, girl!"

WE WERE all feeling for our Molly. I wondered if, after they made her come carrying in that pokeful of feathers and saw what the poke really was, she'd ever be able to live it down, or if nobody'd ever have her and she'd die an old maid, shamed for the rest of her life.

Young Bud stepped over by her and said, "Molly, don't be mad at me. I was down there in the wood lot. I saw—I saw you pluckin' the geese. Don't you mind 'em if you ain't a-mind to."

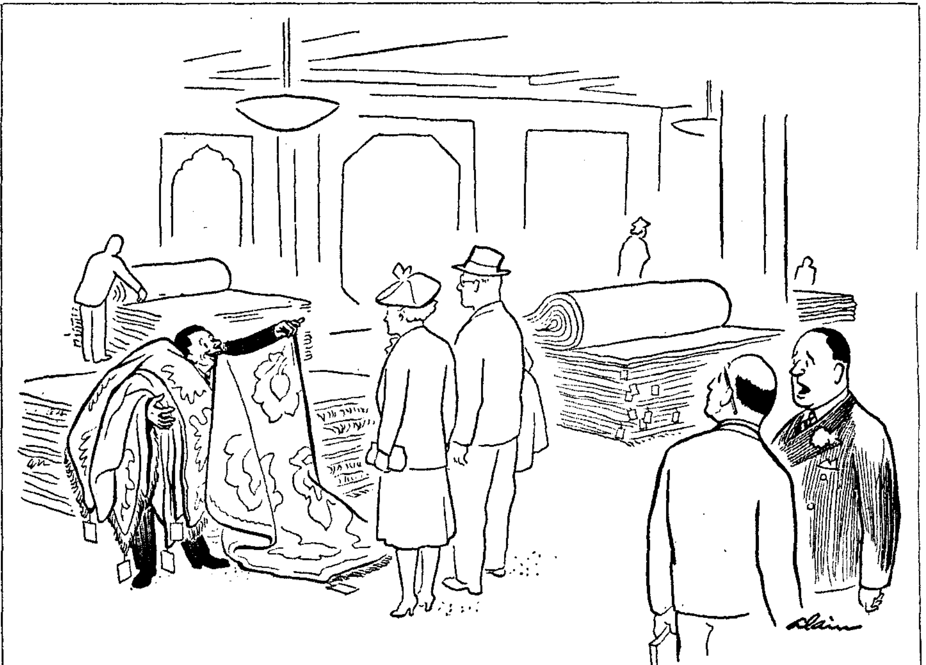
"You saw—" Molly said, and put her hands over her face, and stepped out on the porch. The wood lot was on the far side of the oak stump. Poor Molly!

She got down and pulled the poke from under the steps and somehow contrived to hold it behind her, and came in the door, her head hung down and her cheek that was red as fire pressed to her braid.

"Give 'em here, girl—give me my feathers," Mrs. Bollen said.

Then Young Bud said, to his ma, and his voice was loud in our house, "You make her give you that poke and I'll never set foot in your house, again, in my life, Ma Bollen. I mean it."

Young Bud Bollen was the apple of his ma's eye, and of his pa's, as well. He was the only man child they had.



"Caldwell is a discharged veteran with service in North Africa"

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

"Back out with it," Bud said to Molly, and his voice was kinder but just as firm. "Back out the door again, Molly, and keep a'goin'. I'll come after, and stand by ya."

"She'll do no such a thing!" Ma Bollen said. 'Twas plain she was scared to death of seeing her boy turn from her, like that, to look after a neighbor girl. But she couldn't bear either his besting her before us all. She reached, quick, around Molly, as she was backing out the door, and grabbed for the feather poke and got it, and flung it on the floor.

There it lay, that poke, pillowed up like a balloon at a fair, with the down of her goose feathers in our Molly's lace-edged drawers. It was terrible surprising, even to us who knew what was coming.

FOR a little there wasn't a sound, not even for a breath taken. I looked from the Bollens to us and all I could see in the grown-ups' faces was pure surprise. Molly had covered her face with her hands and turned away, like she was waiting for the crack of doom. Young Bud Bollen was looking at her, his big hands held out in front of him like he was wanting to go to her and comfort her and scarcely dared to do it.

Then little Rachel, in the quiet, looked at Sally Bollen, saw the gleam in her eyes, breathed, "Let's!" and they both jumped, laughing, on that feather poke.

And when they sunk down in it, those two little old girls in the billows of those drawers, Mrs. Bud let out a roar of laughter. And then we were all laughing, but Mrs. Bud loudest of all. She laughed so hard she couldn't stand, and dropped down on a bench, and slapped her knees and rocked back and forth and that wasn't enough for her. She had to clap her feet together like she would, and yelled, between laughing, "Ain't that a sight—those drawers! Ain't that just a sight!"

But Molly and Bud weren't laughing. At the first shout, Molly had run out the door and down the steps and headed for the lane and Young Bud went after her, and I left off laughing to look and see where they'd gone, and saw he'd caught up with her by the first tree, at the gate, and had his arms around her and was holding her head against his shoulder.

"Look at Bud and Molly," Will said, and we all looked, and Mrs. Bollen wiped her laughin' tears away and said, "Well, one thing, when we have their house-raisin', I'll have furnished the feathers for their feather bed!"

She looked around on us all and it was her way of saying she was sorry for the trouble she'd brewed, and glad to be friends again, and said, "I always did like your Molly. I egged Bud on to court her, in the first place."

THE END

Sweet Smoking

Continued from page 17

a corncob pipe, and he'll immediately think of a farmer. Actually, the rustic areas form one of the least important markets. Most of the pipes are sold in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities; a lot more corncobs are smoked by city slickers than by country men. Important men smoke them, too. Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia of New York puffs a corncob, and so do General John J. Pershing, Senator Bennett Clark, H. L. Mencken, Rear Admiral Taffinder, and Joseph C. Grew, former Ambassador to Japan, who favors the "Pony," one of the Missouri Meerschaum's "ten-cent staple numbers."

International Smoke Appeal

The late Marshal Foch, who learned about corncobs from American officers during the first World War, was partial to two models—a ten-cent pipe called Fuzzy Jim, made from a large, unfinished cob, and the twenty-five-cent Fancy Grandpa, which has a four-inch bowl and a fourteen-inch curved stem. Many export markets for cob pipes have been cut off by the war, but Canada is still a large buyer, and only recently an order was received from Havana, of all places. Inquiries have been made by dealers in Mexico, Argentina and all the other Latin-American countries except Brazil, Ecuador and Nicaragua, which don't seem to care a hoot about the Missouri farmer's "sweet smoke."

The pipes are stocked by most of the canteens and post exchanges of the Red Cross, the Army and the Navy, and are sold in huge quantities to servicemen both in this country and overseas. Some of the boys seem to have found other uses for them than smoking. A soldier stationed in the South Pacific recently wrote:

"Send me another dozen pipes. I can trade one of them for a pig, a canoe or a couple of chickens. For two I can even get a wife."

You can't make a satisfactory pipe out of any old corncob—it's apt to be too small or too spongy, and will usually rot before it can be worked. Nearly all of the cobs now used come from a few varieties of large white field corn, grown in the rich bottom lands of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers from seed which has been in process of development for almost seventy years. This corn grows stalks two inches in diameter, takes 120 days to mature instead of the usual ninety, and produces ears so large that a special sheller is required to handle them. The grain is fed to hogs and cattle, but much of it is sold to hominy mills at from eight to twelve cents above the market price of the best feed corn. The cobs bring about sixty cents a hundred delivered at the pipe factory. It has been estimated that the farmer who grows the so-called "cob corn" can increase his revenue from $15 to $18 an acre.

The cobs are dried in huge piles for two years or longer, after which the graders sort them according to size and condition, discarding every cob that isn't at least one and three-fourths inches in diameter. The sawyers cut them into cylinders, getting two cylinders from most cobs and three from the longest ones, and the sections are hollowed out by means of a simple boring process. Then the cobs go to a series of lathes on which they are smoothed and the pits filled with plaster of Paris, which also forms the base of the bowl. Varnishing, sandpapering, polishing and punching for the stems follow.

The best pipestems are made of reeds from Virginia's Dismal Swamp, but these reeds are hard to get now, and most of the pipes on sale today are fitted with wooden or turned-cob stems. As a final operation, pipes which sell for more than a dime are fitted with plastic bits of imitation amber, and a connecting ferrule of metal or plastic, parts which are made by outside manufacturers.

Employment in all the pipe factories is at an all-time high, but not so many styles are being made as before the war; the catalogue of the Missouri Meerschaum Company, for example, lists only twenty models instead of the usual forty-eight.

Short Life but a Sweet One

None of the pipe manufacturers make any extravagant claims as to the durability of his product. Some men will burn up a cob pipe in two weeks, while others will enjoy them for months, and sometimes even years. A customer in Rockford, Illinois, recently returned a ten-cent pipe to the Missouri Meerschaum Company, pointed out that it was in pretty bad shape and said he thought he ought to get another one free.

"I've only used this pipe seven years," he wrote, "and it seems to me it hasn't held up so good."

The corncob pipe industry is probably unique in that it isn't making any postwar plans; all the manufacturers say they'll just keep on making and selling as many corncob pipes as they can. They hope for a larger market after the war, but they don't intend to go after it with any large advertising or promotion campaign.

"We've found," said Mr. Otto, "that a man either likes a corncob pipe or he doesn't like a corncob pipe. About the only promotion we've ever done, if you can call it promotion, is to tell the retailer to display the twenty-five-cent pipes and keep the ten-centers under the counter."

THE END

GLAMORIZE FAMILY DINNERS!

It's fun to dazzle the family with glamorous "party style" meals. Easy, too . . . with time-saving, money-saving SWIFT'S PREMIUM TABLE-READY MEATS. Just dress 'em up in ways like these . . . and hear the compliments shower down!

TONIGHT'S Party Style DINNERS—delectable Swift's Premium Bologna, New England Specialty, Braunschweiger, Salami, artistically arranged around glamorous *Carrot Flowers*. (Cut paper-thin slices of carrot in 3-inch lengths. Form 6 or 8 strips into flower shape, fasten "petals" with toothpick. Drop into ice water till "petals" curl; use ripe olives for centers.) Victory Garden bounty—green lettuce and onions—set off the beautiful, edible flowers; a hot green vegetable and creamed new potatoes round out a gala dinner.

A Party Style MEAL FOR TOMORROW. *Plan your purchase for additional slices of Swift's Premium Meats. (It simplifies shopping to buy for 2 meals at once!) Fill a big bowl with a well-seasoned salad of macaroni (or potatoes), green pepper and celery. Top with the protein-rich meats, cut in narrow strips.*

LOOK FOR THE LABEL! The name *Swift's Premium* assures you really fine Table-Ready Meats . . . blended, seasoned, and cooked with home-kitchen goodness. They're thrifty: 1¼ pounds serves 4 generously for 2 meals.

Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats

Swift's Premium Bologna and Hard Salami

Swift's Premium Braunschweiger and Cooked Specialty Meat

The Beau Catcher

BY FREDERICK LAING

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Without much urging she fastened the ribbon into her hair. "Why you look positively . . . exciting," the saleslady said

WHAT had really brought her into Waller's department store was something definitely not romantic. She had promised her mother to get herself a pair of rubbers. As she wandered through she was looking wistfully at the things she couldn't afford or wouldn't be allowed to wear. That two-piece bathing suit, for instance. Renee Weston had one like it. . . .

Renee Weston, yes . . . whom Bert Howland was taking to the benefit dance this Saturday, this very night. And as for herself, who had asked her to go to the benefit dance at the country club? Why, nobody. For who was going to ask bashful Genevieve Smith?

She was walking along the aisles with her head down, and her heart, to judge from the way she felt, dragging on the floor behind her. It was the sign in front of these hair ribbons that stopped her cold.

BEAU CATCHERS, it said.

And around the sign was a selection of those bow ribbons for your hair. Every color of the rainbow, it said—pick a color to suit your personality.

She stood there a moment with her head down. No, her mother wouldn't let her wear a bow that big and showy, even if she had the nerve, which she hadn't. These beau catchers, they were the kind . . .

The kind Renee Weston would wear, she had started to think, when the saleslady broke into her train of thought: "This would be a nice one for you, dearie."

"Oh, no, I'm afraid I couldn't wear anything like that," she answered. But at the same time she was reaching wistfully for the green ribbon.

The saleslady looked surprised. "With that lovely copper-colored hair and those pretty eyes? Why, child, you could wear anything."

Maybe it was only a sales talk, but the ribbon was attached to a comb, and because she didn't need much urging, she fastened it into her hair.

"No, a little farther front," the saleslady said. "One thing you have to remember, honey, if you're going to wear anything a little out of the ordinary, wear it like nobody had a better right than you. In this world, you gotta hold your head up." She looked at the position of the ribbon critically. "That's better. Why you look positively . . . exciting."

She looked in the mirror and, sure enough, the green color of the ribbon and the hint of red in her hair with the green of her eyes . . .

"I'll take it," she said, a little surprised at the note of decision in her voice.

"Now if you wanted to get another for formal wear," the saleslady said, "one like this, for instance, if you were going to a party or a dance . . ."

It was the last thing she wanted to talk about. She paid for the ribbon and started to get out of there so fast that she bumped smack into a big woman with a lot of packages, and almost got knocked silly.

As she neared the door, a funny old man was staring at her. A man with black eyes and a droopy gray mustache under a green fedora hat. You could tell from his eyes that he was smiling under the gray mustache. Smiling and looking at the beau catcher.

It was a conquest, even if it wasn't much. She gave him a glance. Just the merest passing look, but . . .

But the next moment a shiver of fright went through her, for the silly old thing was actually following her. That beau catcher couldn't . . . but this was really dreadful. She started to look around and then she heard him say, "Hey, keedo!" She ran like a rabbit and didn't stop running until she was a block down the street.

Then suddenly she found herself in front of Carson's drugstore and she knew for sure it was where she'd been intending to go from the start. Because practically any girl in town knew this was the drugstore where Bert Howland hung around Saturday afternoons, talking with his friends or playing the pinball machine.

She hesitated just a moment before she entered the drugstore. Then she took a deep breath.

He was there all right. He was sitting at the soda counter, and the minute she saw him—the way he was hunched over a cup of coffee, not drinking it, just looking ahead—she thought, Renee turned him down. She's going to the dance with somebody else.

She sat down at the other corner of the counter facing his profile, and Harry, the soda jerk, came over to take her order.

"Bring me a black and white soda," she said.

And as he went to get her the soda, she saw, out of the side of her eyelashes, that Bert Howland had turned and was staring at her.

She sat up straight, holding her head high, conscious, very conscious of that green beau catcher.

After a while he said, "Hi, Genevieve."

She turned, and did a neat little job there of looking surprised. "Why, Bert Howland," she said, "how long have you been sitting here?"

"All my life," he said. "Just waiting for you."

It was only a line, but ordinarily it would have left her stuttering. She wanted to reach up and make a few touches at her hair, just to feel the beau catcher to give her confidence, but she restrained herself.

"Flatterer," she said.

And a moment later, he was sitting on the stool beside her, looking at her in that same way, as though he'd just noticed she was alive.

"Wearing your hair a different way or something, aren't you?" he asked.

She reached for her soda and took a gulp. "Do you usually notice things like that?" she asked.

"No," he said, "I guess it's just the way you're holding your head up. Like you thought I ought to notice something."

She felt a slight flush at her cheeks and the tips of her ears. "Is that meant as a crack?"

"Maybe," he said, grinning, "and maybe not. Maybe I sort of like to see you hold your head like that."

IT WAS about ten minutes afterward that the unbelievable happened. He said, "You know, they're having a dance at the country club tonight."

And when he actually came across with it, the invitation and everything, it was all she could do to keep from throwing her arms around him.

They left the drugstore a little later, and he offered to walk home with her. But suddenly she remembered that formal beau catcher, the one you wore to a party or a dance. She couldn't wear the one she had on. She would have to have one to match her evening dress. And so, though only this morning she would have practically wept for joy at the chance to have Bert Howland walk home with her, she told him now that she simply had to get to Waller's before it closed.

She got there just as the doors were being shut. A man tried to keep her out, but she brushed past him and dashed to the ribbon counter.

She looked for the blue-and-gold one. Gone! If they didn't have another . . .

The saleslady smiled when she saw who it was. "I knew you'd be back."

"H . . . how?" she asked, out of breath.

The saleslady reached under the counter. "I've been saving it for you." But the beau catcher she brought out was not the blue-and-gold one. It wasn't even formal at all. In fact, it was . . .

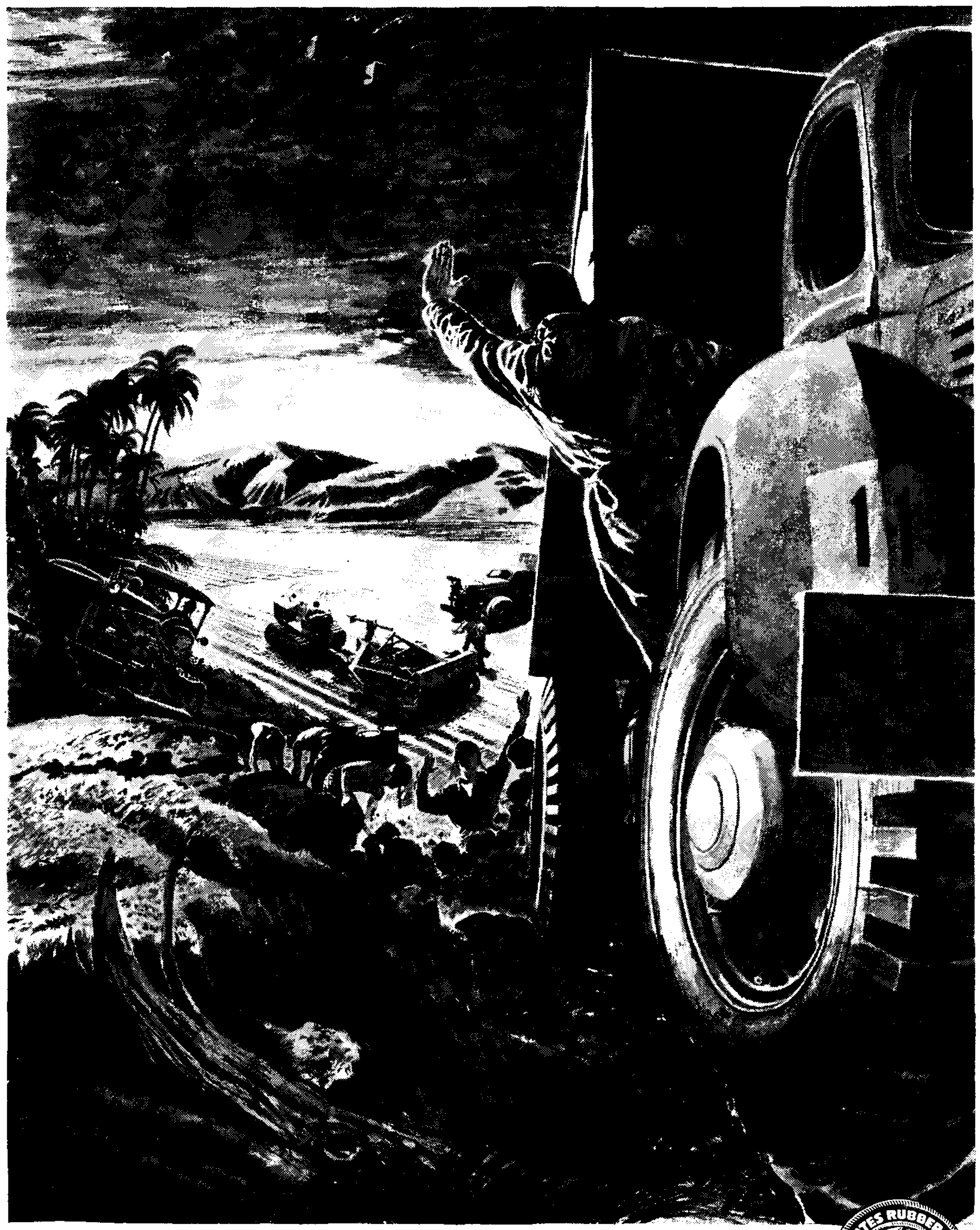
"That's like the one I just bought," she said, puzzled.

And then she was standing with her mouth opened in amazement. Why, when the big woman had bumped into her it must have been knocked off. . . .

"It *is* the same one," the saleslady explained.

And with that knowledge a lot of things began to flash through Genevieve's mind. But suddenly she began to smile and then somehow she couldn't stop smiling. She let her head lift easily while half of her listened to the saleslady's story—a story about a man who had found his way to the ribbon counter with her beau catcher, a jolly old man in a green fedora hat.

a short short story complete on this page



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TIRES—on the wheels of combat cars, jeeps, mobile guns—leading the attack.

TIRES—keeping the lumbering supply trucks rolling up behind the lines with ammunition and food and supplies.

TIRES—doing their job where there were runways for our planes. TIRES—doing their job *anyway* when there were no runways, over the roughest terrain.

TIRES—carrying the army forward over deserts, through jungles, rocks, ruts, and shell holes. TIRES—doing the toughest job they've ever been called on to do—and doing it well.

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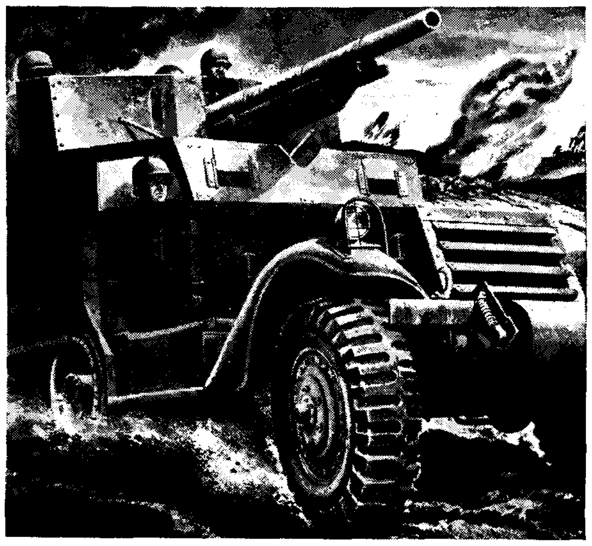
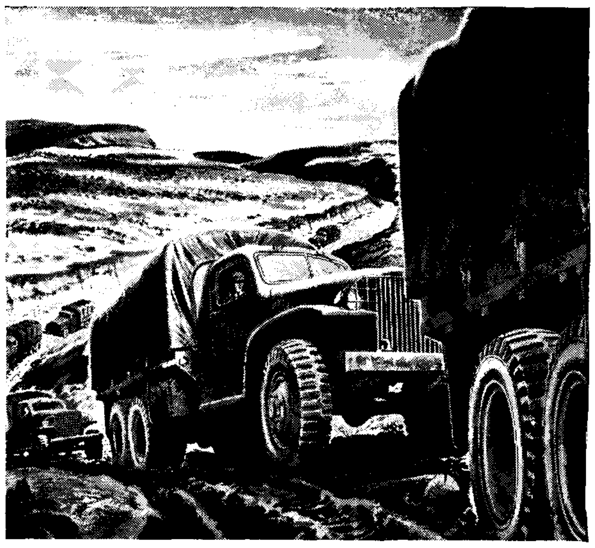
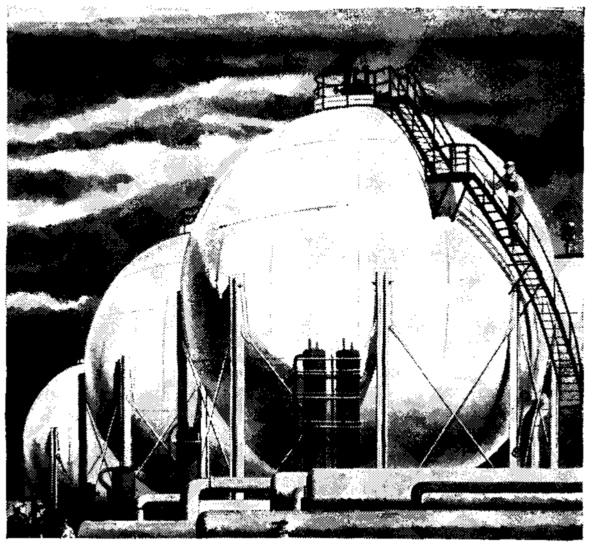


Tires on combat cars must keep on rolling even when riddled with gunfire. Special combat tires, like those on this tank destroyer, can take that kind of punishment. They are built so strong that even when pierced with bullets they won't go flat for many, many miles.



Tires for many of the Army trucks must be made with only 30% or less natural rubber. To use every ounce to the best advantage, "U.S." developed "the inlaid carcass." Through this development the rubber is placed directly under the tread where it is needed most.



Today, thanks to those who are serving through science, through engineering and through production, there is synthetic rubber in plenty and in quality to meet the needs of our Armed Forces. But it takes a lot of rubber to fight and win a war. *Conserve your tires.*

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Take It Easy, Son!

Continued from page 21

packs—constantly. Forty-five grains sulfadiazine right away." The corpsmen groaned. "I told you I'm sorry, but it's got to be done. Get going. See you later, son." The doctor nodded to the recording corpsman. "Tag him."

He bent double and poked his head into the middle bunk. I looked over his shoulder at the occupant. He was drowsing in a morphine stupor, his throat neatly wrapped in layers of gauze.

"How are you, son? Pretty comfortable?"

The boy turned his eyes dazedly toward the doctor. He seemed in bad shape. The doctor touched his shoulder briefly.

"Okay. You sleep it off now. I'll see you later."

He turned to the corpsmen. "That dressing looks pretty good. They did a good job on the beach. Let's leave 'em on. See if you can get any identification off him." He crouched on the deck to get to the lowest man in the tier. "What's cookin', kid?"

The Light Touch

A head and shoulders struggled into view. The eyes were bitter as they looked out over the lumpy bandages beneath them.

"What a hell of a place to get hit!" the mouth said. "In the face!"

"What you worried about, pretty boy?" the doctor caroled cheerily. "Scars? What do you think you've been paying twenty cents a month to the Marine Corps for since you got in? Uncle Sam will fix you up like new."

The boy's eyes flew up with surprise and suspicion. "Like new?"

"Better than new. Hell, you'll be knocking off those babes like nothing. Sit still while I get this off you."

The tedious business of removing the bandages got under way. A running conversation about "dames" crackled through the proceeding. The boy's spirits were on the upswing until the last moment when the final dressing came off.

"How's it look?" he asked in a strained voice.

It looked terrible.

The doctor assumed a thoughtful expression, as though working out the solution to a puzzle.

"Well, I'll tell you," he pontificated. "It looks like some Jap tried to kill you with a hand grenade—but he muffed. Those guys can't pitch worth a damn."

The kid's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed hard. "Yeah. They stink."

The doctor crackled out orders. "Sulfa powder—battle dressing—a big one—two grains of phenobarbital." He held up the big dressing and exhibited it to the boy. "Do you know who made this dressing? Some doll sitting back in the States. When you have nothing else to do, write a letter to the Red Cross telling them you got their bandage. Maybe you'll even meet the babe. Who knows? It might be like in the movies."

The bandage was being deftly applied. Finally the doctor straightened up from his squatting position and flexed his legs. "Okay, Mac. See you later. Take it easy."

Our group moved up the aisle. A round red face and a chubby pair of shoulders appeared overhead.

"What's your trouble, lad?"

"Gee, Doc. I got asthma!" The round face showed surprise and bewilderment at its own statement.

The doctor reflected it instantly. "Asthma! You come seventy-five hundred miles from the U.S. to get asthma? You must be nuts!"

Everyone laughed.

"They'll take care of you down South." The doctor waved away the asthma case. He was already eyeing another boy. "Where'd you catch it?"

A pale tired face looked up from the middle bunk. "In the gut, sir."

"Why'd you let him do that to you?" He went to work on the boy quickly.

"I could see him up in the tree shootin' at me."

"Did you kill him?"

"Sure did. Killed him dead."

A new dressing was applied, and the ubiquitous sleeping potion was administered. The patient gulped it down and made a face.

The doctor wrinkled his nose in sympathy. "Sleep tight, my boy. When you wake up, a nurse will be looking after you."

The kid's eyes opened wide. He asked, "A girl nurse?"

"Sure. They got them at the hospital now. You'll have to shave that beard."

The boy grinned dreamily. "Nurses! Well, what do you know?"

The doctor paused at the cooler for some more water. The perspiration was running in streams down our backs. Over the cup he mumbled at me, "Hell, they're young! They're so damned young!"

I asked him if he ever had any doubts about his treatment.

"You mean, do I make mistakes?" He reflected soberly. "I guess so, but I make as few of them as possible—and I never make the same one twice. My grandfather used to say: 'When a man cheats me in business once, shame on him. When he cheats me twice, shame on me!' It's the same thing."

We started down another aisle. A dejected boy sat on top of a bunk, sucking hungrily at a cigarette. There wasn't a mark on him but he was trembling violently.

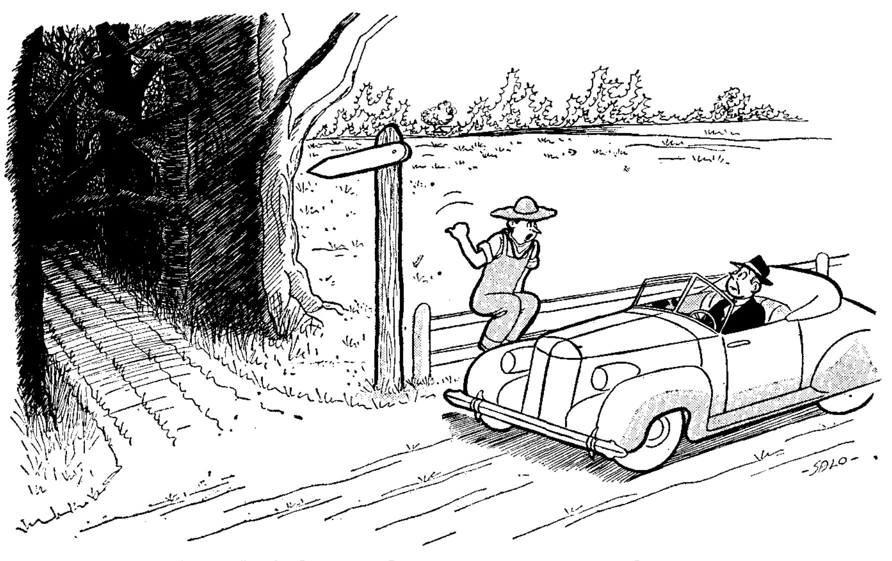
"What's your complaint?" the doctor asked him.

"Nerves," the boy stated almost inaudibly. He turned his head away. He looked whipped and ashamed.

The doctor laid his hand on the boy's belly. "You're pretty warm. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll give you a nice cool sponge bath and then you'll go to sleep. What do you say?"

The boy didn't answer.

The doctor patted his knee, then nodded to the corpsman. "Take care of him."



"We don't know what name to put on the arrow. No one who has gone in has ever come out"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

We walked off a few steps. The doctor turned a harried visage to me. "Those combat fatigue cases get me. I don't know how to handle them. The first one I talked to, I made him cry. So now I leave them alone. I guess I'm no psychologist."

We moved along, the corpsmen trailing us. A neat round hole in a thigh confronted us.

"What you got there, kid? A leg?"

"Yeah—and I don't like it."

"I know. I was shot once, and it was lousy. Flashlight." The doctor examined the leg.

The boy watched him gravely. "Is it bad?" he asked. His voice shook a little.

The doctor assumed a professional manner. "It's never bad when there are two holes. One is bad. Two is good. Remember that." He turned to a corpsman. "Okay. Wrap her up and take 'er away."

The Smile of Courage

A long, narrow boy lay on his stomach below the leg-wound case. He didn't move as the doctor sidled halfway into his bunk. There was no doubt about his wound. The bandage on his back was scarlet. The doctor touched him on the shoulder. The boy's head whirled around. I was astonished to see a wide grin.

"I feel okay," stated the boy briskly. "Only tired."

"Good dope," grinned the doctor. "How far in do you think that bullet went?"

"I don't know. Maybe two inches—maybe six. The doctor on the beach said it was a pretty bad wound." He smiled cheerfully again. "I guess this'll get me back to Dago."

The doctor nodded reflectively. "Maybe. They'll X-ray you at the hospital tomorrow. Go to sleep."

The boy smiled again and obediently buried his face in the life jacket that served for a pillow.

The doctor softly instructed the corpsman nearest him: "Watch for hemorrhages. Call me if he starts spitting blood."

The procession carried on. Amoebic dysentery was laughed off with outhouse humor and an enormous dose of sulfathiazole. Dozens of tiny shrapnel fragments were dug out of a buttock to the accompaniment of a ribald kidding. Sponge baths were administered like decorations for good conduct. Jokes were exchanged and repeated with each set of patients. Repetition didn't matter. The jokes were good, even the third time.

An officer appeared, cool and pressed in his khakis, obviously straight from the bridge. He held out a board with some papers clasped to it.

"I've got some bad news for you, Doctor. We just received these messages."

The doctor groaned. "On top of everything else, I have to be the coding officer. Can't someone else do it? I'm snowed down here. Tell the skipper I'm too busy, will you, Henry?" His voice wheedled the last phrase.

The officer nodded his head wearily. "I expected to do it again, but you can't blame me for trying," he said.

The doctor shoved him playfully and turned to the next patient. He was a six-footer, square and rangy. He had the long, taut muscles of a first-rate swimmer. A homemade eye patch hung from his forehead. He was fiddling nervously with the strings of his life preserver.

When the doctor approached, he leaped out of bed and addressed him tensely: "Doctor, you tell me the truth. Am I going to go blind?"

The doctor regarded him suavely. "How'd you know I was the doctor?"

"Why—why—"

"You could see me, couldn't you? Then what the hell you talking about?"

The boy rocked on his feet, then he continued persistently, "Out of only one eye, though. And the other one's getting dim. I've heard of it happening before. One eye goes bad, then the other one blacks out. I can't afford to go blind, Doctor. That'd be bad. Very bad!"

"Let me take a look." The doctor stripped off the eye patch, shined the flashlight into the injured eye. "Now I tell you what you do. Close the good one and tell me how many fingers you see?" He held up one finger and waggled it back and forth.

The boy strained at the vision. I could feel his passion to see—to be right in what he saw. Finally he blurted out the answer: "Four!"

The doctor clenched his fist quickly. "Pretty close," he said triumphantly.

"There were five, weren't there? I thought there were five, but I couldn't make out the thumb very clearly. There were five, weren't there?"

"That'd be telling. I'm going to try this test on you later again. You don't want to know the answer, do you? Now let's wash out that eye." Carefully the doctor swabbed the eye with boric acid. "How's that feel now? Can you see better?"

The boy squinted up at the electric light bulb. "Yes—a little," he replied uncertainly.

"Okay. Now I'm going to cross you up. I fixed it so you could see a little. Now I'm going to make it so you can't see anything! Let's have the eye dropper, Ted."

Midway in the operation, the boy jerked back. He looked at the doctor beseechingly. "Am I going to lose this eye, Doctor? I've got to know. Please tell me!"

The doctor sighed. "Look, son, you've got a hundred-to-one chance of losing your ey It's a gamble. But you'd gamble me anything at a hundred to one, wouldn't you?"

He pulled the boy's head back toward the light and applied a neat new patch. The boy closed his good eye tightly. His lips trembled. He seemed ready to cry.

The Strategy of Psychology

The doctor grabbed his shoulders fiercely. "Now listen, dammit! Don't you know you've got the best doctors in the world looking after you? Do you think when you get back to the Canal you'll have some punk from Podunk taking care of you? You'll have the best damn' eye specialist in America working on you. And I just gave him a head start! Now cut it out, or I'll drop you over the side!"

The boy stared at the doctor, shaken by the anger in his voice. Then he seemed to relax all over. He spoke very quietly: "I'm sorry, Doctor. I guess a lot of fellows got it worse than me."

"That's a good boy! Now lie down and get some sleep." He turned away, then twisted his head around and spoke confidentially: "If it starts to get you down, yell for me. I'll fix you up."

We went to the cooler. We all consumed quarts of ice water.

"This heat's murdering me. I'm forty-two pounds too heavy for the Navy and I can't sweat it off." The doctor turned to his corpsman. "Is that all of them?"

The corpsman consulted his pad before handing it to the doctor.

"Check," he said, "except for those two appendicitis cases you looked at before."

"They're not hot, but keep 'em on ice." The doctor frowned at me. "You know, sometimes a kid gets scared and he wants to get out bad—so he develops a pain—appendicitis. The doctors on the beach have no way of testing it, and they can't take a chance—the kid might really have a hot appendix—so they ship him out. I'm taking no risks, either. They get ice packs every hour." He wagged his head despairingly. "Well, that's that!"

I glanced at my watch. We had left the beach only two hours ago.

"Going to get a little sleep now?" I asked him.

He snorted. "Sleep! I haven't been to sleep since—" He paused and considered a minute. "Hey, Ted. What day is this?"

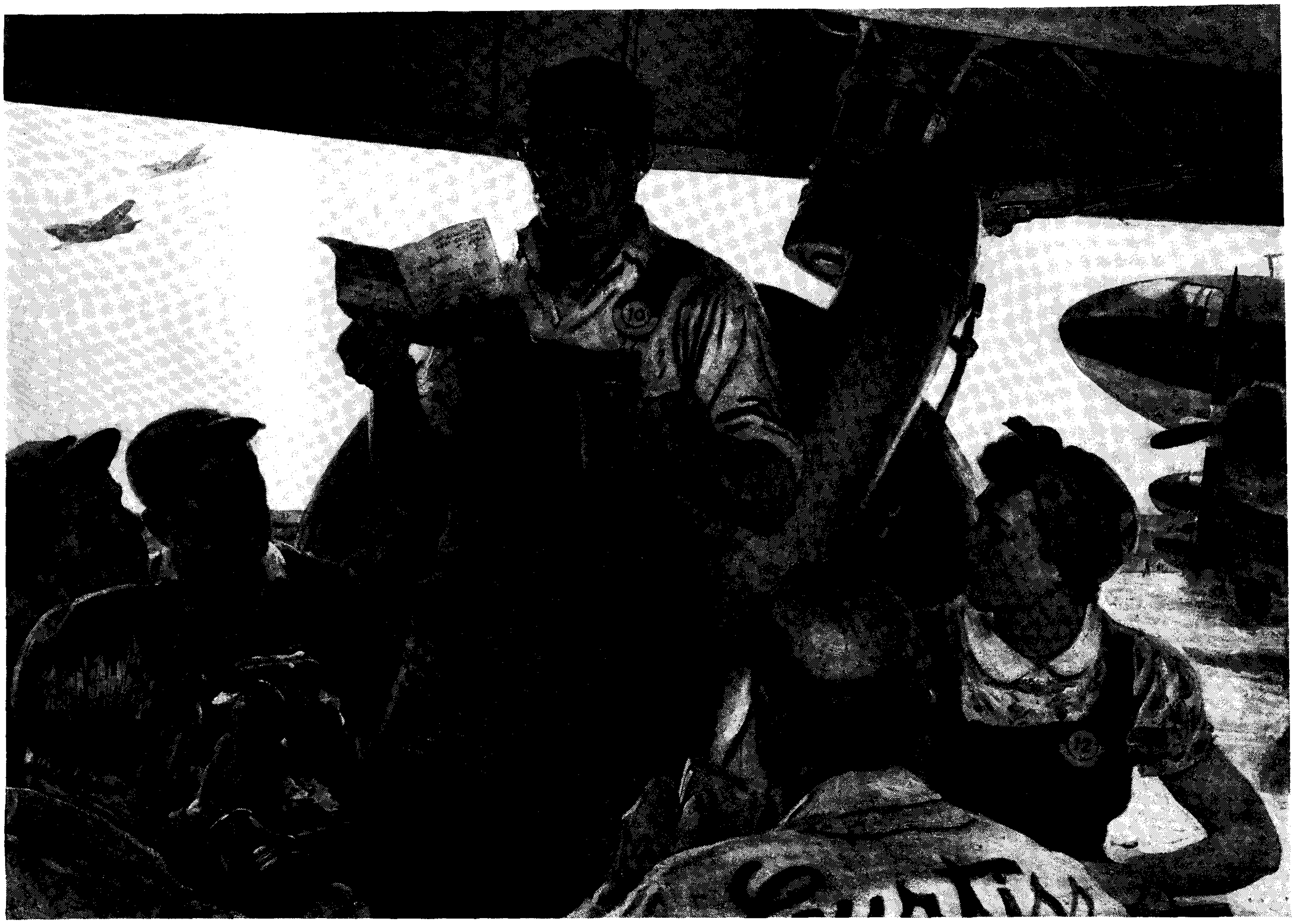
The corpsman wrinkled his face with concentration. "Isn't it Wednesday?"

"Wednesday? It's Saturday!" Then uncertainly: "Or is it Friday?" The doctor returned impatiently to me. "I haven't been in a bed for a hell of a long time. I get letters from my partner back in The Dalles—that's just outside of Portland where I practiced—telling me how exciting it must be for me and how he envies me." He dropped into a brooding silence. "I'm a chest man—worked for years at the State Tuberculosis Hospital. That's my field and I'm going back to it. I studied under the best lung man in the world. I can use a bronchoscope like you can drive a car. I have a collection of trophies I took out of lungs that would amaze you. It was interesting and it was my business. Now I'd sell my soul to get an inch of shrapnel out of some kid's knee."

A long, low whistle sounded from over our heads. We looked up. The combat fatigue case was snoring under his opiate.

The doctor regarded me mournfully. "Those nerve cases," he complained. "They're the one thing that gets me down. I don't know how to handle them. I'm just no damn' good at psychology! Let's go up on deck."

THE END



The Letter

He builds Curtiss Commandos — and the letter was from his son, who flies them. It told of 3,000,000 miles of flight each day by pilots of the ATC alone — of shuttling state officials, military cargo and wounded men between the four corners of the earth — of a trans-ocean flight every hour of the day and night.

And it closed by saying: "I wonder how many people at home realize what this all adds up to — the millions of trained flyers and ground men in the services, American bases all over the world, and the priceless skills of the people who build airplanes . . . It is one of the few dividends this war can pay, if the people only realize it!"

"If the people only realize it!" Realize, for instance, that in the time it takes you to read this page, 2,000 miles will be flown by the planes of the Air Transport Command alone!

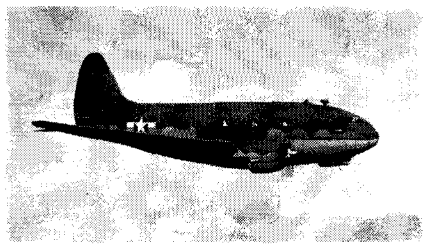
Realize that the vast energy of American aviation resulting from this war can be the greatest instrumentality of world peace ever created by the skills and the planning of men.

Realize that billions of dollars and thousands of man-years of training have been invested in those skills . . . that failure to use them wisely and well, after this war is won, will mean the squandering of jobs for the flyers who come back — the waste of the training and the faith of millions — the loss of a power more effective than any statesman's blueprints to break down localism, promote trade, and bring the nations of the world closer together in understanding.

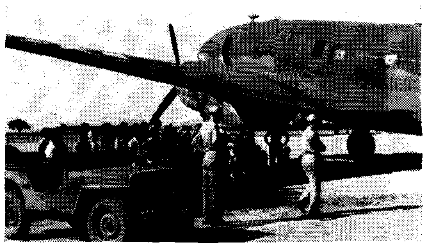
But many problems must first be solved if those skills are to be one of the truly great peacetime legacies of this war — problems that call for straight thinking and action both *outside* as well as *in* the aviation industry: Problems of reconversion and finance, of international aviation agreements — of our national policy of security — of the distribution of surplus military aircraft and the degree of regulation or encouragement for the airlines of the United States.

Solution of these problems will depend upon *all* of us, not alone upon those of us who build airpower.

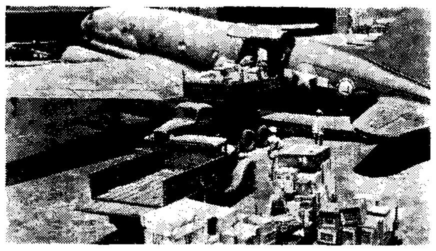
Look to the Sky, America!



Fast, rugged, versatile — in spite of its tremendous size — the Curtiss C-46 Commando is flying day and night schedules on some of the world's toughest air routes. In countless missions, the "Workhorse" of the Air Transport Command is proving to be one of the most efficient and dependable carriers.



Indian natives, many of whom labor in the construction of airport facilities, follow with unending interest the comings and goings of the Commandos. Today about 75% of the supplies ferried into China are transported by these giants "over the hump" on the hazardous 500 to 600 mile aerial Burma Road.



As they roll from assembly lines in increasing hundreds, Commandos are pressed into immediate service. Jeeps, troops, guns, hospital equipment, mail and essential materials are routine cargo for the world's largest twin-engine transport plane in its global operations among America's far-flung bases.

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Blackburn's Irregulars

Continued from page 14

was to make a straightaway run for his life. He got down as close to the water as he dared. The Zeros were firing. He could see their tracers all around him. He used his water injector, a device that makes a 2,200- to 2,300-horsepower engine out of one with a normal top rating of 2,000. He gained about 100 yards on the Zeros. Their shots now fell just to his rear.

(The Irregulars were the only Navy Squadron flying Vought Corsairs, the gull-wing fighter equipped with the mechanism that sends a tiny squirt of water into the fuel mixture for extra power in emergencies. The effect of the water jet is similar to the effect of fog or damp night air on the performance of automobile motors.)

Ike couldn't pull up. Zeros climb too fast. If he turned, that would give the Japs the kind of shot they were praying for. So he kept straight on, lifting just enough to clear the islands, then down again over the water on a beeline for China.

There is no more terrible strain in the world than a chase like this. After five or ten minutes of it, the pilot's nerves usually begin to go to pieces, and his engine heats up to the point of fire. Ike stood it for between twenty and thirty minutes. His engine smelled warm, but it wasn't burning, as he turned into the single Zero.

The Jap turned to follow, but he was overanxious. He forgot how close he was to the water. A wing tip caught on a wave. He spun over and over, then vanished in a quick dive. He presented Ike with his third kill for the day.

A little before three o'clock that afternoon, a lone Corsair came down on the landing strip on Bougainville, and the most humble, God-fearing man in the world unsteadily climbed out. He was Ike. All other pilots of the squadron long since had returned and had given him up for lost. They wanted to know what had happened. He tried to tell them, but was so unnerved that he couldn't so much as lift his hand to point out on a map where he had been.

They gave Ike a drink of brandy and sent him to bed. It was nearly noon the next day when he got up.

On that February 19th raid, the Irregulars were opposed by from 50 to 75 enemy planes. They got 16 of them without loss to themselves. Not since that day have the Japanese dared send an airplane against our squadrons from Rabaul, once one of their most formidable bases.

The Irregulars first learned they were to have the place to themselves when they returned to Rabaul three days later. As they exercised their will in the skies, a falsetto voice was heard on their radios. Some thought a Jap was speaking. Others surmised one of the Irregulars was having a joke. Anyway, the voice said, "Sorry, no airplanes today. Please drop your bombs and go home."

With a carrier-task-force attack on Rabaul—the first large-scale assault on the base—the United States Navy celebrated last Armistice Day. The Irregulars went along to help cover the carriers. They shot down 18 Japanese planes and shared a nineteenth with another squadron. Not a pilot was lost, although two planes went down in the water. No carrier was damaged.

"We flew out to the carriers from our base on New Georgia Island," Blackburn related. "It was the first time that air cover ever had been provided for carriers from the beach while planes were being launched. After the striking force had started for Rabaul, we landed aboard and had breakfast of orange juice, eggs and steak. It had been a long time since we had a breakfast like that.

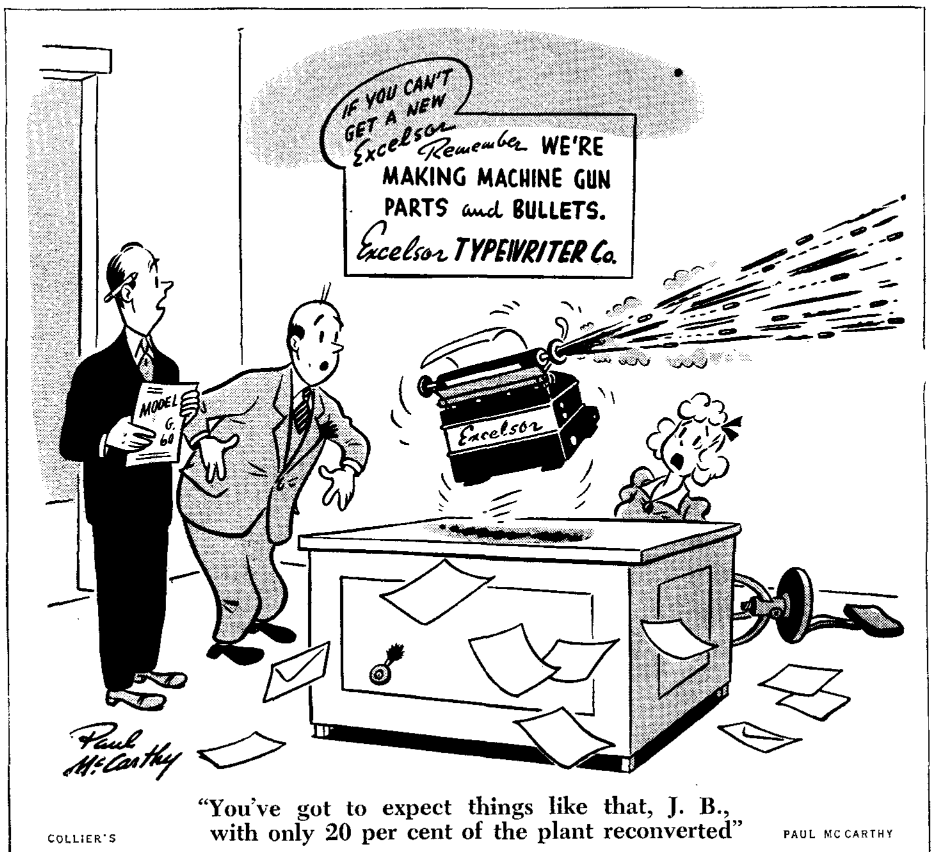
"We were airborne again while the dive bombers and torpedo planes were being recovered. The Japanese counterattack came while we were up. That was the most exciting thing I have ever seen. Down below, ships of the Navy zigzagged a crazy pattern of wakes. The air was filled with airplanes and antiaircraft fire. You can't imagine how much stuff our ships were throwing up. It didn't seem possible that we could be flying through it after Japs and not being hit. Burning Japs were dropping all over the place, and our blue fighters were flying among them. You wouldn't have thought there would have been room for all that stuff up there. In the water, there were pools of flame. That's where the Japs were dying.

The End of the Attack

"Then suddenly it all stopped as if someone had uttered a command. A few bonfires sputtered out in the sea. Everywhere there was silence.

"The squadron put in an average of 10½ combat hours per man that day. The planes we lost went down for lack of fuel. Two of the boys flew to the carrier for refueling. The rest of us took a chance and made it back to base, although some of our tanks had about a pint of gas left.

"Many of our planes were badly shot up. A 20-millimeter shell exploded literally in the face of Lieutenant John M. Kleinman. It didn't faze him, but it blew out his instrument panel. Here he was miles from nowhere and no instruments to show him the way home. He took a look at the sun and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COLLIER'S "You've got to expect things like that, J. B., with only 20 per cent of the plant reconverted" PAUL McCARTHY guessed a course. He held it, and I'll be damned if it didn't get him back. I'll never know why. Kleinman later was sent to Melbourne as an instructor. He was killed in a crash there."

A story is told about one of the Irregulars that reminds me of Charles Lamb's tale about the Chinese who burned down the house to get roast pork. During a strafing raid on Bougainville, a Jap sniper took a pot shot at the plane of Ensign Bradford Baker, of Spokane, Washington. The bullet hit Baker's windshield. It made him so mad that, at the first opportunity, he cut loose with all his guns at the sniper's tree. He didn't hit the sniper but he did cut down the tree.

On most occasions, however, members of the squadron got more than a single Jap for their .50-caliber ammunition. One day an attack was scheduled on Buka, northwest of Bougainville, where the Japs had an airfield. The Irregulars were to have met a flight of B-25s about fifty miles from the island, but the rendezvous point was curtained by a heavy storm, and no contact could be made with the bombers. Pressing through the storm, planes of the squadron finally emerged into clear weather close to Buka.

Blackburn decided that the least they could do would be to strafe the place. As they were moving in low for the attack, the Irregulars saw a Japanese transport coming down for a landing. Lined up alongside the runway was what looked like a reception committee of Japanese officers. Judging from the display of gold braid on their uniforms, they were gentlemen of rank who must have been expecting a personage of major importance.

An Unexpected Welcome

Three of the squadron got into the transport's landing circle, and when the big plane was about ten feet from the ground, two of them cut it to pieces with their machine guns. A liberal sprinkling of lead also was fired into the official greeters. So taken by surprise were the Japs, that the Irregulars were a mile away before the enemy was able to get as much as one antiaircraft gun into action.

The Japs have been so successful in using bad weather to hide attacks or to cover troop movements that sometimes storms make them overconfident. That's the way it was one day last October when a squall covered Tonolai Harbor in the Rabaul area. In a leisurely fashion, they were running in some troop barges when the Irregulars beat down through the rain to have a look. They ruined eight barges.

Like every good team, the Irregulars were adept at working out new plays. Some of their tactics can't be detailed without showing the Japs how to save their necks. Blackburn and his pilots, for example, devised a new type of high-altitude cover. The first time they used it, they cut down eight Zeros, and not a Jap got close enough to fire a shot at our bombers. They also discovered that a certain form of aerial display actually bluffs the Japs out of closing for a fight.

One of their favorite tactics they called the Statue of Liberty because it reminded them of the old football play. To execute the play with a fighting squadron, you need a big hill. There was such a hill near a Jap airfield in the Solomons area. For quite some time, the Irregulars made daily attacks on the field, climbing over the hill each time they came in, and again on their way home. The Japs were in the habit of chasing them as far as the hill and then turning back.

One day, the Irregulars scooted to the side of the hill instead of going over it. The Japs, as usual, turned for home, but our boys kept on going round the hill. They were back at the field just as the Japs were landing, and gave them a very nice going-over. The Nips fell for the Statue of Liberty three or four times before they got wise.

Perhaps the most convincing evidence of the squadron's greatness as a team is the relatively even distribution of its 154-plane score through its members. Only two pilots failed to get a plane, and each of them was credited with a "probable." Next to Kepford, Blackburn owned the highest score. He had eleven. Lieutenant Commander Roger R. Hedrick of San Gabriel, California, the squadron's executive officer, was third with nine.

The other aces were: Lieut. Oscar I. Chenoweth, South Miami, Florida; Lieut. (jg) Clement D. Gile, Pittsburgh; Lieut. (jg) Earl May, Milwaukee; Lieut. (jg) Howard McClain Burriss, Granville, Ohio; Lieut. (jg) Dan G. Cunningham, Chicago; Lieut. (jg) Paul Cordray, Dallas; Lieut. (jg) Robert Mims, Dallas; Lieut. (jg) Murl W. Davenport, Detroit; Lieut. (jg) Frederick J. Streig, Watsonville, Calif., and Lieut. Harry A. March, Jr., Washington, D. C.

Blackburn had his squadron on two tours of combat duty. The first tour from October 27 to December 1, 1943, found them on New Georgia Island. After a rest period in Australia, they put in a second hitch of a month from a base on Bougainville whence they assisted with the neutralization of Rabaul.

It was for the squadron's work during the first tour, however, that Blackburn was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. The Navy liked the way the Irregulars covered the Marine landings at Empress Augusta Bay on Bougainville. It liked their teamwork and, in the citation, gave Blackburn credit as playing coach.

On that last point, no member of the squadron will argue. When they got to the Pacific, only four pilots had ever seen a Jap plane. Yet, in their first action they showed they were a polished team. They got that way in training. They got that way because Blackburn allowed as much freedom as was needed —and no more—to a bunch of self-assertive individualists.

They had little use for regulations. He wasn't a spit-and-polish man himself. They liked to dive down in formation onto a field and watch the little yellow training planes scatter. That's called buzzing the field. Blackburn liked to do that, too. They liked to buzz the homes of their girls, their maiden aunts and assorted other citizenry in areas adjacent to their training bases. Blackburn could go along with that, also, but, as squadron commander, he "had to be respectable and try to make the others the same."

The squadron had several training bases, because buzz-happy field commanders frequently found it necessary to transfer it to save their nervous systems.

Finally they were banished to a small field in North Carolina, forbidden to engage in further buzzing and instructed to fly within sight of the field at all times, so that any violation of the no-buzz order could be immediately detected. They reacted by notifying every squadron within flying distance of them that they would be on patrol over the field for four hours every morning.

Their dispatch read: "Combat air patrol on station from eight until noon. Visitors welcome."

Every squadron in the area accepted what was readily recognized as a standing invitation to go dogfighting.

Caught in a Dogfight

One day, a squadron of torpedo planes flew 275 miles to engage them. It so happened that they arrived while a little target plane was flying near the Irregulars. Suddenly, the little plane was caught in the middle of scores of diving, climbing, thundering aircraft. The target pilot will never understand how he survived.

After it was over, the boys felt so good, they dropped dummy bombs all over the flying field.

Blackburn condoned this, if he was not, himself, a conspirator. Between sessions of buzzing and dogfighting, his men were getting hour after hour of solid combat training. He drilled them on gunnery—deflection shooting. For six months the squadron did practically nothing but shoot, until, as Blackburn said, "I had a lot of guys who could cream them. I mean, our guys could really shoot."

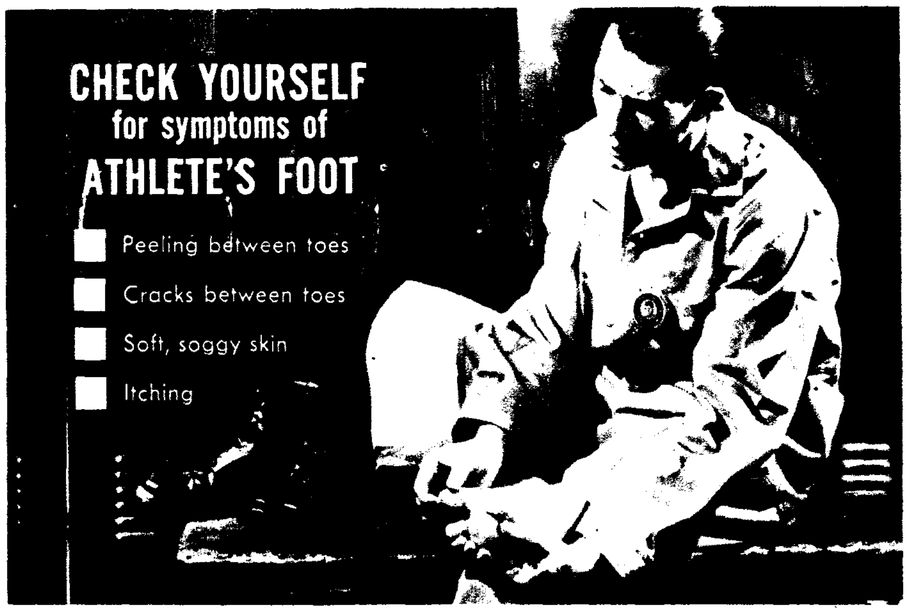
He also hammered into their heads the doctrine that the job of fighter pilots is to protect bombers and shipping, and that only by team fighting is the job done.

"I told them that if any of them started off by themselves to become little heroes, I would find out about it sooner or later, and I would ground every man who forgot what his job was," he recalled.

Blackburn never found it necessary to ask for the shift of any pilot he obtained by transfer from another squadron.

"Only those people were transferred from the Irregulars who wouldn't play on the team and who didn't have the necessary insanity," he said.

THE END



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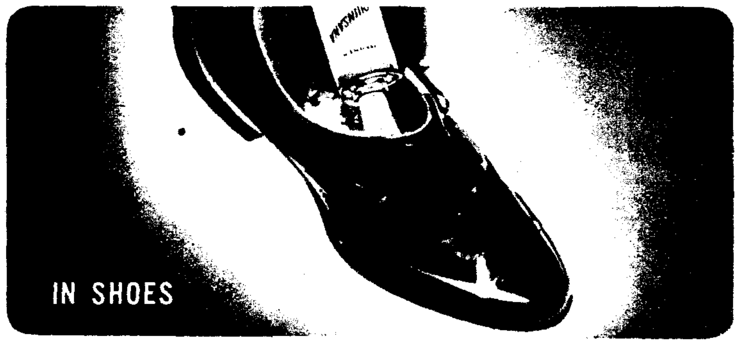

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THIS PAINTER SAYS "PITCHA"

BY JIM BISHOP

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EMIL HERMAN

The art world hails Gatto as America's great new primitive. But this ex-pug just smiles naïvely when they compare him to Rousseau, and says: "Who's he?"

SOMEDAY a bronze plaque may adorn the doorjamb at 114 West 11th Street, in New York City. It may read: "Here lived Victor Joseph Gatto, the great American primitive painter." Right now, nothing adorns the doorjamb except a bell that doesn't ring. And right now, you can walk up two flights in the dismal hall, smelling the dead dust as you go, and rap on a door marked "12" and meet the great Gatto in person. With any luck, you will live to retail the story to your grandchildren.

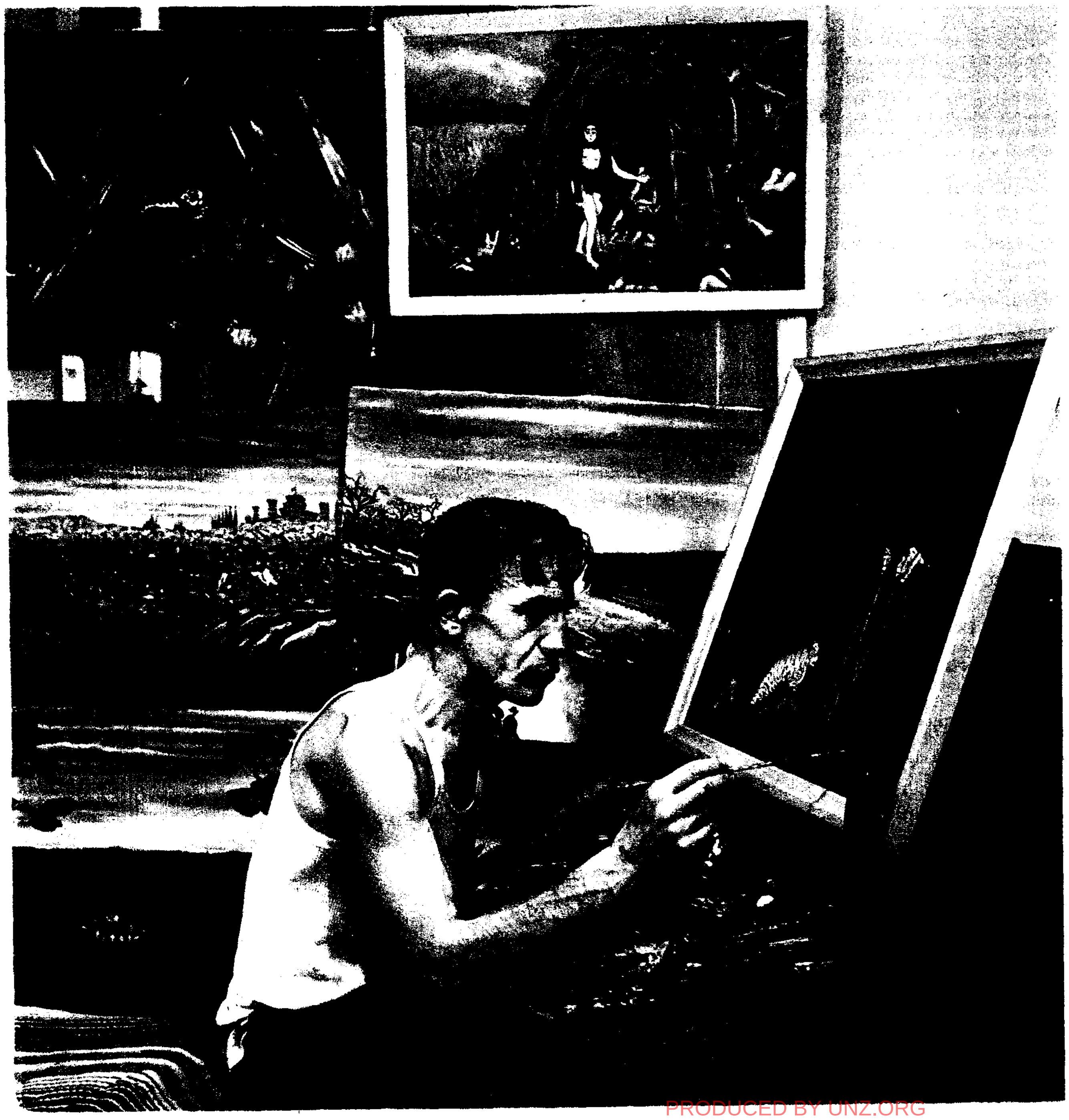
Twelve is short and lean and colorless. And so is Gatto. He looks like a punchy pug. His face is shirred with vertical lines. His eyes are small and sad. Long ago, accurate fists flattened his nose. His hair is gray-tipped, as befits a man of fifty-one. He looks more like a pipe fitter than a painter. Ironically, he is. He was a pipe fitter in the Kearny Shipyards when the doctors told him he had a "herny"—his way of saying hernia. They transferred him to the office, punching time cards and doing other menial things to evade the magnificent destiny before him.

Maybe you heard the art world beating the drum for Gatto in New York last October. The little man stood, shy and bewildered and a little frightened, as the critics roared acclaim at his first one-man show. Tarnipol, the renowned Parisian collector of Picasso, Matisse and Renoir, murmured, "Gatto is the only American in my collection. I like him better than Rousseau." The New York Times, a relaxed patrician, thundered, ". . . the result is not diluted Rousseau, but true personal fantasy . . . get acquainted with Gatto's work." The World-Telegram said, "As good as Utrillo at his early best . . . astonishing."

Now Gatto is a great, simple heart. These notices did not turn his head. It is doubtful whether he understands their purring nuances. He is a man peculiarly gifted to speak always in the present tense and to postscript all his statements with a plaintive "Ain't that right?" Once he embarrassed a wealthy patron who compared his jungle scenes with Rousseau's by saying, "Who's he?" He knows only one other painter in the world. And that is a little man down the street who was painting his front porch one day. "He makes little strokes like this," said Gatto. "I show him he needs a loose wrist, like this. I end up painting his front porch. He's a very nice guy."

His mother came from Milano. His father came from Genoa. His name, he says, means Cat. He has "t'ree brudders." One, he says naïvely, used to be "a cokey, but now he only drinks booze." Another was in the numbers and horse-probabilities business in New Jersey. A third hurt his head and is in an institution. He laments the fact that none of them came to see their 92-year-old mother, who died a few weeks ago.

His mother and Theodore Roosevelt are the keys to Gatto's greatness. His devotion to his mother is the bright flame that kept his soul warm through the bad years. Theodore Roosevelt looked at a blackboard drawing of his in an Italian neighborhood school and picked the 7-year-old boy up in his arms and said, "You keep on drawing, son. Someday, you will be a great artist." Gatto believed him. Gatto thought that a Vice-President of the United States would have a natural omniscience denied to little Italian boys. So he followed the directive.



He was about twenty when he heard that there was money in fighting. He weighed 120 pounds. He was a fast bantam. "I started off I fight Eddie Martin to a draw," he said. "He beats me up bad. He bust my nose. In the t'oid roun' we fight toe to toe. The crowd give us one of the greatest claps I ever hear."

He had 32 fights in all. The most he ever got for one was $900. The average was $50. He must have stopped a few with his larynx because his voice is now as sandy as the floor of a beach bathhouse. He quit fighting "when they match me wit' a guy who weighs one forty-t'ree. He's got height, weight, reach, and plaster of Paris in his gloves. When we come out to start the fight, the referee pats him on the back and says, 'Kill 'im, Tony.' "

After that, Gatto took odd jobs here and there, always aiming at giving his mother ten dollars a week. He landed on WPA as a steam fitter. Later he got the same job in the shipyard, and this was followed by the "herny." In 1937, he bought some pigments. He didn't know how to paint. So he mixed the hard colors with oil and didn't know enough to add turpentine as a thinning agent. So the colors went on like caramel. It took muscle to apply them, but the colors remained undimmed by turpentine and glowed with a unique brightness. He liked it so well that he began to apply one brush stroke over another until finally his paintings could be read in braille.

Mostly, he painted lions and tigers and leopards. This springs from his youthful walks up to Central Park Zoo. "I like them untame animals," he said. He painted all his stuff from memory, and his jungle backgrounds by ear. To make some money, he took his canvases out to Washington Square for the annual sidewalk show. He found five flagstones that no one else wanted, and he set up his animals.

A man came along looking for a painting for his girl. The man knew less about the techniques of painting than Gatto did. He studied all the bizarre nudes and the bowls of bananas and Jennifer Reclining, and he came to Gatto's luminous lions and bought one for five dollars. He took it home and showed it to Ivan Black. Mr. Black is a publicist, a graduate of Harvard's School of Fine Arts. He looked. And leaped.

Black browsed through Gatto's collection and bought two—one for ten dollars, one for five. He discussed composition and technique and schools of thought, and was shocked to discover that Gatto's end of the conversation consisted of shy nods. Later, he found that Gatto had no money. Black paid him twenty-five dollars a week to keep on painting. This made the ten to Momma easy.

Black talked Gatto until the art world began to listen. Then the Barzansky Galleries on Madison Avenue agreed to honor him with a one-man show. That was last fall. He cleared $2,200 from his "untame animals." Mrs. Somerset Maugham bought a tiger canvas for $450. Alfred Bloomingdale, Broadway producer, bought a painting of Washington Square for $500. "That," said Gatto, "is a good pitcha."

Early this year, Gatto became opulent. He took a bus to Miami. In Georgia, he saw Negroes stand in the back of the bus when there were plenty of seats up front. He was hurt. He has since done a painting about it.

In Miami, he saw a Chamber of Commerce heading: "Twenty Freeze to Death in New York." He took the first bus home, praying all the way that Momma was not one of the twenty. He got home, made sure that she was warm, and took the next bus South again. On the beach, he painted an ambitious scene showing life guards and lolling women bathers, Army cadets doing calisthenics, palm trees and a little girl running to meet her daddy. Black thinks that Gatto did better palm trees before he saw one.

Gatto paints in a dark room six feet by nine feet with a single 40-watt bulb overhead. He bought an old desk with a sloping front. He rests his canvases there and paints. Outside the window are acres of short chimneys sticking up from roofs like red asparagus and, in the distance, a faded church and the new women's prison. He doesn't mind it, because, when he looks out of the window, he sees the things that are really there—the crouching Bengal tigers, the guttural lions, and the bottle-green grasses of the jungle. ★★★

The Great Gatto at work. He is retouching a canvas already sold. Some of the other paintings are also sold. He usually works and lives in a room about six feet by nine feet. The easel is an old battered desk

It's a postwar Promise ... *from*

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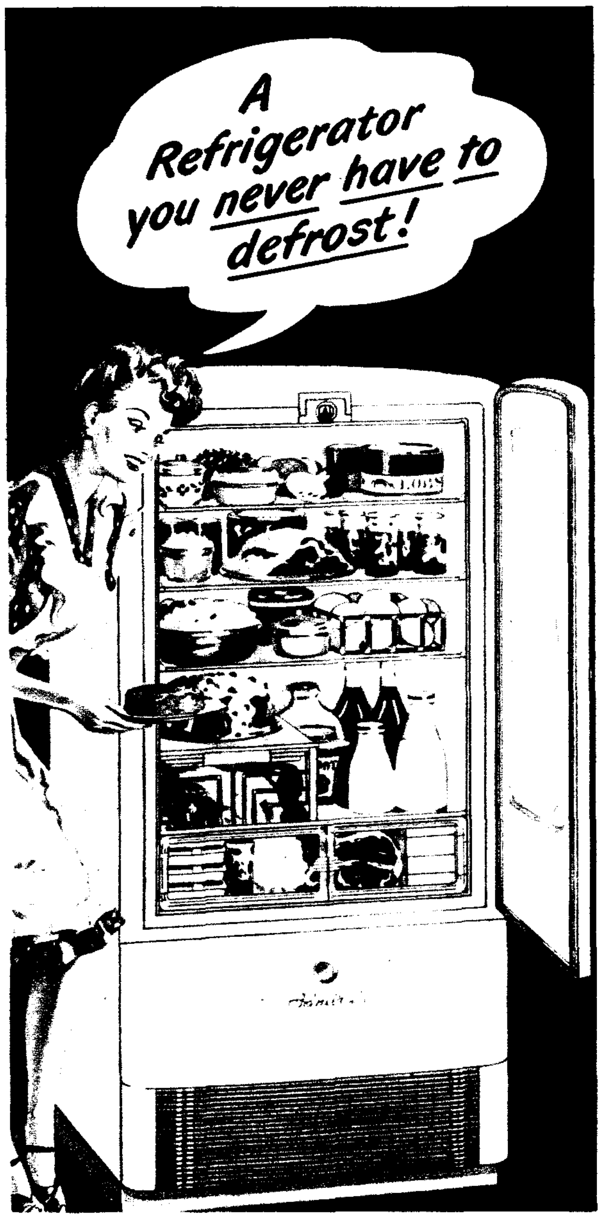
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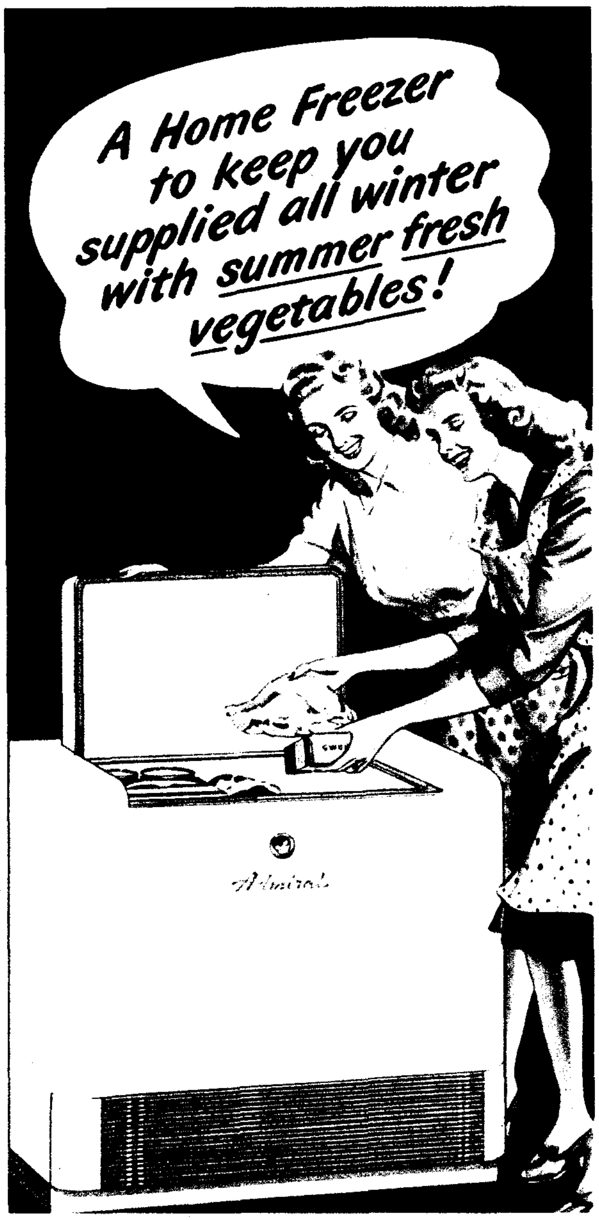
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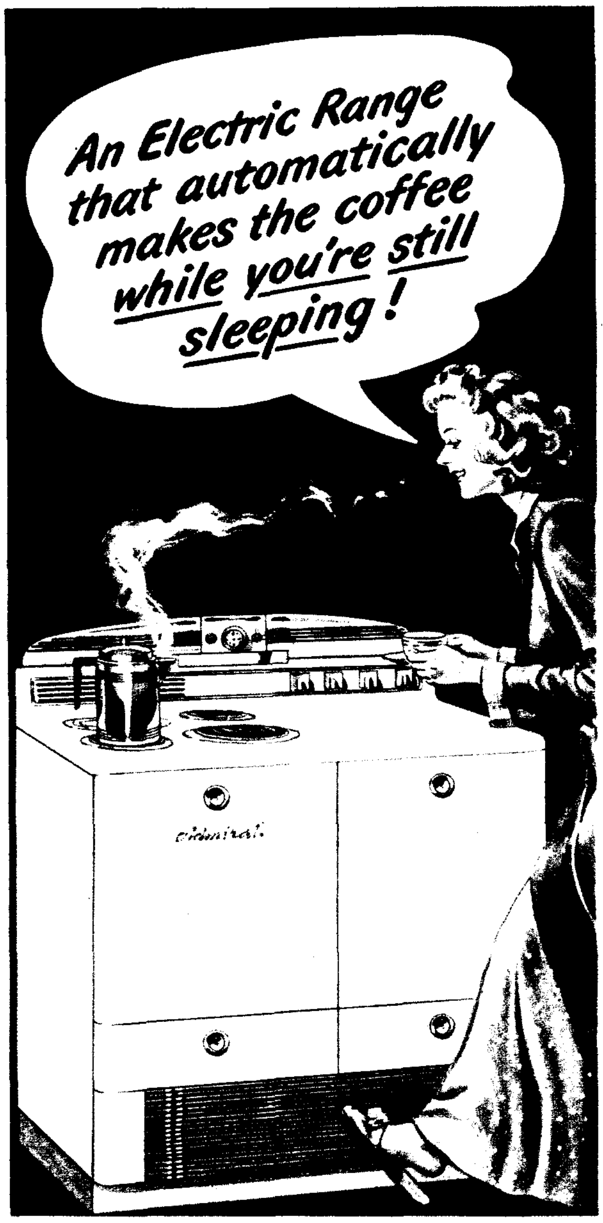
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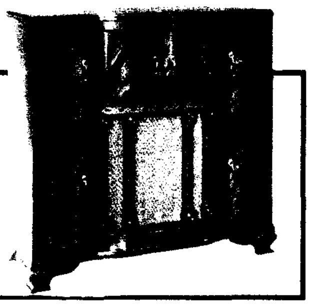

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Thicker than Water

Continued from page 20

soothe pain when he dressed damage in the corner. But he was a rough guy who couldn't stand ki-yi in his boys. What made it worse was that Doc knew Joey had it in him to be a bigger champion and a better fighter than Tommy ever was if he didn't curl up inside when the going got rough.

You would think after Tommy being killed the way he was, it would have given Joey the guts to go in there and pitch leather. The kid had loved his brother with a sort of doglike affection even though Tommy had always overshadowed him. But it didn't work out that way. In his first fight he quit to Ruby Schloss after being out in front five rounds and having Ruby on the floor. It was a good enough brawl so that Doc could get Joey another match, but when he folded to Arch Clement, who wasn't much more than 138 pounds, from a left hook to the chin that shouldn't have bothered a flyweight, it wasn't so good.

Four F, or no Four F, the fans want a fight when they pay their money, and you can't draw flies with a loser even in wartime. Besides, the ringworms were on to Joey. The promoters just said, "No, thanks," when Doc came around looking for a fight.

SO THE match with Tony Kid Marino was just sheer luck. "Soapy" Glassman, matchmaker for the American Legion Stadium, told Doc: "Lissen, if there was anybody around under fifty years old who could put his hands up, I wouldn't let a beagle like Joey into my club through the back door."

But there was nobody around, and Marino was a sensation. Discharged from the Army for some minor disability, he had swept through the South and the Middle West by virtue of a paralyzing left hook. He was headed for Madison Square Garden and the big dough. Glassman had to have an opponent in a hurry. Joey got the match but everybody knew he was to be the victim in it. It was also plainly labeled "last chance."

Doc said to Joey: "I seen Marino train at Flaherty's Gym. He don't know nothin'. A smart boxer could stab him all night and he wouldn't catch up. But he hits you with that left hook, and you need a room in a hospital. You got to stay away from him. And if you get hit a punch, you got to keep boxing."

Joey said, "I'll try, Doc. Honest, I will this time."

He always said that. He always meant it—until that first hard punch chunked home.

Doc said, "Yeah, I heard that before. If we could win this one, we go in the Garden instead of that bum. Ah, nuts! A guy can dream, can't he?"

Joey did try. He could box like a phantom. He was a tall, skinny boy with light hair and dark eyes and a pale, serious face. His long arms and smooth shoulders were deceptive because they packed an awful wallop any time he stayed on the ground long enough to get set. But the night he fought Marino he wasn't staying in one place long enough to throw dynamite. He was trying his level best to do what Doc told him—stay away, stab, box and win.

There was a crowd of eight thousand packing the Legion Arena when they rang the bell for round one but, to a man, it was there to see Marino, the new kayo sensation, stiffen somebody, and the fact that Joey White was in there made it just that much more certain. Nobody was even interested when Joey gave as pretty a boxing show as you could want to see in that first round and jabbed Marino dizzy.

In fact, some wise guy started something by holding up one finger at the end of the round and shouting, "One!" That meant one round had gone by and Joey was still there. Pretty soon everybody in the arena took it up at the end of each round. It went on that way: "Two!" "Three!" "Four!"

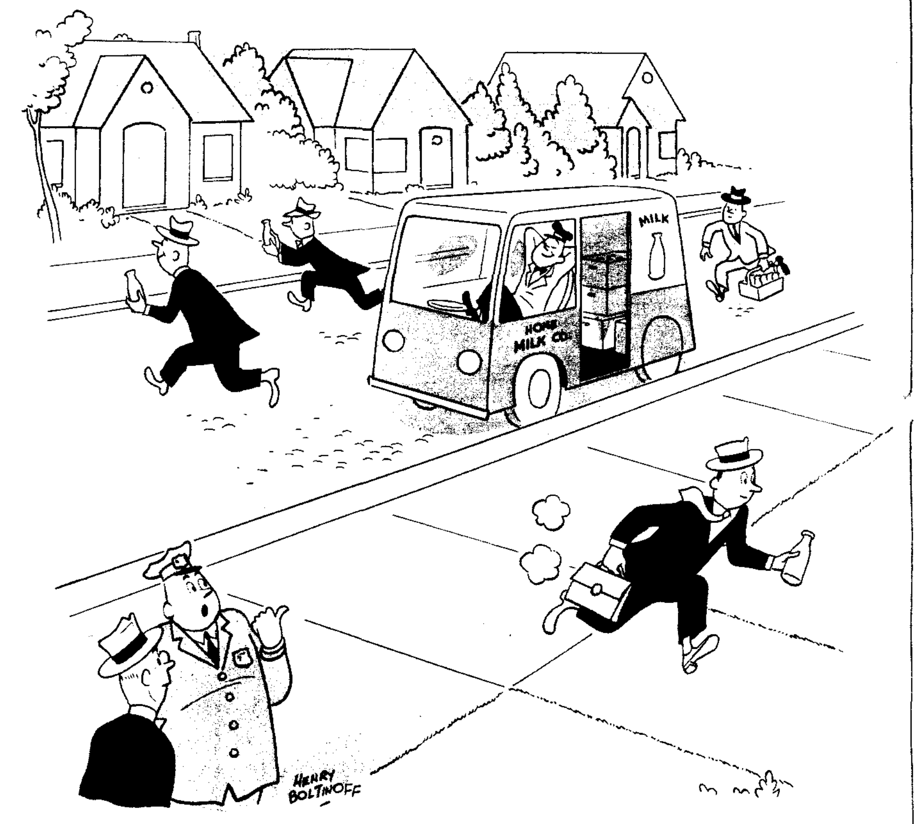
Marino was muscled like a bulldog. He had short, black hair and dark skin, and he moved forward with a kind of dark sneer on his face as he tried to herd Joey into a corner where he could club his brains out.

Doc wasn't daring to breathe when round six came up, and Joey was still there and so far out ahead on points it wasn't even funny. He hadn't been hit yet. Four more rounds—then Madison Square Garden, the big dough, a shot at the championship, security for Tommy's family. In and out went Joey—feint and stab, jab and step away, jab and circle, pop-pop-pop, three left hands in a row.

So then it happened just before the end of the sixth. The ropes on the south side of the ring had got slack and didn't have the snap-back Joey expected when he came off them, which caused him to be sufficiently slow for Marino's hook to catch him. It hit Joey on the shoulder and knocked him halfway across the ring.

Now, nobody ever got knocked out with a punch to the arm. But it was all over. Everybody knew it. Everybody saw the look come into Joey's eyes, the curl to his mouth and the cringe to his shoulders. It was the promise of things to come conveyed by the punch, that did it. The swarthy Marino leaped after Joey to find a lethal spot, but the bell rang, ending the round.

The crowd stood up, held up six fingers and yelled, "Six!" and the wag who had



"They help him out. That way, they get a ride to work!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

started it shouted, "Seventh and last coming up!" and everybody howled with laughter.

Joey went to his corner and sat down, but Doc who was usually in the ring before the echoes of the bell had died away, cotton swabs sticking out of his mouth, sponge in hand, ready to loosen trunks and administer relief and attention, remained outside the ropes. He didn't so much as touch Joey. He just leaned down with his head through the space between the top and second strand, and talked out of the side of his mouth into Joey's ear.

He said, "Ya bum! You going to quit in the next round, ain't you?"

Joey moved on the stool and touched his shoulder. "My arm. It's numb."

Doc went right on talking quietly out of the side of his mouth as though he were giving advice: "Makin' out to quit and you ain't even been hurt yet. You got the fight won and you're gonna go out there and lay down, ain't you?"

Joey didn't say anything any more but licked his lips and shuffled his feet in the resin and tried to hide his eyes so nobody would see the fear that was in them.

Doc said, "I ought to bust the bottle over your head. You, with the blood of a champion in your veins, makin' to go out there and lay down like a dog."

Joey turned and looked at Doc, and his lips moved. Under the hubbub he said, "What are you talking about?"

"What I said. A guy you ain't even fit to think about. You got his blood in you. He give it to you when you was sick in the hospital and had to have a blood infusion."

"I . . . I got Tommy's blood?"

The ten-second buzzer squawked.

Doc said, "Yeah. You got it, only it dried up when it come to your chicken heart. Okay, bum, go on out there and take the dive." Then he quietly climbed down the ring steps. The bell rang for the seventh round.

Everything happened then as expected. Joey came out with his hands held too low and he seemed to be trembling. Marino ran over and swept a clublike left to the side of his head, and Joey went down as everybody knew he would.

Only thereafter he did what no one expected or had ever seen him do before. He rolled over and got on one knee, shaking his head a little, and listened to the count until it got to eight. Then he got up.

His head was singing, but his heart was singing louder. Tommy's blood! His brother's blood, the blood of one of the gamest champions in the world, coursing through his veins. A part of Tommy's life was alive inside of him. . . .

The referee finished wiping the resin from his gloves and stepped aside. Marino shuffled over, his left cocked. Joey dropped his hands still lower and stuck out his chin. The stocky little Italian accepted the invitation and hit it with all his power, knocking Joey back into the ropes.

But he didn't go down. Marino followed up, pumping left and right to Joey's head, rocking him from side to side. The crowd was screaming and above the roar someone was shouting, "Cover up! Cover up, you fool!"

Cover up for what? This bum? He couldn't hit hard enough to knock out a man with a champion's blood in his veins. Joey seemed to feel his blood stream like fire all through his body. He could take it, take it, take it now, he could sop it up, punch after punch, and not go down, never again go down as long as in his heart there beat and pulsed the warm life of his brother.

MARINO fell back wheezing and gasping for air and strength to carry on the assault. Joey laughed and came off the ropes. Marino had punched himself out, had he? That was how Tommy used to get them.

Joey came down off his toes. His stance changed abruptly, hands at belt level, but nearer to his body. He edged close to Marino and chugged two short blows into his middle, whipping the punches with body leverage, and the crowd roared to its feet. Men sitting in the back rows swore it was as though they were seeing Tommy White again.

Marino grunted, turned ashen and retreated. Strength coursed like hot wine through Joey's limbs. He pressed forward, anchored to the canvas floor like a sturdy tree and raised his sights. The short, sharp, murderous punches whipped to Marino's swarthy jaw. Through the smoky air the gloves flew —punch, punch, punch!

When there was nothing more in front of him to punch, Joey leaned from a neutral corner and bawled at the body on the canvas as the referee's arm rose and fell, "Get up. . . . Get up and fight! I ain't finished yet."

Then somehow he was in Doc's arms. Doc was kissing him and there were tears on Doc's face and he was crying, "Tommy . . . Tommy . . . Joey boy. . . . It was just like Tommy was alive again. Joey, baby, there ain't nothing goin' to stop you now. . . ."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

didn't think they would take one 'cause they lost a leg. Golly, I wouldn't let that stop me. After all, it isn't anything to be ashamed of. I have seen how they fix them up, and you can't tell they have an artificial leg. I didn't want you to know until I got back to the States, for I knew you would worry, but it is my left leg, and the way they fixed it, honestly you could not tell 'cause they took it off at the right place for an artificial leg. I didn't know how to tell you 'cause I just knew you would worry. I am coming home to show you it really isn't bad at all. If you want to put it in the paper, it is okay, but please don't get the idea I want to be a big shot or anything . . ."

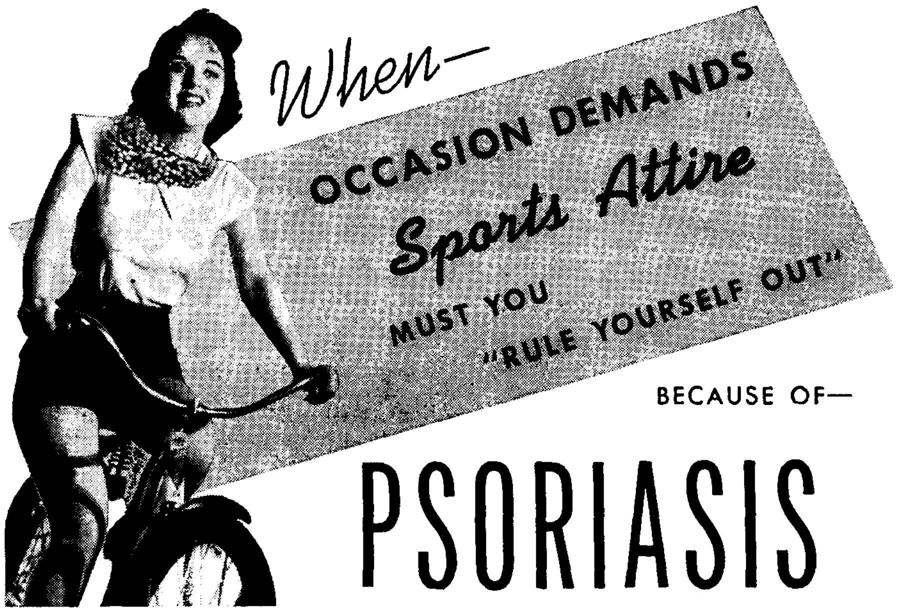
WE PICKED up that letter from the Madera, California, News, which tells us that Edward Higuera was in the first wave of American troops to land at Casablanca, also that he was born on November 11, 1918. That date has a reminiscent ring. Let's see. What *did* happen on that date? Oh, sure— that was the day when a war to end wars, to make the world safe for Edward Higueras, ended. How time does fly!

JUST got an enthusiastic letter from Mr. M. W. Van Scio of Quaker City, Ohio. He says that he has been a steady reader of Collier's since 1879 and has never missed a copy. We rushed this information to Mr. Dick Chaplin, publicity boss of this organization, and he threw us out of his office—but not before he told us that this magazine wasn't started until 1888. From afar, we shouted back that Mr. Van Scio knows what he was talking about. We got no answer to that.

IN THE meantime, Mrs. O. A. Kinzer of Dallas, Texas, hired a maid. Mrs. Kinzer liked the girl, and the girl was outspoken in her admiration for Mrs. Kinzer. Wages, hours, time off, work conditions were mutually satisfactory. They shook hands warmly, and the maid said that, come what might, she'd be on hand at 9:30 the following morning. Instead, Mrs. Kinzer received a telephone call. "I'm sure sorry," said the maid, "but last night I went to a meeting of my club—the Disappointment Club. Yes, ma'am, I'm sorry, but the rule say I got to disappoint one person each week or I ain't a member. Yes, ma'am, I sure is sorry."

FURTHERMORE, we're assured by Mr. W. K. Addleman of Monmouth, Illinois, that there is a blacksmith shop garnished with the following sign: "Credit is Out! This is Final. Positive. Absolute. Also We Hope Nobody Asks For It Please."

NOBODY relishes a fact more than we do— not that we always recognize one at first. But now and then facts sadden us. Mr. Lewis C. Gandy, of New York City 27, denounces us and our latest hero, Señor Elfego Baca, candidate for District Attorney of Socorro County, New Mexico. Mr. Gandy indignantly tells us that Señor Baca did not kill four and wound eight in his lone battle against a besieging sheriff's posse. Only two men were killed, Mr. Gandy contends—one when his horse fell on him, and the other by Señor Baca. We weren't there. Therefore, as an impartial commentator who knows nothing about it, we're still on Señor Baca's side. His is the more interesting story. . . . W. D.



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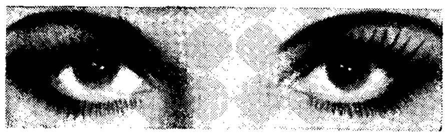

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Wheeler Rides the Storm

Continued from page 11

up the soil so that it blew away. The irony of it is that Hill, the one exploiter who really tried to develop rather than skin the state, perhaps did it more damage than all the rest.

In the midst of this devastation, Burton K. Wheeler came to maturity. The looting of the state's natural resources was accompanied by political corruption that has attracted more attention, perhaps, than it should. When the copper kings were fighting among themselves, or combined to fight the cattlemen, the price of a legislator—just an ordinary member, not a chairman of an important committee—went as high as $30,000. In other states, legislators have been bought and sold like so many beefs on the hoof, but rarely at such extravagant prices. Therefore, the Montana deals are remembered when others have been forgotten.

Montana is in many respects a splendid state, a magnificent state, but its most devoted *son cannot deny that it has its terrifying* aspects. With its tremendous mountain ranges, its beetling crags and frightful precipices, its vast, empty plains, it is a land to *drive the timid into meek subservience and* the bold into fierce aggression.

The young Wheeler proved highly adaptable to his environment. Elected to the legislature after five years' residence, he showed his quality by defying "the company"—the Amalgamated, later the Anaconda Copper—by voting against its candidate for the United States Senate and leading, instead, a resounding battle in favor of Thomas J. Walsh.

Walsh was defeated (this was in the days when senators were still elected by the legislatures), but two years later, he tried again and this time he made it. Wheeler was on his ticket for attorney general of the state, and while "the company" couldn't stop Walsh, it did manage to beat Wheeler.

The young man had now become enough of a nuisance to "the company" to merit its serious attention. They had already offered to make Wheeler counsel for one of the copper companies, but when that form of legal bribery didn't work, they slated him for the garbage dump, and beating him for attorney general was the first step in that direction.

The D.A. Goes into Action

But Walsh intervened. In Washington he persuaded President Wilson to appoint Wheeler United States District Attorney for Montana, which was done in 1913, so, for the moment, he was beyond the reach of "the company." For four years he held the office to general satisfaction, for he was an *excellent prosecutor.*

But then the war came on and, with it, trouble. Montana, and especially Butte, had collected a very mixed population group, including a good many Germans and a great many socialists and other radicals. There was plenty of disaffection and some outright sedition in the region, with which it was the duty of the federal district attorney to deal.

Wheeler dealt with it. This is usually forgotten now, but we have the testimony in writing of Federal Judge Bourquin, presiding at the time, that Wheeler was ruthless in handling people guilty of genuine sedition. A long string of them he sent to jail. But toward the end of 1918 and especially in 1919, when Attorney General Palmer was staging his witch hunt, cases of a different sort began to come up. Big business found sedition a convenient charge on which to put away labor agitators. Wheeler began to find a large number of cases based either on personal spite or on the fact that the accused had attacked, not the United States government, but some big corporation.

These he flatly refused to prosecute, and the storm burst upon him. The most fantastic charges were made in the state, and what was worse, the Department of Justice brought all sorts of pressure to bear on him. Palmer, by that time, was thoroughly committed to the theory that it was his God-given mission to extirpate the Reds, and he was seeing a Red behind every bedpost.

Wheeler was first disgusted and then outraged. He conceived a deep suspicion of the whole Department of Justice. This was natural. But it was also natural for people to recall these cases twenty-five years later *when Wheeler was making speeches that* seemed to favor the German cause.

Right here, it is important to note that up to this time, there is little evidence that Wheeler was a radical. He claimed then, and he has claimed ever since, that he refused to prosecute I.W.W. leaders and others for no other reason than that they were not guilty of sedition. He was simply refusing to permit his office to be used to satisfy private spite and to execute the vengeance of "the company." Fair-minded people found this evidence not of radicalism but of common decency; but the postwar hysteria left few fair-minded people in Montana, or anywhere else in the country.

Two years later, in 1920, Wheeler put the question up to the people. He became a candidate for governor. Then "the company" and its allies made the mistake that has been the bane of American conservatism throughout its history. They decided that the time had come not merely to beat this fellow but *to obliterate him, to wipe him out politically,* socially, professionally and every other way. To accomplish this, they staged a campaign scurrilous in the extreme, even when judged by the *liberal* standards of Montana politics.

They called him a traitor, a bribe-taker, a secret ally of the Bolsheviki, a foe of the Constitution, an advocate of free love and the nationalization of women! This they said of a man who is a stout Methodist, who had been married to the same wife for thirteen years and was the father of five children.

Even so, competent political observers say it was not their efforts that beat him. Like nearly all other Democrats, he was buried under the Harding landslide of 1920. It is highly probable that the fantastic charges reacted in his favor two years later, when he ran for the United States Senate and was triumphantly elected.

Consider, though, what this had done to the man, what it must do to any man of his type. Wheeler is no philosopher. Subtlety is alien to him. His reactions are powerful, but simple and direct. Merely for trying to be ordinarily decent in the conduct of his office, he had been venomously and scandalously attacked by powerful interests whose headquarters were in New York. More than that, he had been shamefully let down by the Department of Justice in Washington, even though that department was headed by a man of his own party. Indeed, certain elements in the Democratic party in Montana were among his enemies, and he could not believe that this enmity might have been based on misunderstanding rather than on malice. In particular, he had a bitter feud with J. Bruce Kremer, an influential Democrat later to be national committeeman from the state.

Is it any wonder that he came to Washington distrustful of Wall Street, distrustful of the Department of Justice, distrustful of his own party leaders, and profoundly convinced that, for him, not only success bu bare survival lay in his ability to shoot fir and shoot straight? That was the way it wa in Montana. Why not in Washington?

Well, he shot first and he shot straight. I 1923, when he had been in Washington le than a year, Senator Wheeler of Montar rose to demand an investigation of the D partment of Justice, then headed by Harr Micajah Daugherty of Ohio. Today, seems likely that Wheeler, at the momen had not a shred of legal proof, but he fire a broadside of charges that shook the cou try; and the subsequent investigation pr duced such a stench that President Coolid had to demand Daugherty's resignation. H was subsequently indicted and brought t trial, but went free when two juries faile to agree on a verdict.

The Feud with Daugherty

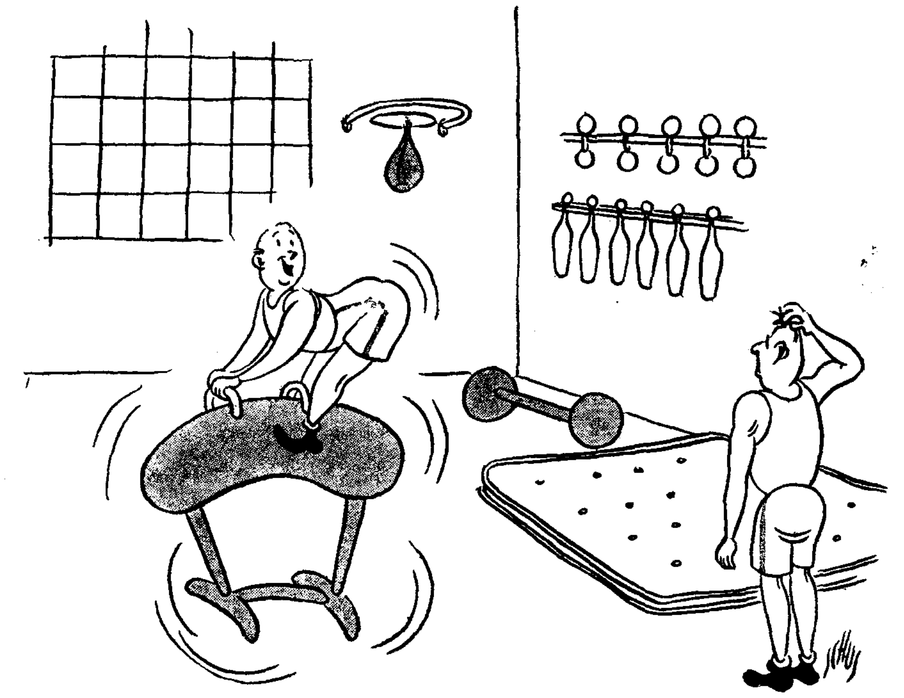
Harry Daugherty, though, was no man to go down without a fight, and he ha all the resources of the Department of Ju tice at his disposal. He charged Wheel with practicing before the Department the Interior after he had become a senator– which is illegal—and he had the Montan senator indicted, first in his own home stat and then in the District of Columbia.

It took the jury ten minutes to reach verdict of "Not guilty" in the first case, an the second was thrown out of court by th judge; but it took Wheeler more than a yea to secure a trial and, while the cases wer pending, he was subject to foul attack, n merely by the crooked and the unthinkin but by many supposedly respectable Repu licans and not a few Democrats who shoul have known better. All told, his suspicio that Washington was pretty much like Mo tana was strongly supported by the exper ence; and "shoot first and shoot straight became his guiding principle thereafter.

In 1924, when the Democrats, after murderous combat between the Ku-Klux an the Catholics, compromised by nominatin John W. Davis, perhaps the most eminent all Wall Street lawyers, Wheeler blew u completely. The intense respectability the candidate was no recommendatio him, for it was his belief, based upon am experience in Montana, that the more re spectable the figurehead the more villainou are the operations carried out by the unde lings.

Therefore, he deserted the party and wer charging off into the wilderness after th elder La Follette, running for Vice-Preside on La Follette's Progressive ticket. Th naturally did nothing to endear him to th regular Democrats, who swallowed Davis a they would have swallowed McAdoo, A Smith or Simple Simon, if he had bee *named by the convention.*

Time passed, eventually bringing 192 and the collapse of the myth of Republica prosperity. Strange as it seems now, Wheele is said to have been the first senator to de mand the nomination of Franklin D. Roose



COLLIER'S "All I said was, 'Giddy-up!' " ADOLPH SCHUS

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velt by the Democrats. At any rate, he was an enthusiastic Roosevelt man and did yeoman service in the first campaign. But then Fate struck him a dirty blow. His friend and colleague, Senator Walsh, was slated to be Attorney General, but Walsh died two days before the inauguration. Roosevelt, under the necessity of filling the place quickly, named Homer Cummings, an old-line Connecticut Democrat—and an intimate friend of J. Bruce Kremer, Wheeler's mortal foe.

Many men originally appointed by Daugherty were still in that department, as Wheeler well knew, and now here was Kremer hand in glove with the Attorney General. It may be that Wheeler really believed Washington was intent, not on merely defeating him but on railroading him to jail. Here, perhaps, is where Roosevelt missed a political bet—something very unusual for him. Whatever the reason, he seems to have pointedly neglected Wheeler during the first administration, and thus must have reinforced the Montanan's suspicions that foul play was in prospect.

Well, shoot first and shoot straight. The opportunity came in 1937, when the President undertook to reorganize or—as his enemies said—to "pack" the Supreme Court, and Wheeler went into action with his customary vigor. The conservatives were delighted to permit an ex-New Dealer to lead the fight, and there is no shadow of doubt that the execution Wheeler did was terrific. In twelve years, nothing else has approached that fight in damage to the Rooseveltian prestige.

ANSWERS TO ABBREVIATION QUIZ ON PAGE 40

1. At pleasure; as one wishes. 2. For example. 3. Free on board. 4. Reply, if you please. 5. Intelligence quotient. 6. In regard to. 7. Et cetera. 8. Rural Free Delivery. 9. Air Corps. 10. Adjective. 11. Advertisement. 12. Absent without leave. 13. Continued. 14. East-Northeast. 15. Esquire. 16. Utah. 17. Heights. 18. Justice of the Peace. 19. Doctor of Laws. 20. Messieurs. 21. Manufacturing. 22. In the work cited. 23. Pages. 24. Received. 25. Troop Carrier Command.

(All abbreviations have been checked with Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.)

Roosevelt is a fairly accomplished hater himself and he put the screws on Wheeler with every resource he could command. When the Fort Peck dam, biggest public-works project in Montana, was completed, Wheeler found it convenient to be out of the state when the President came to the celebration. Various Montanans received praise and congratulations from the head of the party, but the senator's name was not mentioned, and Jerry O'Connell, who had announced that he was going after the Wheeler scalp in 1940, was encouraged.

Then Wheeler made a bad political mistake on his own part. He proceeded to beat O'Connell, who was the Montana Representative, in the election of 1938, but the instrument he chose for the purpose was one Jacob Thorkelson, who turned out to be a howling anti-Semite and an associate of the notorious Pelley, who later went to jail. This definitely soured the liberals, already partially alienated by the Supreme Court fight.

When the war began, they were soured still more because the Montana senator took an aggressively isolationist position and held it to the bitter end. Some people still wonder why he did it, but when all the circumstances are taken into consideration, there isn't much mystery about it.

Who were those in 1939 and 1940 who were most alarmed by the approaching menace of Hitlerism? The East and the South; but Wheeler distrusted the East and despised the South. All the financiers and most of the great industrialists; but to him, Wall Street was a den of thieves, and industry meant Anaconda Copper, of which his opinion really cannot be stated in decorous language. Secretary Hull; but old-line Democrats had always been suspicious characters in his eyes. The Jews; but he was already in bad with the Jews because he had, perhaps inadvertently, helped put a Jew-baiter in Congress. Liberals in general; but they had been regarding him with a cold and lackluster eye ever since the Supreme Court fight. Most of the big and many of the small newspapers; but he knew that some newspapers, and suspected that most, are mere tools of the corporate interests. Finally, and perhaps decisively, That Man in the White House.

It is easy to say that all this had nothing to do with the merits of the case, but let it be repeated for emphasis: Wheeler is not a subtle man. He regards the world, after the fashion of Andrew Jackson, as being populated by two classes—honest men and scoundrels; and the more prominent interventionists he regarded as belonging almost exclusively to the latter class. Could he, already honestly doubtful about the merits of the case, line up with them?

At any rate, he didn't. On the contrary, he took a violently anti-interventionist stand, and when the Japs struck was left looking exceedingly foolish.

Furthermore, he brought down upon his head such a storm of objurgation as is unparalleled even in Wheeler's wide experience. To this day in Washington, it is easy to hear any form of villainy attributed to Wheeler. He has sold out to the enemy; he has sold out to Anaconda; he is a traitor to liberalism; he secretly wishes the demolition of the Republic; he is contriving against Britain and Russia—these are among the milder charges brought against him.

Fair-minded people will not accept such charges without proof; but in time of war it is hard to be fair-minded, and even unsupported charges are damaging. But Wheeler has faced storms before. He knows there are times when there is nothing to do but stand and take it, and he is grimly certain that his moment will come.

An Apostle of Destruction

The war is dragging through its third year now, and whenever a war is long-drawn-out, there inevitably comes a moment when the masses are thoroughly sick of it. They may not have the slightest idea of quitting the fight, and yet be in the mood to turn on their leaders with a fury based, not on reason, but on fatigue and frustration. When this backlash comes—and without doubt it will come, if not during the fighting, then certainly after the cessation of hostilities—Wheeler may be in position to take advantage of it and mow down his foes in windrows.

Burton K. Wheeler's has been the most purely destructive career in American politics of the twentieth century. Even Huey Long built bridges and roads and schoolhouses in Louisiana, but Wheeler has built neither material things nor a philosophy of government. His function has been the peculiarly Montanan one of demolition. He wrecked the Montana political machine; he wrecked "the company's" political control; he wrecked Daugherty; he wrecked O'Connell; he came closer than anyone else has come to wrecking Roosevelt himself.

But this record makes the possibility of his political resurrection one to be contemplated with languid enthusiasm by some who dismiss with contempt the slanders of his enemies. A first-class wrecker is not necessarily a villain; he may be, on the contrary, a valuable public servant, as Wheeler unquestionably has been, not once but repeatedly. But there are times for all things and, really, is this the time for more, and more complete wreckage?

Some people, regarding the flaming, roaring world around them, are driven to the conclusion that able destroyers are not needed now and sigh for a man who wields trowel and plumb line, rather than the besom of destruction. These, with complete respect for Senator Wheeler's sincerity, courage and vigor, inevitably incline to hope that he is politically dead—and will stay dead.

THE END

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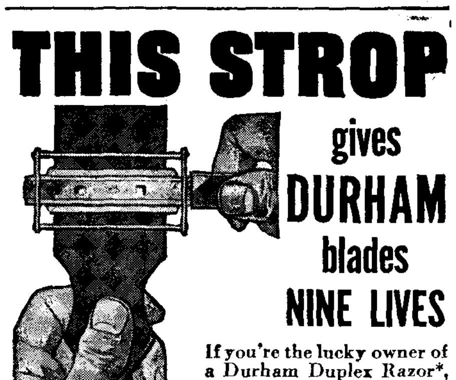
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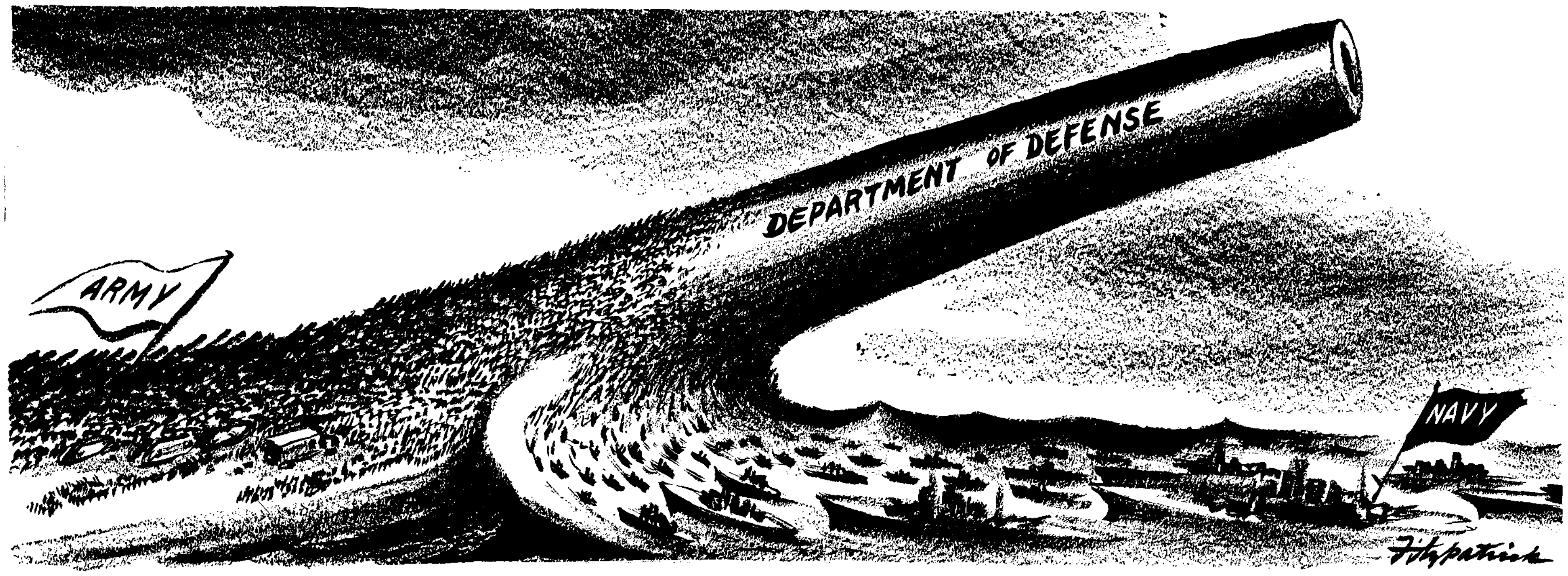


IT'S A GLORIOUS FOURTH

WARTIME nervousness and individual grief are increasing, inevitably; but in many ways July 4, 1944, is the most glorious Fourth this nation has celebrated in decades.

We have built the most powerful war machine we ever put into action, and we've done it in about 2½ years, whereas it took Germany 7 years and Russia 24 to build their war machines.

Our Navy is the most powerful the world ever saw, with twenty battlewagons and sixty-five flat-tops operating at this writing and more in the works. Our Army and Air Forces are superbly trained, superbly equipped. It is expected that the United States will swing the deciding weight in an Allied triumph over Hitler and then over Japan. Even during the colossal struggle against Germany we have managed to "set fire," by a Japanese commentator's own admission, "to one end of Japan," through the brilliant and daring operations of General MacArthur, Admiral Nimitz, General Stilwell and their fighting men.

We have not only armed ourselves, but we have also furnished more than 25 billion dollars' worth of war materials to our allies and hoped-for allies. Joseph Stalin himself, whose country has tried for 27 years to make its shifting versions of Communism deliver results comparable to those delivered by American capitalism, said at Teheran that without U. S. production the Allies could not win the war.

So plethoric is the American productive apparatus that even now various consumers' items whose production was interrupted by the initial emergency are being scheduled to go back into manufacture.

It all means that the United States, 99 chances to 1, will come out of this war the strongest and least injured nation in the world. That will be partly because of our national luck, and to preen ourselves unduly on it would be in bad taste. But we think the Eagle, on July 4, 1944, is entitled to utter at least one short scream.

Well, where do we go from there? One place we earnestly hope we go is to a merger of the War and Navy departments into one Department of Defense, or of National Security, or whatever it might be called. Heading up in one Cabinet officer, this department would include Army, Navy and Air Force divisions.

The advantages of such a reorganization would be numerous, in this era of total warfare when many operations call for concerted use of land, sea and air power. (In which connection, how about some serious consideration of the proposal to make the first two years' training at West Point and Annapolis identical?)

A lot of waste and duplication in procurement services, as outlined recently in some scorching comments by Lieut. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell, would disappear in a combined all-service structure. Minimized, too, if not entirely rubbed out, would be the traditional jealousy between Army and Navy officers, which may have contributed much to the Pearl Harbor disaster.

Then, too, there is the old and regrettable American habit of economizing first on the armed services when government economy is in order, as it surely will be after this war. If we can have this consolidated defense department, either during the war or soon after, we'll have one united group which can battle f its proper appropriations, instead of two departmen squabbling for the crumbs from Congress' table.

We can't see much danger that the proposed merger would result in a huge, monolithic military bureaucracy wielding too much power for the country's good. Our laws and traditions are all in favor of the civil authority's predominance over the military.

All in all, we'd much like to see this reform get under way to adoption. It and a law providing for compulsory universal military training after this war look to us like the two essential clauses in the insurance policy which we devoutly hope this country will take out, and keep persistently paid up, against another and worse Pearl Harbor at some future date. We know of no cut-rate insurance against that.

PASTE THIS IN YOUR MEMORY

WE'RE indebted to the United Press for the following news item, which we think all of us would do well to engrave in our memories permanently:

LONDON, March 5 (1944)—The Sunday Chronicle reported today that the German General Staff had begun planning for a new war 25 years from now, in which the United States would be "the principal adversary."

Asserting that the German High Command realized that it had lost World War II, the Chronicle said the general staff had charged General Ernst von Stuelpnagel, commander in France, with the task of preparing a memorandum on the next war.

The Chronicle said General Stuelpnagel had completed a 60-page memorandum which, although supposed to be secret, had been published in the French underground newspaper Combat.

The Chronicle said the memorandum declared that before Germany launched the next war, she would wear down her enemies by preliminary negotiation and propaganda.

The memorandum was quoted as saying:

"Our defeat in the present war need not be considered except as an incident in the triumphal march of Germany toward the conquest of the world, and, from now on, we must give a defeated Germany th spirit of a future conqueror."

BETTER REVISE THE WAGNER ACT

THE National Labor Relations (Wagner) Act, we believe, is a sound law generally, one that was needed when enacted, and one that goes on being needed. And it is being better administered by the current National Labor Relations Board than it was by earlier boards.

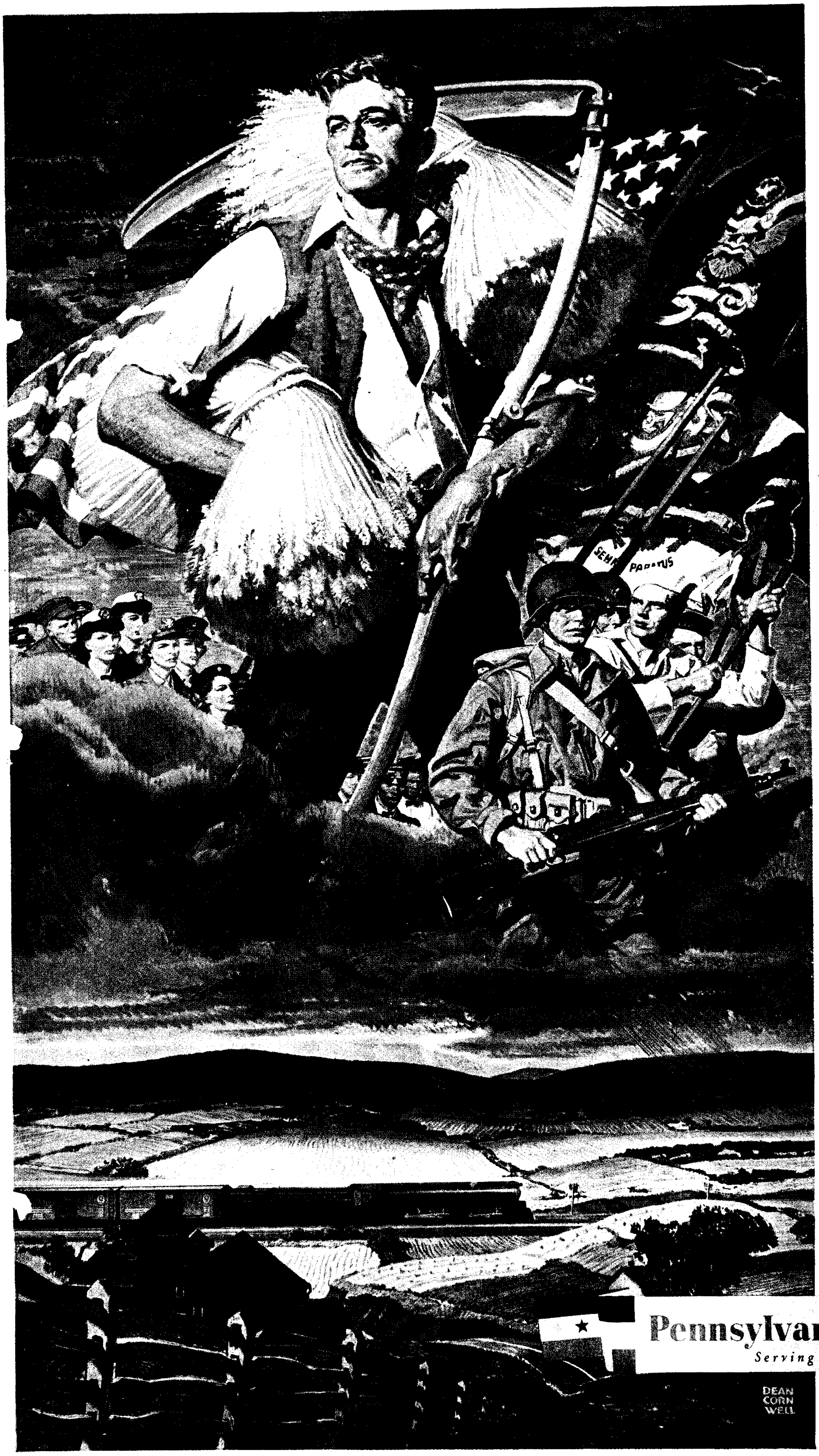
However, the Wagner Act is not perfect. Laws seldom are. Laws of this kind, especially, often need revision as flaws are turned up by experience.

We think a Wagner Act revision is needed in the matter of plant elections to determine what union, if any, the employees want to represent them. Under the law as now written, unions have full rights to call for these elections, but employers have only limited rights. The employer can ask for an election only when two or more unions are trying to organize his employees. It is proposed that the employer be given the right to ask for an election when only one union claims to represent the workers.

Some labor leaders profess to be appalled by the suggestion, and to foresee "terror, disorder and fights" if employers get this right. We think they are unduly, not to say synthetically, alarmed.

We all know that unions often push into plants where most of the employees either don't want a union or have never given the matter proper thought. A big unionization drive is put on, and presently the union leaders are claiming to represent most if not all the workers. Sometimes they do, but sometimes they don't. It seems to us only common sense and justice that the employer, before he begins to bargain with the union's leaders, should have the right to find out, through a plant election under NLRB auspices, whether the majority of his employees do or do not want the union to bargain for them.

Here is a chance to improve the Wagner Act as the instrument for smoothing employer-worker relations that it is supposed to be—for improving it, indeed, in the spirit of UAW President R. J. Thomas' recent riot-act notice to wildcat auto-plant strikers that labor unions in this country, if they hope to survive, must be as responsible as they are powerful.



Why America is still

THE LAND OF PLENTY

RECENTLY a high government official stated . . . "There isn't one chance in a million of America going hungry."

Why? Because the two things on which this nation relies for food—farmers to grow it, railroads to move it—are coming through, war or no war.

Sure, a lot of fine husky farm lads have gone to fighting fronts—but their Dads are out there harvesting one of the largest crops ever to come to market.

Yes, the railroads are shouldering the greatest war load in history—but they're also mobilizing the cars to move those crops . . . *and at low pre-war freight rates!*

Pennsylvania Railroad
Serving the Nation

★ *46,211 in the Armed Forces*
188 have given their lives for their Country

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

When work piles up and energy's low
Get a lift from bite size whole wheat
Remember the name . . . Shredded Ralston
Crisp, delicious, and ready to eat!
Shredded Ralston
BITE SIZE
WHOLE WHEAT
BITE SIZE

Give me Shredded Ralston

I've got a job to do!

One taste of this favorite American cereal and you, too, will say: "Give me Shredded Ralston!" Here's nourishing whole wheat to give you a new lease on energy. Whole wheat baked into crisp bite size biscuits—so delicious the flavor secret is patented. A no-point food that's right for eating morning, noon or night. At grocers, at hotels and restaurants, speak up: "Give me Shredded Ralston!"